

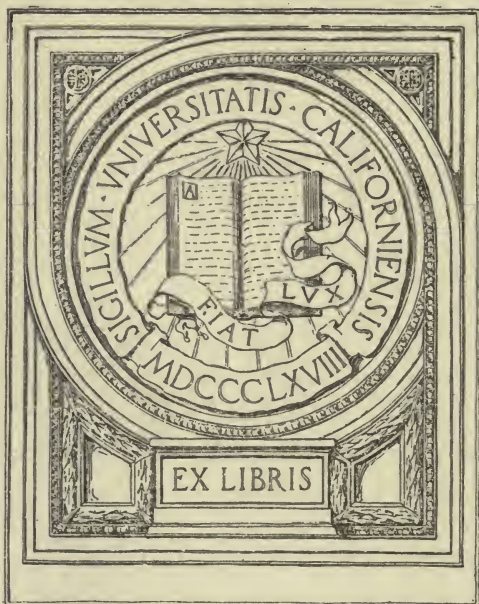
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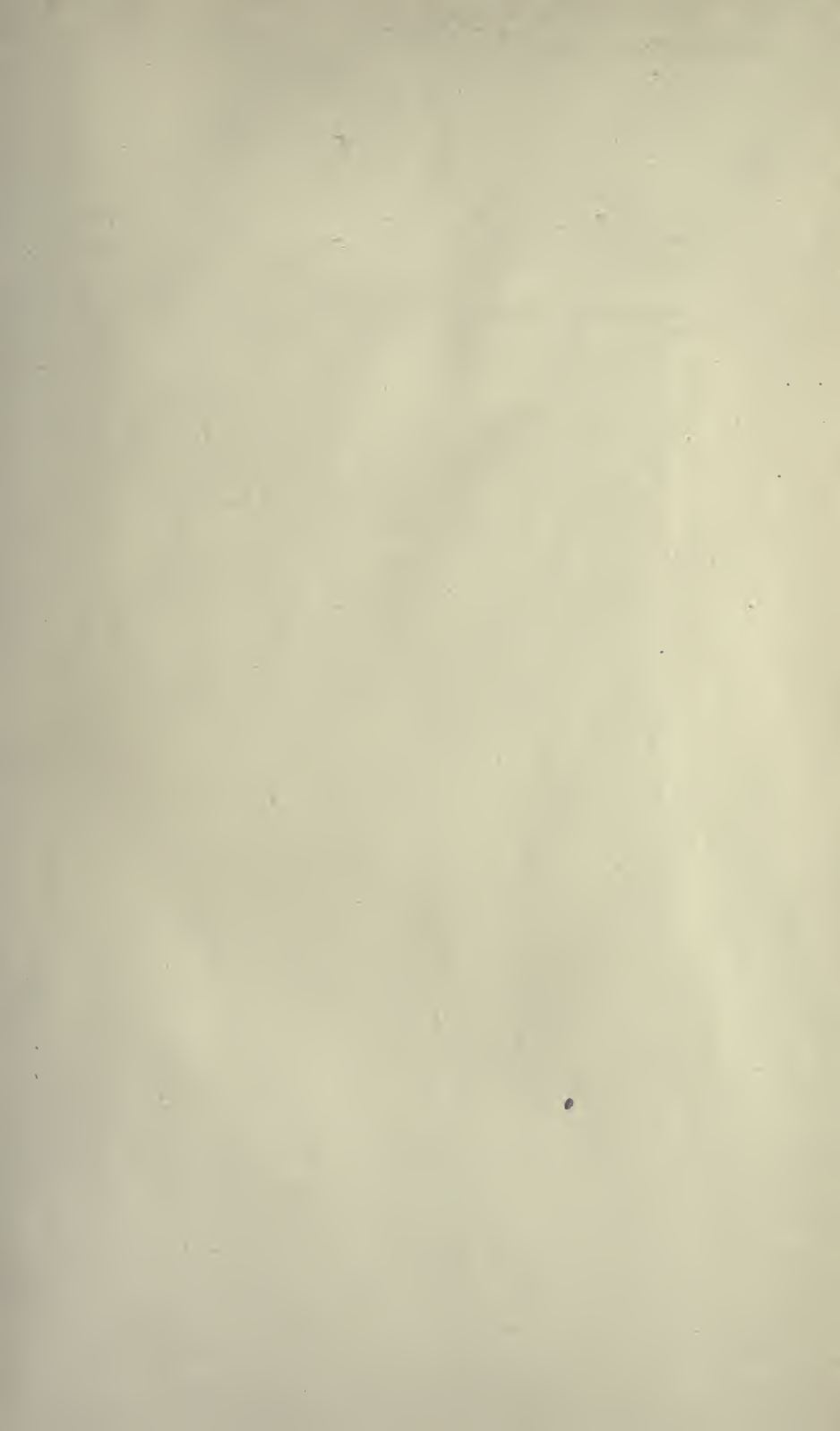
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University of California, by an  
alumnus who hopes that its brief  
record of the actions of some California  
men will make this small book  
of value

Adolphus C. Graepner  
"97"



Univ. of  
California

# WAR BOOK

*of*

“E” Company, 364th Infantry



“Ever ready”

91st DIVISION

NOV 18 1890

Gift of Adolphus E. Thompson



UA29  
364th  
G63  
1920  
MAIN

## DEDICATION

To those who have "Gone West," this book is dedicated by those who came back. Those who gave up their lives did so for cause and country. They were brave men, and the men of

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disease

NO. 1000

Gift of

John D. Rockefeller

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## DEDICATION

UA29  
364th  
G63  
1920  
MAIN

To those who have "Gone West," this book is dedicated by those who came back. Those who gave up their lives did so for cause and country. They were brave men, and the men of "E" Company, 364th Infantry, will ever remember:


Chester A. Alstrum, Private,	Killed in action
Theodore Anderson, Private,	Killed in action
Ray Branson, Private,	Killed in action
John J. Cress, Private,	Killed in action
Walter Fleischhauer, Private,	Killed in action
Jesse L. Foster, Private 1st Cl.	Killed in action
William H. Gilborne, Private,	Killed in action
Frank J. Hagen, Private,	Killed in action
Albert Harden, Corporal M. G. Co.,	Killed in action
Clinton C. Hendrix, Private 1st Cl.	Killed in action
Doak Holder, Private,	Killed in action
Lawrence S. Johnston, Private "D" Co.,	Died of disease
Herman C. Malchow, Private,	Died of wounds
William D. Miller, Corporal.	Killed in action
Ross Moore, Private,	Killed in action
Rufus Neel, Private,	Died of disease
Herbert A. Nelson, Private,	Killed in action
Manuel M. A. Ortiz, Private 1st Cl.,	Died of wounds
Grover T. Porter, Private 1st Cl.,	Killed in action
Mack J. Rubidoux, Corporal,	Killed in action
Edmond Schollaert, Private,	Died of wounds
John S. Stump, Private 1st Cl.,	Killed in action
Edward R. Van den Berg, Private,	Died of accidental injuries
Howard E. Waller, Private,	Killed in action
Roy Weidenbach, Private,	Killed in action
Owen Wisbey, Private Supply Co.,	Died of wounds and disease



*Fades the light;  
And afar  
Goeth day,  
Cometh night;  
And a star  
Leadeth all,  
Speedeth all  
To their rest.*

(Taps)





## FOREWORD


This book is issued as a record of "E" Company, 364th Infantry and the men who passed thru its ranks. The story is somewhat intimate and detailed in character because it was written for the men and about the men. There are probably many errors and omissions in the text, but dates, details, names and addresses were taken from the best available sources of information.

Credit is due to David N. Millan, Malcolm C. Bruce, Arnold E. Johnson, Wambold H. McCune, Roderick L. Works, Frank G. Young, Roy T. Weston, Arthur L. Wynne, Ernest W. Schwertferger, Bert C. Van Osdoll, Elmer L. Bernard, George J. Arnold, Calvin C. Cooke, Samuel Goldfeder, Floyd Overman, Amos S. Tille, Joseph A. Ardit, and many others for information and material. To David N. Millan should be credited the entire outline of the story from the Meuse-Argonne front to San Diego. To Calvin C. Cooke, particular thanks should be given, for he donated the use of his diary and thereby revealed many secret expeditions.

It was hoped to produce a more elaborate book with many illustrations, but the present cost of printing, paper and photo engravings have necessitated this simple form of book. Text takes the place of illustrations. This is the story of an infantry company that is proud of its record and has good reason to be proud of its service.

ADOLPHUS E. GRAUPNER, Editor.

May, 1920.







## I. THE ORGANIZATION OF THE 91st DIVISION.

Camp Lewis, Washington, was selected by the War Department as the mobilization and training area for the drafted men from California, Oregon, Washington, Nevada, Utah, Idaho, Montana and Alaska. The first organization to be formed there was the Ninety-first, generally and officially nick-named the "Wild West" Division. It was made up of the following units: the 181st Infantry Brigade, comprising the 361st and 362nd Infantry Regiments; the 182nd Infantry Brigade, comprising the 363rd and 364th Infantry Regiments; the 166th Field Artillery Brigade, comprising the 346th, 347th and 348th Field Artillery Regiments and the 316th Trench Mortar Battery; 316th Engineers, 316th Trains and Military Police; 316th Sanitary Trains; 346th, 347th and 348th Machine Gun Battalions; 316th Field Signal Battalion; Divisional Headquarters' Troop, and some smaller and miscellaneous units.

Major-General H. A. Greene was placed in command of Camp Lewis with the task of organizing the 91st Division. On September 4, 1917, General Order No. 2 was published assigning officers to the staff and units of the Division. Brigadier-General Frederick S. Foltz was assigned to command the 182nd Infantry Brigade and the following field officers were assigned to the 364th Infantry: Colonel Elmer W. Clark, Lieut.-Colonels T. B. Taylor and Allen Smith, and Majors C. C. Naylor, Walter H. Gregory, George M. Davis and Norris J. Shupe. The officers commissioned from the Seventh and Eighth Training Companies of the Reserve Officers' Training Camp of the Presidio of San Francisco, were ordered to report to the commanding officer of the 364th Infantry for assignment to organization and duty.

On September 5th, 1917, Col. Clark assigned Major Walter H. Gregory to command the second battalion of the 364th Infantry, and the following officers to "E" Company: Captain Adolphus E. Graupner, 1st Lieut. Harry W. Russell, 2nd Lieuts. Malcolm C. Bruce, David N. Millan, James N. Young, Carl H. Blattner and Orren E. Osburn. Subsequently, on September 14th, 1st Lieut. Phillip Sampson, battalion physical director, was attached to the company. There were many changes among officers assigned and attached to the company, which for convenience are set forth in the Roster of Officers. Thus began "E" Company. Barracks 48 on the south side of the cantonment were assigned to the company, and, under the tables of organization then existing, it provided adequate accommodations. Lieut. Millan was charged with arranging the details for the kitchen and mess, and Lieut. Osburn was placed in charge of supplies and equipment.

At this stage, the draft men had arrived in Camp Lewis, no men had been assigned to the company. Lieut. Russell was made acting Battalion Adjutant. Lieuts. Bruce and Young were detailed to the registration of the drafted men, and Lieut. Blattner was assigned to duty as a supervising mess officer in the Camp. Capt. Graupner and Lieuts. Millan and Osburn shed

their blouses and went to work to prepare to receive the drafted men. Barracks 48 had been used to quarter officers when they arrived in Camp the latter part of August. All of the assigned officers had moved out, but there still remained a number of medical, dental and veterinary officers. Getting rid of the "medics" was some task, but, after making himself somewhat unpopular, Capt. Graupner persuaded them to find different quarters.

When it came to fitting up the barracks for work and habitation, it was found necessary to do some "collecting." There was no furniture, no lumber, no nails, no tools, no anything, so the officers "collected" sufficient materials to work with. More cooking utensils and some shovels and picks were needed, and Lieut. Millan then proved that his training as a bank cashier was a great aid to him in "collecting" things for the company. Capt. Graupner and Lieut. Osburn built shelves, tables and stools for the orderly room, while, on account of superior finesse, Lieut. Millan foraged. He took five three-gallon boilers to the Q. M. Depot and persuaded the Quartermaster that they were coffee boilers and induced him to exchange the five for two fifteen-gallon coffee percolators. After he got possession of the percolators he persuaded the Quartermaster into believing that the three-gallon boilers were stew kettles and that the company was entitled to them as a part of its kitchen equipment, and brought the whole outfit back to barracks. Lieut. Millan also abducted a large refrigerator that seemed to have no home or guardian, and provided the company with an adequate cooler for its meat and food long before any other company in the regiment had anything larger than an ice box.

The first drafted men arrived at Camp Lewis on September 5th, 1917. They were brought from Seattle and Tacoma. On September 8th the first of the men for the 364th Infantry arrived, and the next three days brought more of them. It was then intended that the regiment would be composed solely of men from Southern California. These "first five per cent" men were quartered in Barracks 17, 27, 37 and 47 until they could be assigned to companies.

The first three installments of the drafted men were not sent to the Depot Brigade for muster into the service, nor did they meet the smooth working machinery for registration, examination and quarantine which was afterward perfected. These first installments were given a perfunctory physical examination when they came off the train and were then marched directly to headquarters of various units for assignments to companies. They remained with these organizations during the period of mustering into service and, if found unfit for service, were discharged. Subsequently installments of the draft men were sent directly to the 166th Depot Brigade, and there mustered into service or discharged. After a period of quarantine, those men accepted for service were distributed to the units of the Division as required.



## II. THE ORGANIZATION OF "E" COMPANY.

*"Good-bye maw, good-bye paw  
Good-bye mule, with your old hee haw!  
I don't know what this war's about,  
But you bet, by gosh, I'll soon find out."*

*(Long Boy)*

On September 15th, 1917, the "first five per cent" draft men were assigned to "E" Company. On September 16th, non-commissioned officers transferred from regular units were assigned. These thirty-eight men constituted the nucleus of the company. The following named men were the first thirty-three: Robert F. Morris, Rufus H. Neel, James White, Robert Shepard, Nafsgar, Clarence Yoder, Eric Pedley, Howard E. Waite, Frank G. Young, Leland U. Lucas, Edward Brown, Calvin C. Cooke, Richard Hoyt, John H. Lindley, Hugh Gulley, Harold W. Watson, Lawrence S. Johnston, Arthur L. Wynne, Harold A. Powell, Claude M. Stidham, John J. Walker, Ali Ferrasci, Ivor F. Torrey, John P. McAdam, Elmer L. Bernard, Harold Batchelder, Charles E. Brockman, Courtney McCracken, Leo B. Wittenbracher, Roy H. Hill, — Snyder, Arthur Gusler and George Z. Duke.

Of the regular army detail, Sergeant Lemuel C. Kreutz was made 1st Sergeant; Corporal Avid E. Fogelberg, was made Supply Sergeant, and the other three, Sergeant Virgil Hall, Corporal James McCall and Private 1st Class Gay, were assigned to act as duty sergeants.

With men in barracks it became necessary to have cooks and fatigue details. The men were assembled in the mess hall in order that something might be learned of their occupations and abilities. It was known that George Z. Duke was a cook, but more than one was needed. On being asked whether or not any of them could cook, all but Duke remained silent. When the men were asked whether or not any of them had previous military experience, five admitted previous service. Of these Lawrence S. Johnston was assigned to duty as acting mess sergeant, to which grade he was afterward warranted, and Arthur Gusler was detailed to assist Cook Duke. The remainder of the men were assigned to various fatigue duties.

After Gusler had gone to work in the kitchen, Sergeant Kreutz entered the orderly room with a broad grin on his face and told of the joke which Capt. Graupner had innocently perpetrated. Gusler had done a "hitch" in the Coast Artillery as cook, but, when drafted, he determined to hide his previous experience and serve as a buck private. After he had been ordered to the kitchen he went to the top sergeant and asked confidentially "how in h—— the skipper knew he had been a cook." However, his previous experience was a great aid to the company in showing the other cooks how to handle the army ration.

The days between the arrival of the "first five per cent" and the second installment of the draft men were busy ones, and

given over entirely to fatigue work. Barracks had to be cleaned and scrubbed, bunks set up, windows washed, the ground outside policed and levelled, walks and drains constructed, and numberless small details cared for. Frank G. Young and Howard Waite, afterwards sergeants, were set to work building bins, shelves, lockers and benches for the kitchen. While at that work Young was initiated into "collecting" lumber, materials and tools, and became such an adept that subsequently he corralled a complete set of tables and bins that someone left exposed to the night air. Arthur L. Wynne developed into an able "collector" while acting as assistant to Supply Sergt. Fogelberg, and subsequently got his chevrons when Fogelberg became "top cutter." When a final property settlement was made at Camp Lewis, Wynne had sufficient extras on hand to stock a Dinuba store. Some of the fatigue details were not congenial to the men, but they did their work cheerfully. Eric Pedley was assigned to the task of scrubbing floors in the officers' quarters. An officer who had seen him play polo and thought all polo players millionaires, went to Capt. Graupner and said, "Do you know that you are having a millionaire scrub your quarters?"

On September 22nd, 1917, eleven days after the arrival of the first men, the second installment of the drafted men arrived in camp, and "E" Company received a large number of men from San Diego. The third installment arrived October 1st and almost completed the company's quota of men. It was amusing to observe the ten and twenty day "veterans" receive the newly arrived. As the "rookies" marched by the barracks a chorus of voices would arise. First would come the question "Where do you come from?" and then would follow disparaging remarks about "hay seeds" and "tender feet." Thus quickly did the men assume the attitude of soldier toward civilian. As the new men arrived they found it hard to adapt themselves to new conditions, and the veterans of two and three weeks did not aid them much. One of the men of the third installment, when told to take his bed-sack outside and fill it at the straw pile, was heard to say, "Why they weren't even expecting us, they haven't made our beds."

With the arrival of the second installment the work of training began. The huge parade ground rang to the sound of hundreds of voices shouting commands and explanations. In the midst of clouds of dust the recruits learned how to assume the position of a soldier, to march, to do the facings and squads right and left.

None of the early arrivals will ever forget Corporal McCall and his complete mastery of the Infantry Drill Regulations. Nor will the officers forget his contempt for citizen soldiers and his attempts to master the officers from the colonel down to the lieutenants. Many were the mistakes made and slow was the development of some, but all tried hard. Eric Pedley and Howard Waite were soon acting as drill sergeants; their training in the Students' Army Training Corps at Leland Stanford Junior University had put them far ahead of most of the men. But

gradually others forged ahead and proved themselves worthy of promotion.

From the time the regiment was organized, Major Gregory had employed Lieut. H. W. Russell as battalion adjutant, and, in October, he was assigned to that duty and the company lost his services. Second Lieut. Patrick D. Ryan was transferred from "G" Company to complete the quota of officers for "E" Company, and remained until his promotion to 1st Lieutenant, January 22, 1918, when he was re-assigned to "F" Company. Major Gregory was nick-named "Daddy" by the men, and all looked to him with respect and affection. He was interested in every man in the battalion and knew every officer and non-commissioned officer by name. He was anxious to make the 2nd Battalion the leading one of the regiment, and officers and men did their best for him. With the officers, the Major was both superior and friend; toward the men he was always considerate. He was always kindly in criticism, broadminded in giving advice, and reasonable in giving orders. With the spirit which he engendered the companies all strove to accomplish his ambitions for the battalion.

Equipment was slow in coming. Pie-bald civilian clothing was the vogue for many weeks, and articles of uniform were received on the installment plan. Lack of uniforms was due, in great part, to the fact that the western men were of greater size than the average of men in the old regular army. New contracts had to be let for larger sized blouses and breeches. The government arsenals had not sufficient equipment to turn out Springfield rifles for the new army, and the division had to await the manufacture of the so-called "New Enfield rifle" under private contracts. Belts, scabbards and packs were also dependent on new contracts. Then our division was required to wait while divisions nearer the embarkation centers were equipped. Gradually, however, clothing and equipment arrived, and as the men were uniformed they looked and acted more like soldiers. But, as late as February of 1918, there were men without blouses. So often were the men refused clothing, on account of shortage, that Supply-Sergeant Wynne was given the name "No Clothes."

The drafted men proved many things to the public mind. They demonstrated, above all, that they were Americans who were willing to play the grim game of war. Dreadful prophecies had been made concerning the conduct of the drafted men in the army. It was said that they would sulk, that they would mutiny, that they could not be trained, and that they would not fight. But the croakers were disappointed on every foul prophecy. No finer men could be asked for. No army in the world ever had better soldiers or better fighters.

From time to time after the entry of the United States into the war, changes were made in the tables of organization. Infantry companies were changed in strength and equipment. First they were enlarged to companies of one hundred and fifty men, then to two hundred, and finally, to two hundred and fifty.



With the increased number, additional barrack facilities were required, and a shift was made in the assignment of quarters. "E" Company was given Barracks 47 and the upper floor of Barracks 48. This necessitated the changing of kitchens, mess halls, orderly rooms and supply rooms, and entailed much labor and confusion. Barracks 47 had been occupied by "I" Company, and when it was taken over every coat hook, electric lamp and movable convenience was found to have been removed. It was a hard task to make "I" Company disgorge, but they finally restored the articles which they had taken to add to the comfort of their new barracks.

The invariable result of bringing large numbers of men in close contact is disease. At Camp Lewis, mumps, measles and scarlet fever ran through all of the organizations, while spinal meningitis broke out in many. These epidemics brought quarantine to the companies in which disease appeared. "E" Company had its share of quarantine. Mumps would develop and we would be quarantined. The ban would raise and then measles would appear. Again we would have a clear record and then scarlet fever would break out. At one time the company was in quarantine for all three of the minor diseases, but it escaped spinal meningitis and its terrors. During quarantine the men observed the restrictions fairly well. Once, however, they had a parade without the knowledge of the C. O. It is hard to say who was responsible, but, without much more than a hint, the men fell in behind the barracks and marched to see the show at the Liberty Theatre. Fortunately they were not caught in the act, or trouble might have followed. Some individuals, more daring than others, violated quarantine by going into Tacoma and keeping on the shady side of the street. They might have infected some of the Tacoma citizens, but probably acted on the theory that Tacoma was too slow to catch anything. If there can be any humor in such a thing as a quarantine, the event happened for the benefit of "E" and the detriment of "I" Company. Through some clerical error at regimental headquarters, "I" Company was quarantined for scarlet fever in place of "E" Company, and served out a week of the quarantine before the mistake was discovered.



### III. TRAINING AT CAMP LEWIS.

*"Oh! how I hate to get up in the morning,  
 Oh! how I'd love to remain in bed,  
 For the hardest blow of all  
 Is to hear the bugler call;  
 You've got to get up, you've got to get up,  
 You've got to get up this morning!  
 Some day I'm going to murder the bugler,  
 Some day they're going to find him dead:  
 I'll amputate his reveille,  
 And step upon it heavily,  
 And spend the rest of my life in bed."*

*(Oh! How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning.)*

Training at Camp Lewis was arduous, monotonous and discouraging. Time and again, when the ranks of the company would be filled and the men proficient in elementary drill, detachments would be taken away and sent to other units. New and raw recruits would fill the vacated ranks, and it would be necessary to go back to rudimentary drill again. This was hard on officers and men, and delayed the training in field service. The hours were long and the work was hard on every one. When evening came every man was ready for supper and sleep. A typical day's schedule is published, for fear that someone might forget it.

- 5:45 A. M.—First call.
- 6:00 A. M.—Reveille.
- 6:15 A. M.—Mess call.
- 6:45- 7:15 A. M.—Policing of quarters.
- 7:15 A. M.—Inspection of quarters.
- 7:30- 8:30 A. M.—Physical drill.
- 8:30- 9:30 A. M.—School of the soldier and school of the squad.
- 9:30-10:30 A. M.—Lecture.
- 10:30-11:30 A. M.—Bayonet instruction.
- 11:30 A. M.—Recall.
- 12:00 Noon.—Mess call.
- 1:00 P. M.—Assembly.
- 1:00- 1:30 P. M.—Sighting and aiming drill.
- 1:30- 2:30 P. M.—Manual of arms, platoon and company drill.
- 2:30- 3:30 P. M.—Lecture.
- 3:30- 4:30 P. M.—Bombing, boxing or games.
- 4:30 P. M.—Recall.
- 4:45 P. M.—First call.
- 4:55 P. M.—Assembly.
- 5:00 P. M.—Retreat.
- 5:05 P. M.—Mess call.
- 6:30- 7:30 P. M.—Non-commissioned officers' school.
- 9:00 P. M.—Tattoo.
- 9:30 P. M.—Quarters.
- 10:00 P. M.—Taps (The End of a Perfect Day).

This schedule was varied by platoon and company maneuvers, battalion or regimental marches, target practice, trench construction and battalion or regimental parades. After supper the men had "nothing to do" but shave, bathe, get their

hair cut, clean their equipment, rifles and shoes, wash their clothes, write letters home, and sleep. During the early period of divisional training Wednesday afternoon was a half holiday and the men were allowed to leave camp on pass. But during the last weeks, Wednesday afternoon holidays ceased. Saturday afternoons and Sundays were always days of recreation and rest, excepting for those who were awarded extra fatigue work as punishment. Saturday morning was generally given up to policing quarters and inspection.

Lectures were generally given by the company officers and included a wide range of subjects, such as: The Punative Articles of War, The Standard of Morale, Military Discipline and Courtesy, Nomenclature and Care of the Rifle, "Equipment C" and its care, The Spirit and Use of the Bayonet, Personal Hygiene and Care of the Feet, First Aid, Obligations and Rights of the Soldier, Map Reading and Sketching, Automatic Rifles and Their Use, Grenades and Their Construction, Field Service, Patrolling and Scouting, Advance Guards, Outposts, Interior Guard Duty, Liaison and Communication, Machine Guns, Gas in Warfare, Why We Are at War, The History and Causes of the War, and a number of other subjects. The preparation of these lectures kept the officers busy in their odd hours and tested their resourcefulness. Their purpose was not only to instruct the men concerning their duties, rights and obligations, but to inform them, as far as possible, what they were to meet in actual warfare. It is questionable who suffered the most from these lectures—the tired men who had to hear them over and over again, or the officers who had to work late at night to prepare them.

The school for non-commissioned officers was maintained for the additional instruction of those holding or seeking warrants. It was, however, a severe test on their ambitions and strength to require them to attend an hour of lecture after a day of hard work. Many different methods of instruction might have been devised, but the one adopted was that ordered by the Division commander. For five nights in each week those who sought promotion attended this school. They sacrificed much of their leisure time and recreation to the end that they might advance. Those men who won their chevrons proved in battle that their sacrifices had not been in vain, and there they displayed those qualities of leadership which the instruction sought to develop.

Target practice required much time, long hours and exposure to various kinds of weather, but everyone enjoyed the work and it was profitable. Range firing was a test of ability and afforded a chance for competition, which every man enjoyed. None of those present at the first range practice will forget Cook Duke's instruction in rifle practice. When he first came on the firing line he missed the target consistently. However, after careful instruction and coaching he became peeved whenever he failed to score a bull. His shrieks of laughter when he made a "five" could be heard the length of the company firing



line; as could also his complaints and explanations when he fell below that score.

Tom Oliver proved a star of another class. Oliver was so much afraid of being transferred or discharged that he attempted to conceal his defective eyesight. After observing Oliver get the raspberry flag five consecutive times, Capt. Graupner attempted to coach him. Oliver listened patiently to instructions, raised his rifle, and got another red flag. He stalled along, however, until it came to rapid fire, then, before the targets came up, Oliver fired. We will tell the story in Goldfeder's way:

Capt. G.—Oliver, what in h—— are you shooting at?

Oliver—At the targets, sir.

Capt. G.—Better wait until they come up, there are none in sight yet.

Oliver—All right, sir.

Tom afterward transferred to the M. P., where he was not required to shoot and where he did so much toward winning the war that he was made a sergeant.

A divisional school of arms was established to which officers and non-commissioned officers were sent for special instruction. There instruction was given in bayonet work, musketry, use of automatic rifles, use of grenades, fortification, gas protection, trench mortar practice, signaling, and sniping and observing. In addition, special classes were organized for training men in the use of the Lewis gun. The men were selected from the automatic rifle sections. Officers and non-commissioned officers who received instruction at these specialty classes, in turn instructed the men of the company. None of the men will ever forget Lieut. Elmer H. (Cy) Noble and his vigorous bayonet instruction. His good nature and "pep" instilled every man with the desire to do things. His death on the morning of the first day of the Meuse-Argonne battle is mourned by every one in the regiment.

Gas instruction was given to every man. Gas mask practice was uncomfortable but necessary. Sergeants Daniels and Holder did excellent work in this training and deserve much credit. Sergeants Salmon and Jones likewise deserve much credit for the work done by them in the Lewis gun practice on the miniature range. Lieut. Millan and Sergeant Pedley did remarkable work in bayonet instruction and were warmly praised by Lieut. Noble. The rigorous training and the resulting physical strain developed most of the men in a wonderful fashion, but it also brought out latent physical defects in many of them. While it brought broad shoulders, deep chests and increase in weight to the majority, it developed flat feet, weak ankles and weak hearts in others. As a result many men were discharged on surgeon's certificates of disability.

The constant withdrawal of men from the company and their transfer to other organizations had a serious effect on the morale of the men remaining. All hoped to have a unit that would be a happy family. But no sooner would the men grow

to know each other than a transfer, with the consequent replacements from the Depot Brigade, would change the whole relationship. The first large contingent of men to be taken away was the one sent to the 41st Division. There were transfers to the Aviation Section, Signal Corps, otherwise known as the "Spruce Division", to the General Headquarters Detachment, A. E. F., to refill the ranks of the Supply and Machine Gun Companies, for replacements to other divisions, for specialists for other branches of the service, and for various purposes. In addition, there were many voluntary transfers. The constant shifting of men from squad to squad, platoon to platoon, and barracks to barracks, as a result of these transfers and replacements, retarded the development of company spirit.

There was also a shifting of officers. Those within the company are shown by the roster. Lieut.-Colonels T. B. Taylor and Allen Smith were transferred away from the regiment, and Lieut.-Colonel Archie J. Harris came as second in command. Colonel Elmer W. Clark became ill and was transferred to the 166th Depot Brigade while on sick leave. This left Lieut.-Col. Harris in command of the regiment for almost two months. Col. Peter McD. Weeks was then assigned, and it was under his command that the regiment went overseas. There was no change in the command of the 2nd Battalion, which was very fortunate.

In spite of the changes and transfers, the company became a well disciplined organization. Lieut. Bruce, whose training at Culver Military Academy had well fitted him for the task, attended to the discipline of the men while in the ranks. At times the men thought him severe, but all came to appreciate his fairness and the fact that the discipline was something to be proud of. On January 22, 1918, Lieutenants Bruce, Millan, Young and Ryan were promoted to 1st Lieutenants. This was a boost to "E" Company, as well as to the officers promoted. For no other company in the division had so many officers promoted at one time. This gave the company one 1st Lieutenant over its quota, and Lieut. Ryan was transferred to "F" Company. Second Lieut. Arnold E. Johnson was immediately transferred to "E" from "C" Company to fill the vacancy caused by Lieut. Ryan's transfer. Second Lieut. Blattner transferred to the Q.M.C. to take command of a Bakery company. He was succeeded by Lieut. Powell Thomas, who transferred almost immediately to the field artillery. Lieut. Will D. Rudd then came to the company, but was re-assigned to the Supply Company after a short time. Then 2nd Lieut. Wambold H. McCune was transferred from "B" Company, and he remained until promoted to 1st Lieutenant and made battalion adjutant.

The Third Officers' Training Camp was opened at Camp Lewis in January of 1918. This school was especially for the benefit of the enlisted men and gave them an opportunity to gain commissions. To this training camp, "E" Company sent 1st Sergeant A. E. Fogelberg and Sergeants Eric Pedley, Howard Waite and William A. Smale. All of them graduated and



were commissioned 2nd Lieutenants. The Fourth Training Camp opened in May, and to it Sergeant Richard Hoyt and Corporals Paul Hyde and George S. Meeks won admission by competitive examination. On account of the company leaving for France before the Fourth Camp ended, Hoyt, Hyde and Meeks were transferred to the 166th Depot Brigade. Hoyt and Hyde subsequently graduated and were commissioned.

The scheme of training for the division called for practical instruction in entrenching work. An extensive system of trenches was laid out by the 316th Engineers and defined areas were assigned to each regiment for development. This work was hard, uninteresting, and, as it afterward proved, unnecessary. The work was not carried out as a development of any problem or maneuver, but was merely drudgery and ditch digging. Every third day the 2nd Battalion marched out to the site of the trenches and engaged in the task of digging, cutting brush, wiring and revetting. After the trenches were completed special details were assigned to the task of constructing dug-outs. This work was still more disagreeable, for it involved night details, in order that the work might go on continuously. Officers and men alike were glad when the trenches, which were never used, were finished and forgotten.

Our field training was altogether along the lines of the old Field Service Regulations. None of the newly developed field service or deployments were taught, or allowed to be taught; though the French officers attached to the division were anxious to teach it. The reason for this will, in all probability, never be known. There were many things done and left undone at Camp Lewis, which would make interesting stories, if the reasons were known.



#### IV. DIVERSIONS AT CAMP LEWIS.

*"K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy,*

*"You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore;*

*"When the m-m-m-moon shines over the c-cow shed,*

*"I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door."*

*(K-K-K-Katy.)*

One of the first things to be done after the organization of "E" Company was to create a company fund. This was done in order that necessities, luxuries and conveniences might be purchased for the use of the company and the men. The fund was originated by contributions from officers and men. The next addition to the fund came from the proceeds of a benefit smoker promoted by "Sammy" Goldfeder. After the barber and tailor shops were established they brought regular monthly returns to the fund. While ration savings built up the mess fund. After a few months dividends from the regimental exchange brought considerable additions to the fund. With the money, conveniences were constructed in the barracks, and books, boxing

gloves, baseball paraphernalia, and entertainments were provided.

During the early days of the regiment and before the Liberty Theatre was opened, regimental and company smokers provided the entertainment in Camp. "E" Company furnished more than its share of the boxers and entertainers for such events in the regiment. There were many creditable boxers among the men of the company and they generally took their share of the prize money. Leonard E. Salmon, "Sammy" Goldfeder, Fred Carmel, Phil Wager, George Skattores and Eric Pedley will always be remembered for the showing they made in the ring. Perhaps the best of these smokers was "E" Company's benefit. Goldfeder obtained good talent and put the program through with jazz and snap. Boxing was made a part of the company's training schedule, and it also had its devotees during recreation and rest hours. The famous bout of "Bug" Ballotti versus Kaxeris, "the terrible Greek," will be remembered for many a long day by the men who saw it.

During the early days of the Camp, swimming was popular and necessary. The weather was warm, the Camp dusty, and bathing facilities had not been installed. Twice each week the company was marched down to American Lake, the men armed with soap and towels. Officers and men thoroughly enjoyed those swims, with the possible exception of "Dirty Neck." He will probably never forget, though he will not remember with pleasure, the day he was spread-eagled on the gravelly lake shore and given a much needed scrubbing with floor brush and laundry soap. There was a noticeable improvement in the standard of cleanliness after that example.

In barracks there were numerous diversions that were not of a public character. "Black Jack," "stud," "draw" and the "bones" served to pass many idle moments and considerable money. Tricks and pranks were played on one another, some of which were not always appreciated. Ballotti bought a nice large crab in Tacoma and carefully carried it back to barracks. He left it lying on his bunk for a minute, while he went to see some one in another squad-room. One of the unregenerates stole the crab and got away with it. Ballotti came back and hunted high and low for his crab, but could not find it—"Who steala my bug?" sounded thru the barracks like a wail.

In the lower squad-room of Barracks 47, the sergeants conducted an initiatory ceremony to test the qualifications of newly warranted N. C. O's, and also to harden them for the duties. When it was learned that Cook Duke had married, a portion of the initiatory ceremonies were used to make him "come thru" with a box of cigars. Duke did not appreciate being put over a barrel and paddled, and his shrieks of anger and pain roused the whole quarter.

When snow came it was hard to keep the Southern California boys from smashing the barrack windows and filling the barracks with snow. Much snow found its way inside and was stuffed down the necks of the innocent and unsuspecting. It

was necessary to give every one a chance to let off steam, so the company was ordered to fall in. The men were marched up the hill, along the road by the bayonet course, where the fir trees were laden with snow, to the opening in the woods, where the company frequently drilled. There, by prearrangement among the officers, the company was divided, two platoons on a side, and deployed. The skipper gave the command, "With snowballs, load," and every man proceeded to roll his ammunition. At the command "fire at will" the platoons went at each other like wildcats. Half an hour of this active and wet work took all further desire for snow fighting out of every man.

The three holiday dinners and the two boat excursions mark the most important of the company's pleasure parties. The first barracks celebration was the Thanksgiving dinner of November 29, 1917. Preparation began weeks in advance. The mess sergeant and the cooks planned the menu, ordered the extra supplies, and baked the fruit cakes. Lieut. Bruce ordered menus printed in Seattle, and they were delivered two days before Thanksgiving. The day before they arrived a War Department order announced that no bill of fare or printed list of the soldiers' Thanksgiving fare would be allowed. All menus that were printed were ordered destroyed, and those of "E" Company were dutifully offered to the flames. Why this order was issued no one knows. Whether the War Department was afraid the Boche would learn what our men were eating, or whether it felt that the public should not have information on our soldiers' fare, we will probably never know. However, now the war is over, we publish the censored menu.

## MENU

### SOUP

Oyster Soup and Crackers

### RELISHES

Gherkins

Green Olives

Celery

### MEATS

Roast Turkey with Oyster Dressing, Giblet Gravy

Roast Pork

Cranberry Sauce

### VEGETABLES

Mashed Potatoes

Candied Sweet Potatoes

French Peas

Sweet Corn

### SALAD

Hearts of Lettuce, Mayonnaise

### DESSERTS

Chocolate Cake

Jelly Tarts

Cocoanut Cake

Lemon Pie

Fruit Cake

Mince Pie

Oranges

Apples

Bananas

Mixed Candies Assorted Nuts

### BEVERAGES

Coffee

Lemonade

Cigars and Cigarettes.



At this dinner all officers and men of the company gathered. "Sammy" Goldfeder and his committee had elaborately decorated the mess hall; "Curley" Heard provided the musical program, and the cooks and K. P. performed their duties well. It was a glorious feed and a joyous time. A box containing thirty packages was opened and raffled. This box was the gift of the young women of Prussia's—a San Francisco Department store. The lucky thirty discovered that they had received useful presents, and out of it began correspondence with as many young women down in San Francisco.

Christmas dinner was even more elaborate and joyous. The menu was much the same as that on Thanksgiving Day. At this dinner, mothers, wives and relatives of the men and officers attended. For weeks before the day the officers and a committee of sergeants had been busy collecting gifts. When the Christmas packages for the men began to arrive they were held out of the mail and sorted, and held until Christmas day. To the presents from home were added the gifts collected, so that each man would receive an equal amount. Mrs. Graupner had collected a large number of sleeveless sweaters and they were distributed to the men who had none. When mess call sounded the hall was a bower of green; again "Sammy" Goldfeder and his committee had done good work. The last long table in the hall was piled high with gifts. The men filed in with their guests and Bishop Paddock of Eastern Oregon said grace for that day's meal, so far from home. During the feasting there was music and songs, and Goldfeder read the new general guard orders, which raised a big laugh from all who had walked post, and deserve reprinting. "Sammy" could not forget the mud and the rain puddles, and read his orders thus:

#### MY GENERAL ORDERS ARE:

1. To take charge of this pond and all government water in sight.
2. To swim my pond in a military manner, always keeping my head above water, observing everything that takes place above water.
3. To report all violations of swimming orders I am instructed to enforce.
4. To repeat all calls from posts more distant from the ice house than my own.
5. To remove my bathing suit only when properly relieved.
6. To receive, obey and pass on to the swimmer who relieves me all orders from the High Diver, Swimmer of the Day, swimmers and non-swimmers of the pond only.
7. To talk to no one while under water.
8. In case of a cloudburst or deluge to send out an S. O. S.
9. To allow no one to remove their bathing suits on or near my post.
10. In any case not covered by the swimming code to tread water and call the keeper of the pond.

11. To salute all whales and sea lions and sharks not in captivity.
12. To be on the job at night during the time for diving and to challenge all pilots on or near light houses and to allow no one to swim past my post without the proper fishing license.

After the dinner came another raffle. This time the girls from Prussia's had sent a full quota of packages—one for every man. All that the raffle accomplished was to arrange, by chance, the girl with whom each man should correspond. When the raffle was completed the men received their packages from home. Then they scattered to their bunks and sought out quiet corners to be alone when they opened the packages containing the things that mother and "she" had sent.

New Year's was the big day. Then we had the girls to dinner, dance and supper. Dinner was set for the hour of two o'clock p. m. Just before that hour the girls and chaperones arrived in autos and busses. At two o'clock all marched into the mess hall and then came the clatter of knives, forks and tongues. When the dinner was over all adjourned to the lower squad-room, which had been cleared and decorated for the dance. An orchestra from the 44th Infantry furnished the jazz music and all except the "girl shy" joined in the dance. Throughout the afternoon cakes and cider were on the tailor's counter for everyone, and at six o'clock a buffet supper was served. At ten o'clock busses and autos took a tired group of girls home. But "E" Company had given them a good time.

The next big event came in March, when a boat was chartered and an excursion on Puget Sound was made to break the tedium of quarantine. Lieut. Bruce chartered the steamer Nisqually at Seattle and arranged for the company to land at Fletcher's Bay. The regimental band was asked to join us as guests and the young ladies were invited from Seattle and Tacoma. Arrangements were made to permit the Nisqually to dock at the Dupont wharf and for the company and its guests to pass thru the guarded grounds of the Dupont Powder Company. Food was taken from the company kitchen and ice cream was brought from Seattle on the steamer. It was a hard tug to get the boxes of roasted meats, sandwiches and eatables aboard, because the wagons could not get down to the wharf, and a carry had to be made to a tram car. But by ten o'clock everybody and everything was on board and the steamer cast away from the dock. The trip was made up the Sound past Bremerton Navy Yard to Fletcher's Bay. There everyone landed and were welcomed by the Fosters, who led the way to a dance pavilion embowered among the trees. Five o'clock, the time to embark, came all too soon. Then it was back to Dupont by the shortest route, for everyone was tired and happy. The band did great work in playing on the trip and for the dancing.

So great was the success of the first excursion that everyone wanted another. So the early part of April was selected and the Bremerton was chartered. For the second trip Point Defiance

Park was chosen as the starting point, that being more convenient for the young women. We did not attempt to carry food other than ice cream, cakes and candy. A hot lunch was provided at Foster's which saved much trouble and time. This trip was another success. There was more dancing than on the previous trip, although it rained hard during most of the day. But no one cared, for there was cover on the boat and at the dance pavillion. When the boat returned to Point Defiance there was a fixed determination in the minds of all to have another party just like the one that had ended. But new things were ahead. The third excursion was without the young women of Seattle and Tacoma, and covered more territory and time.

The movies at the Liberty Theatre and Greene Park afforded midweek diversion to many and helped tide over the interval between Sunday and Saturday noon. Nor must we forget the band concerts which Col. Weeks inaugurated immediately after he took command of the regiment. These broke the monotony of many an afternoon during the quarantine period.



## V. PREPARING TO LEAVE CAMP LEWIS.

*There's a long, long trail a-winding  
Into the land of my dreams,  
Where the nightingales are singing  
And a white moon beams;  
There's a long, long night of waiting  
Until my dreams all come true;  
Till the day when I'll be going down  
That long, long trail with you.*

*(There's a Long, Long Trail.)*

From the first of the year of 1918, rumors had been circulated from time to time which stated that the Division had proven itself fit and had been selected for overseas service. Always such rumors contained a fixed time for us to leave, but the time would roll by and there would be no evidence of moving. The rumors came so frequently that, before long, no one paid much attention to them. During the early part of May, however, there came a new rumor. It seemed to be backed by authority, for General Greene announced it thru the Tacoma newspapers. When orders came that indicated preparation for moving, hope and belief sprang up in the minds of everyone. At last we were to go "over there" and get a chance to show the Hun what western men could do.

The first thing that was ordered was the making and marking of packing boxes. Then came orders to overhaul equipment and clothing, and replace all worn-out articles. Then followed one after the other, many orders that looked like business. And finally came the two decisive indications. An advance party was selected to go overseas and arrange for debarkation and entraining, and Lieut. Millan was selected for that duty from the 2nd Battalion. Major Gregory went with the party to attend



a Field Officers' School at Langres. All heavy baggage was boxed and sent ahead under a special detail. "E" Company packed barber chairs and supplies, a sewing machine and tailor's sundries, baseball uniforms and equipment, books and other articles of comfort and convenience, and shipped them off as freight. It was expected to have great comfort from those things in France, but alas, those expectations proved vain. The S. O. S. salvaged the full outfit. The Q. M. C. or the stevedores may have had a great time with those carefully selected comforts, but "E" Company had none of them.

On June 15th, 1918, came definite orders for the entraining of the regiment, and we learned that we were to leave on the 26th. Final settlement was made with the Supply Company for our property and all surplus and unnecessary articles were turned in. The men packed their surplus belongings and sent them home. Quarters and grounds were policed, baggage and records packed, rations and extras for the trip purchased, and company accounts settled. By the morning of the 26th the company was ready and "raring" to go.

One of the final steps in preparation for leaving was to transfer to the Depot Brigade all men sick in hospital or those unfit for overseas service. In their places new men were received, but the company was not filled at the time it left Camp Lewis. It was hard to leave behind men like Mechanic Brown, but to have taken them would have meant suffering for them. The last of the men transferred to the Depot Brigade did not leave the company until the morning of the day of departure.

The advance party, with which went Major Gregory and Lieut. Millan, left Camp Lewis on June 19th. On the morning of June 21st Major-General H. A. Greene was relieved of command of the Division and ordered to the Philippine Islands. This left Brig.-General Frederick S. Foltz in command. On the afternoon of the 21st General Foltz, with the staff and headquarters of the Division entrained, and left New York for overseas on the 27th.

On June 25th the company baggage was loaded on the train, and on the following morning the rations were loaded into the kitchen car and the stoves were set up. The morning of the 26th was spent in final policing of barracks and burning the straw from the bed sacks. At 3 p. m. the order to fall in was given and the company marched down the firebreak to position for entraining. At 4 o'clock the train backed onto the track and within ten minutes the company was on board and ready to leave. Promptly at 4:30 p. m. the train began to move and "E" Company saw its last of Camp Lewis. On this train were "E" and "F" Companies. Ahead were two trains bearing the 1st Battalion, while behind us were "G" and "H" Companies. The 3rd Battalion followed still further behind. As the train pulled out there was a cheer from the men left behind and many tears were shed by the few brave mothers, wives and sweethearts that had made the long journey to Camp Lewis to say good-bye.

## VI. THE TRIP ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

*"But every town is your home town,  
"And each day's your day,  
"For every mother loves a soldier boy  
"For the sake of the one away;  
"And everywhere that the flag flies  
"With its red, white and blue,  
"There are hearts like those in the old town  
"To welcome you."*

*(Every Town's Your Home Town.)*

The train was composed of sixteen cars. First came two baggage cars, then three tourist cars for "E" Company, then the cook car, followed by three cars for "E" and two for "F" Company, another cook car, then three more cars for "F" Company, and, finally, the officers' car. The men were assigned three to a section—two in the lower and one in the upper berth. The cook cars were crowded with piles of wood, rations and a crude refrigerator. The field ranges were set up in sand boxes in the center, and the culinary arrangements were necessarily poor. However, the cooks managed to prepare two hot meals a day, which were served to the men as they sat in their seats. Mess kits were washed on the platforms.

From Camp Lewis the train traveled south to Portland and then switched on the Oregon Short Line. At Portland the Red Cross loaded the kitchen cars with boxes of fruit, which the men enjoyed the next day. The morning of June 27th found the company in Eastern Oregon. At Weiser, on the Idaho boundary line, the women of the Red Cross met the train and distributed gum, fruit, chocolate, cigarettes and post cards. The canteen workers of the Red Cross brightened the trip with their donations and their cheerful greetings. The second day's trip followed the Snake River Valley. At La Grande a halt was made for water and exercise. At noon of the 28th the train entered Wyoming and at Granger switched on to the main line of the Union Pacific Railway. A stop was made at Green River to allow a swim, but the mud on the river bank and the muddy water did not make the opportunity an inviting one. Later in the day the men were allowed time to stretch themselves at Rawlings.

The morning of the 29th found us in Nebraska. There the men discovered that the spirit of the middle west differed from that of the Pacific Coast, and if they wanted cordiality they had to seek it. As a result, whenever the train stopped the men stuck their heads out of the windows and invited attention. "Come on girls, here we are," was the cry, and few could withstand the smiling bid for conversation. At North Platte, where a stop was made, the town was taken by storm. The slow moving townspeople did not know what to make of the assault, but, by the time every girl, buggy and auto was captured, they decided it was fairly good fun, and smiled. At Omaha the train was delayed by a break-down on the section of the train carrying "C" and "D" Companies of the 1st Battalion. No one was



sorry for the delay, for the girls of the Red Cross Canteen had a large supply of goodies and, besides, were attractive and cordial.

Night took us across Iowa and on the morning of the 30th the train was speeding thru Illinois. At Chicago the trip was broken by a welcome opportunity to swim. The two companies marched up to the Y.M.C.A., where everyone was given a chance at the showers and tank. After the dusty trip a bath was a decided luxury. From the "Y" the companies marched to the Dearborn Street station where, after being served by the Red Cross canteen workers, they entrained. From Chicago the train traveled over the line of the Wabash Railway, crossing the line into Canada at Detroit. On the morning of July 1st the train was passing thru Ontario. There the people showed by their seriousness the mournful results of the war. The train stopped at St. Thomas and afforded the men a chance for exercise. At Niagara Falls the train re-entered the United States. There the men detrained and were given a chance to see the falls. After entraining, the route of travel lay along the lines of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, thru New York and Pennsylvania. Early on July 2nd the train emerged from the Lehigh Valley and by noon had arrived at Jersey City. There the train waited for over an hour for an opportunity to switch on to the lines of the New York Central Railway for the last lap. While waiting at Jersey City the men had an opportunity to see New York harbor, the Statue of Liberty and the famous sky-line of New York City.

At half past two in the afternoon the train arrived at Dumont and the long journey was ended. It was six days from Dupont to Dumont; six days of tiresome, but interesting and jolly traveling. Promptly the men were detrained and formed in ranks. A short march through Dumont took us into Camp Merritt and barracks. The first lap of the journey to France was ended.



## VII. AT CAMP MERRITT.

*"Good-bye and luck be with you laddie boy, laddie boy,  
"Whatever your age may be;  
"There's a look in your eye, as you say your good-bye,  
"That tells me you will do and dare, or die;  
"And when you hear the shells begin to sing  
"There'll be someone, somewhere,  
"Who cares, will murmur this prayer—  
"May you win your share of glory  
"And come back to tell your story.  
"Good-bye and good luck, laddie boy."*

*(Laddie Boy.)*

At Camp Merritt "E" Company had its first introduction to a "rest" camp. There they got so much rest that they had little chance to sleep. The barracks were smaller than those at Camp Lewis and the mess halls were detached buildings. The camp was not unattractive, but it lacked the charm and spaciousness of our old camp. Life at Merritt was a succession of issues and re-issues, trying on and taking off, inspecting and reinspecting of clothing and equipment.

Tin hats were issued, canvas leggings gave way to wrapped leggings, and barrack shoes were supplanted by heavy trench shoes. Inspections of equipment were frequent and any articles of clothing or equipment that showed wear or breakage was condemned without ceremony. It seemed wasteful to give apparently sound breeches, blouses or shirts a strong jerk and rip or tear them. But the wear and tear of foreign service was so great that faulty articles could not be worn. It was deemed necessary to have every man equipped in clothing that was free from holes and rip-proof, so inspection followed inspection. Most of the men learned the items of equipment so thoroughly that they could sing the list. Men swore, and so did the officers, over the tedious task of fitting shoes, but it was necessary work. The test of "hefting" the buckets of sand was a hard one for those whose vanity led them to try and wear tight shoes. The dandies hated to give up their tan barrack shoes for the clumsy trench shoes, and many attempted to hold them out, so that they might dress up for the French girls.

Officers and men alike were given physical examination to determine whether or not they were fit for service overseas. Only one of the men failed to pass the test, but the quarantine made serious inroads in the ranks of the company. Mumps, the cause of much quarantine at Camp Lewis, resulted in fourteen men being sent to the quarantine camp and transferred to Overseas Casuals. This left the company short of its strength. Sixteen men had been transferred immediately before leaving Camp Lewis and, with the fourteen quarantined, the company was left with only two hundred and twenty men. Replacements were sent from the Casual Companies. Evidently the company commanders were trying the old Depot Brigade trick of sending unfit men, for the regimental surgeons were compelled to reject

about thirty per cent of the replacements. However, the company was finally filled to full strength.

At Camp Merritt the men had their first encounter with the French franc. Those who had any money left converted their American coin into French money by purchasing exchange at the rate of five francs and seventy-six centimes for a dollar. This looked like making money, but disillusionment came in France, when it was discovered how low was the purchasing power of a franc.

Pass privileges were granted to some of the men, and all availed themselves of the opportunity to see the "big town." One cannot see much of New York in twenty-four hours, but reports from those who made the trip tended to show that there was some fast traveling in an endeavor to see the sights. Rumor has it that Sergeant Bolton lost his way. Whether Sergeants Weston, Young and Killeen lost Bolton, or Bolton lost them, or Bolton lost himself will probably never be known, for he never gave a coherent account of his actions. Pass privileges were withdrawn on July 8th, before all of the men had had the opportunity to leave camp.

On the morning of July 10th came the final inspection of equipment. Then all of the baggage was loaded into freight cars and, guarded by the baggage detail, sent to Hoboken to be loaded onto barges and taken over to New York. Reveille sounded at 4:15 the next morning. The men ate a hasty breakfast and, at 5:30 the regiment marched out of camp. Thru the sleeping town of Merritt, the way led down to Alpine Landing on the Hudson River. By a zig-zag road down the steep face of the Palisades, past the ancient headquarters of General Cornwallis, the troops reached the water's level. There the company marched on board the ferryboat Scandanavia and were ferried down the river to New York City dock number 59, where the gigantic Olympic was waiting to receive them. Colonel Weeks had arranged the best transport available for his own regiment.



## VIII. THE JOURNEY OVERSEAS.

*"Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from here?"*

*"Anywhere from Harlem to a Jersey City pier.*

*"When Pat would spy a pretty girl,*

*"He'd whisper in her ear,*

*"Oh joy, Oh Boy, where do we go from here?"*

*(Where Do We Go From Here?)*

When the troops marched from the ferry boat onto the dock they were met by the Red Cross workers, who provided hot coffee and rolls. Food was welcome after the early breakfast and long march. The men were then arranged in the order in which their names appeared on the passenger list. When the order was given the men marched in single file past the



officers representing the embarkation authorities and the ship, each man giving his surname, followed by the Christian name. The officers checked each man off as he marched up the gangplank. At the head of the gangway each man was given a card which showed him the location of his quarters, hammock and seat at the table.

With the assignment to quarters troubles began. The men found that there were more of them in the assigned quarters than there were hammocks. They also found that the cockney crew were not pleasant to deal with. Close quarters had been their lot since being mustered into the service, but here they found a still tighter squeeze. However, they were soldiers and knew how to make the best of bad conditions. Moreover, they were on their way. The ship lay at the dock all night, loading men, freight and baggage. At 9:30 a. m. on July 12th, the ship's siren blew a long blast, shore lines were cast off, and the tugs commenced to push the huge craft out into the river. The ship left the dock without ceremony—no bands played and there was no cheering or shouting from the men.

The people on the crowded ferries and river steamers cheered and waved farewell, but the men crowding the ship's railings felt too deeply to cheer. The Statue of Liberty was a wonderful and significant sight as she towered above Bedloe's Island. Gigantic, inspiring and awesome, clad in her robes of greened bronze, Bartholdi's colossus forced every man's attention to the fact that he was going over to fight for that which she symbolized. The Olympic passed Governor's Island, Ellis Island, Bedloe's Island and Staten Island, ships of war and ships of transport in their weirdly camouflaged coats of paint. The skyline of New York City faded away from view and Sandy Hook was left behind.

Outside the harbor entrance the ship was joined by two hydroplanes and a dirigible that swept thru the air, scanning the sea beneath for signs of submarines. There were also two destroyers, which acted as convoy until after dark, when their blinkers signalled "good-bye and good luck." After they left the ship went on her way alone—without consort or convoy. So the ship went on her way across, depending on her size, speed and armament for protection against submarines until July 18th, the seventh day of the voyage, when she was met by a fleet of five American destroyers, who brought orders and were to be our guard up the English channel.

Life on board the ship was crowded and uncomfortable. Sleeping in hammocks was a difficult feat and not comfortable. The hard task was to climb up and in. Men scrambled and strained to get into them, frequently falling out on the other side. After they were successfully ensconced their bodies were bowed, and the men were so closely packed that they scraped against each other as the ship rolled. Fortunately for all the ship was large and the sea was smooth most of the way. The transport was crowded to capacity. During the first four days those men who were quartered below decks suffered intensely

from the sultry heat of the hold. When darkness fell every port-hole and door was closed; no one but the guards and lookouts were allowed on deck. There was no ventilation except the little air that made its way thru the ventilators to the decks below. Sleep was uncomfortable, restless and not refreshing, and every one heaved a sigh of relief and breathed with vigor when dawn came and access to the decks and open air was allowed. The food caused much dissatisfaction. Tripe may be a luxury to the Englishman, but the average American will have none of it. Tea, bread, cheese and marmalade may be a hearty supper for a Briton, but a westerner wants something more substantial. While the men kicked, the officers were helpless, for each day's menu for the men had been approved by authorities ashore and had been authorized for the voyage.

During the day the men were allowed to wander at will about the ship and on all the decks excepting the boat deck. Details were made for guards, lookouts, mess attendants and policing of quarters, but none of the work was hard. Each morning there was exercise on deck for half an hour, and, sometimes during each day there was boat drill. The constant wearing of life preservers made everyone feel uncomfortable and look ridiculous. The canteens took a great deal of the circulating money but provided the men with things to eat and smoke. There was constant dissension between the troops and the crew, until the cockneys learned that an insulting remark was promptly answered by a blow. After about one-third of the ship's crew had been knocked out they decided that the Americans were dangerous to monkey with. There was constant pilfering. The ship's crew were anxious for American shoes and underwear, and stole anything left unguarded.

When the Olympic reached the open sea her course followed the Gulf Stream southward and then swung eastward until she was midway between the Bermudas and the Azores Islands. Then it was changed to northeast until we reached a point almost due east of the English Channel, where the convoy was to meet the ship. Always the transport swung and twisted on a zig-zag path. She was taking no chances and was making herself as poor a target as possible for a torpedo from a submarine. The guns mounted on the bow and stern were always ready for action, with ammunition in cases by the side of each gun; and the gun crews were drilling at pointing twice each day. Throughout the voyage the speed averaged 22 knots an hour. In the chart room were maps showing the location of submarines reported by wireless. On the afternoon of July 17th the chart showed the reported locations of eleven subs. And on that same afternoon the Carpathia was torpedoed twenty-five miles to the east, and another ship met the same fate about thirty miles to the west of the Olympic. However, due to good seamanship and careful maneuvering, none reached the vessel, and at five o'clock on the morning of July 18th she picked up her convoy of five American destroyers at the appointed rendezvous.

From that time until the vessel passed thru the channel in the torpedo nets off Portsmouth, the destroyers guarded the way. It was a glorious sight to see the camouflaged greyhounds of the sea darting here and there along the ship's course. They zig-zagged to and fro in front of the Olympic and on either side of her. Close in at one time, far out at another; but always watching for sign of a periscope, always ready to drop a depth bomb. On the 18th barrack bags and baggage were broken out of the hold and stacked on deck, and the men were given a final physical inspection. Fortunately no sickness had broken out on board and there was nothing to debar the men from landing.

While at sea there was much in the way of jollity and entertainment. Could Kaiser Bill have flown over the ship and witnessed a vaudeville performance on the forward well-deck and a dance on the boat deck he would have gnashed his teeth with rage to think that the Americans were so little awed by his submarines. Men slept, and read, and played cards on deck most of the days of the voyage. Every day there was something in the way of entertainment, and time did not hang heavily on the men's hands.

Dawn of July 19th brought the first sight of England's shores. The steep cliffs and hills of the Isle of Wight was the first land sighted. Thru the mist could be seen the tree-clad slopes, interspersed with green fields and towns with brick and stone buildings. Here and there a church spire or the towers of an old castle could be seen. On all sides of the ship were patrol boats and mine sweepers, and twice the masts of sunken ships showed that the subs had done their work in those waters. Then land appeared on either side and soon the torpedo nets that protected Portsmouth and Southampton were seen. Thru the gap in the nets went the Olympic, and her convoy left her. Anchor was dropped in the channel—the ship could not go on to Southampton until the tide turned and a dock was cleared for her. On one side was Portsmouth, on the other side was Cowes and Osborne, with the towers of Queen Victoria's favorite castle in clear view.

Late in the afternoon anchor was weighed and the Olympic steamed up to Southampton and docked. As our shore lines were being made fast, two ships, loaded to the guards with men of the 363rd Infantry, left the opposite pier. Then we knew that we were not to train in England, but that we were to go to France at once. The second lap of the journey was done and our third lap was in sight. That night the troops remained on board ship, but, all night long details toiled in unloading baggage and equipment. That night there were open ports and doors, and the men could smoke on the decks for the first time since leaving New York. Before breakfast Lieut. Millan came on board. He had been placed on debarkation duty at Southampton and was sorely depressed because he could see no chance of relief. He was anxious to go with the company, but it was many a long day before he joined. After breakfast the troops debarked, but were held on the docks.



## IX. FROM SOUTHAMPTON TO LE HAVRE.

*"Over there, over there,*

*"Send the word, send the word over there,*

*"That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming,*

*"The drums rum-tumming everywhere,*

*"So prepare, say a prayer,*

*"Send the word, send the word to beware,*

*"We'll be over, we're coming over,*

*"And we won't come back 'till it's over, over there!"*

*(Over There.)*

Off the Olympic's gangway and onto the docks did not spell liberty for the men. They were marched to another dock, where a speech of welcome was made by a British officer, and King George's letter of greeting was delivered. Then they were ordered to stack arms, unsling quipment and fall out. The rest of the day the men were confined to the limits of the dock. It was hard to be on English soil and see nothing of the sights of the adjacent town. But there had been trouble between "Tommies" and "Yanks" only a few days before, and the authorities were taking no chances. There, however, the men had their first sight of wounded being brought home to the hospitals. From a hospital ship that had docked, litter bearers were carrying a steady procession of wounded Tommies. Some of them were badly hit, but they were in "Blighty" and that was what they wanted more than anything else in the world. The officers were more fortunate in getting liberty. Most of them were allowed to visit Southampton and wander thru the streets of that quaint old city. It was wholly unlike any of our American cities and, with its trim cottages and houses, with well kept gardens, was quaintly attractive. Private Joyner was fortunate in having an uncle living there and obtained permission to visit him.

At 5:30 p. m. on Saturday, July 20th, came the order to fall in. Immediately following came "squads right," and the 2nd Battalion companies marched onto another dock where lay the U. S. S. Napolin. The Napolin had just been brought overseas. She had been employed on passenger service in Long Island Sound. Braced and strengthened for the trip overseas, she was prepared for channel service. It seemed a welcome relief to board a ship manned by American officers and "gobs." It was a dangerous run thru the mine strewn and submarine haunted channel to France, and every one felt safer in being with the men of our own navy. At seven o'clock the steamer swung away from the docks and started down toward the open sea. Anchor was cast off Portsmouth and the Napolin waited for the signal to start on her run. About eleven o'clock anchor was hoisted, a deck guard was posted and all doors and portholes were closed. Men and officers turned in for as much sleep as they could get. Thru the night the steamer ran at full speed. Somewhere in the darkness were destroyers on convoy, but apparently the ship was alone. As she struck the choppy seas of the channel the light



wooden hull strained and groaned, but at five o'clock on the morning of July 21st, just as day dawned, the Napolin entered the harbor of Le Havre. Just ahead of her was the ship containing the 1st and 2nd Battalions.

At seven o'clock, after a travel ration breakfast washed down by some hot coffee, the troops debarked. At last we were in France. The 91st had ceased to be a replacement division. From the docks the regiment marched thru the streets of Le Havre, still with the quiet of a Sunday morning, and along the shores of the city to the section where the Belgian Government had its war capitol. From there the way wound upward to the plateau of Ste Adresse, where the British Army Rest Camp No. 2 offered an unattractive camping place. There were dirty tents, crudely camouflaged, battered and faded by wind and weather. The whole place was windy, cold and unattractive, and there were no passes to visit Le Havre. There the troops were issued the British ration, with the chicory coffee and smoked pork. The Rest Camp afforded the first view of German prisoners of war. Little then did the men of "E" Company think that the day would come when they would guard a prison camp. The camp at Le Havre contained convalescing sick and wounded prisoners. Some of the officers obtained permission to inspect the camp and were viewed with curiosity by the prisoners, who claimed to believe that the American officers were only camouflaged Englishmen.

The regiment remained at camp all Sunday and until four o'clock on the afternoon of July 22nd. During the night we heard the booming of far distant guns, which showed us that things were active on the British front. Late Monday afternoon the march was taken up; Ste Adresse and the Rest Camp were left behind. Our guide led the troops by another route down the hill into Le Havre and thru the streets to the railway station. There the men had their first sight of the French engines and cars, which made them appreciate the story of the American who said he was going to take a French engine home as a souvenir and wear it as a watch charm.

Entraining was a simple matter. The companies were divided into sections of thirty-two men each, and each section was marched to a car and told to climb in. Three days' travel rations were stacked in each car and, after packs and equipment were hung, thirty men had little room. Those funny little "side door Pullmans" seemed strange to the American who was accustomed to large freight cars. The sign "8 Chevaux, 40 Homme" applied, perhaps, to French horses and men, but it was hard work for thirty-two husky westerners to crowd into a car. Sergeant Works had a hard time in deciding whether or not he could sleep in such a car. He was too long to stretch out cross-wise in the car, and if he lay length-wise or on the oblique he would force four or five other men out of their limited floor space. It is said that he finally settled the question by lying cross-wise, with his feet out of one door and his head out of the other.

## X. FROM LE HAVRE TO RIMAU COURT.

*"And we rambled, we rambled,  
"We rambled all around, we rambled thru the towns,  
"We rambled, and we rambled,  
"We rambled 'till the Frenchmen put us down."*

About six o'clock on the evening of July 22nd, a fussy little Frenchman in uniform blew something that sounded like a worn-out fish horn, and the train started. The 364th was on its way into France, but to where it knew not. The journey was by a devious route, the train had to cross the British and French lines of supply and reinforcement, and it was necessary to make a long swing with many stops to prevent interference. The train traveled northwest to Motteville; then southeast thru Rouen, Mantes, Versailles, Melun, Fontainebleau, Sens, Joigny and Tonnerre to Nuits sous Ravieres; then it swung northeast again, thru Chatillion sur Seine to Chaumont. From Chaumont the train went thru Andelot to Rimaucourt. At Andelot the regimental headquarters and that portion of the regiment on the preceding section of the train had detrained. But, at Rimaucourt we were told that we did not belong there, that we could not detrain, that we must go back and around to Meuse. Back thru Andelot went the battalion, and at Chaumont we were ordered back again to Rimaucourt. Our first arrival had been at four o'clock in the morning, but we did not get back until twelve hours later. The result of the confusion was a march by night instead of by day.

This train trip across France was thru a portion untouched by war. It was a strange sight to see the villages and towns at such frequent intervals. The buildings of stone and brick, with their red tile or moss-covered stone roofs, were different from what we were accustomed to in America. The small farms, forming a checkerboard on the landscape, were ridiculously tiny to the western man. Everywhere the people smiled a sad smile of welcome, in reply to the cheery calls of the men; and none who saw it will forget the sight of that wan-looking French woman standing in the window of her home holding a printed sign—"France thanks you for coming."

French soldiers, "Frogs," as we afterwards learned to call them, were everywhere. But what cheered us most was the sight of our own boys going up to the front in trains. When we passed the American hospital train, with its huge well-appointed cars, we felt proud, but we felt prouder when the wounded shouted out of the windows, "Hurry up and lick h—— out of the Boche!" There was the spirit that we all hoped to have when it came our turn to go to the front. The mourning, which nearly every woman wore, showed us the toll that war had exacted from France, our own wounded showed that we would have to pay our price, but the men felt more determined than ever to do their part.

On our second arrival at Rimaucourt the men were detrained and the baggage unloaded. There was no place for us to stay

there, the area around was already occupied by the 86th Division, and there was no transportation for our baggage. It was a case of get out and trust to luck that the baggage would follow. While the cars were being unloaded orders assigning the companies to billets were received over the phone at the railhead. "E" Company was assigned to Longchamp les Millieres. A lone billet and a place where it could be independent. It was the only "one company" billet in the regiment and we were lucky to get it. After baggage was unloaded a hasty meal was made from the travel ration, supplemented by some liquids which the men had managed to buy at a nearby estamient. At six o'clock in the afternoon we were ready to march and the command "fall in" was given.

It was nineteen kilometers, nearly twelve miles, to Longchamp. The men had been on the train, in rest camp, or on boats for a month; they were soft and out of condition. Could they make the march? Would "E" Company go thru without losing a man? Packs were heavy but spirits were high when we started out of Rimaucourt the evening of July 24th. From the town we had a long up-hill pull; bad for a starter. "E" Company was on the tail of the column, and before long it saw men drop from "I," "D," "G" and "F" Companies; but, with every man dropped by another company, determination to stick it out became more fixed. After the first hill was topped the march was thru a rolling country. The road was good and, when darkness fell, a full moon arose to light the way. By eight o'clock we had come to the parting of the ways. "E" Company swung to the left toward Longchamp, while the remainder of the column held to the right toward Bourdons and Forcy. "F" and "G" Companies could have saved a long march by following us, but they went the long way to Millieres, thru Bourdons and Forcy. By nine o'clock the march had become hard work for the softened bodies, and more frequent rests were necessary. There was an extra pair of shoes, an overcoat, a slicker and a suit of blue denims in each pack, and the load was a heavy one.

About ten o'clock we passed the little village of Consigny. The population, women and children, turned out to greet us. We were the first American troops they had seen, and they wanted to know how many Americans were over, and were joyous when we told them that there were over a million. From these people we learned that it was only two kilometers to Longchamp, so that the rest of the march was made with good cheer. Billets were reached by 10:30 p. m., but there was no one to meet us or greet us. We had dropped only one man on the road, but the others were glad to drop in their tracks on the village streets, while the officers located billets. The mayor was located while the men rested. Fat and purse was that Longchamp mayor, with eyes like a pig, that were always looking for the main chance. After Captain Graupner and Lieuts. Bruce and Young worked with him for a while he assigned the men to their billets.

The tired and sleeping men were aroused and conducted



in detachments, past the family manure piles, thru the wagon rooms, to the ladders that led to their sleeping lofts. There was no straw for bed-sacks that night, but no one cared. Everybody was accustomed to hard board beds after the trip in side-door Pullmans. It was after midnight when the skipper, Lieut. Bruce and Sergt. Morris held up the ration trucks passing thru the village and got rations for the next day. Sergt. Morris came very near landing a courtmartial for himself. He stopped the truck train and was interrogated by a Q. M. Lieutenant. Morris did not see the leather leggings, and the bars were covered by a mackinaw. He was giving the lieutenant a good course in strong language and was preparing to follow it up with a blow, when Lieut. Bruce stepped into the breach and saved the day, or rather the night. Anyway, the company got its rations.



## XI. IN BILLETS AT LONGCHAMP.

*"Keep the home-fires burning,  
"While your hearts are yearning,  
"Though your lads are far away  
"They dream of Home;  
"There's a silver lining,  
"Through the dark cloud shining,  
"Turn the dark cloud inside out,  
"Till the boys come home."*

*(Keep the Home Fires Burning.)*

When morning dawned on July 25th the company had a chance to look around and see what their billet village was like. They found that it consisted of four streets—Rue Reynal, Rue de la Fontaine, Rue del Eglise and Rue de Millieres—forming an irregular rectangle. The streets were lined on both sides with stone houses with red-tiled roofs. In front of each house was the most valuable family possession—the manure pile. After a view of the village we could appreciate the reason why Captain Bruce Bairnsfather of the British Army described a French billet as "a three-sided red tiled building with a rectangular smell in the middle." Lieut. Newmyer made an inspection and requested a detail of men to clean up the manure piles. The skipper told him that he could have a detail to tear down the church and, if the villagers did not object to that, he could then have a detail to remove the manure piles. After a little investigation the doctor decided to rest satisfied with condemning the well water and cleaning out the laundry pool. If any one wanted to start a riot among the villagers all that he needed to do was to sweep manure from one side of the street to a pile on the other side.

As we afterwards discovered, Longchamp was the cleanest and best of the villages in the regimental billet area. With a little cleaning up the lofts were not bad sleeping places, and the men were not so crowded as they were elsewhere in the

area. The water of the Fountain spring was good and did not require boiling or chlorination. There was a good drill area not far away, with satisfactory sites for rifle and grenade ranges. The bath house was soon put in working order, so that all could keep clean. The loss of the field ranges made cooking difficult until they were recovered. Rations came with regularity, but there was sometimes but little variety, and fresh vegetables were scarce and poor in quality. However, with the assistance of an occasional omelet, or rabbit, and the "vin ordinaire," everyone managed to get along without starvation or privation. The establishment of the company canteen provided candy and sweets for all the men—when the commissary could get them.

On July 28th our first Sunday in Longchamp, the entire company went to church. The venerable village church, with its worn stone floor and worm-eaten wooden benches, had probably never seen such a large congregation within the last hundred years. "Curley" Heard proved his bravery when he essayed to play church music on the pocket edition organ which Lieut. Young found in the village. "Curley" was good on "rag," but what he knew about hymns was little. The old "Cure" was pleased to see the Americans in force in his church, and delivered a wonderful sermon of welcome, in which he admonished the villagers to be courteous to the new friends of France. When he came to the parts of the mass where singing was in order, his stern command "chanter, chanter," put the men in disorder. A fairly good showing was made on "America," but the majority fell down on the Doxology and Onward Christian Soldiers. If the old padre had called for another "chant," it would have been "Over There," or "The Old Grey Mare," or nothing. As it was, "Curley" was making hard weather with his attempt to slow down for church singing.

The chief sport of Longchamp was egg hunting. Every man felt it his duty to convert himself into an incubator. As appetites were keen, eggs scarce, and knowledge of French poor, the men had a difficult game. In the early morning and immediately after retreat the hunt began. To an American onlooker it would have appeared that the men were attempting to convert themselves into pigs. The manner of asking for eggs consisted in a man going up to the door of a house and saying "havvy vous uggs, ooofs, uffs—you savvy eggs?" and then for fear of being misunderstood adding a few grunts to approximate the sound of the French pronunciation of "oeuf." If a man made himself understood it was a ten to one chance that he would not get any eggs, for Tille, Reynaud and Comeaux, who spoke French fluently, generally cleaned up the village each day. If he succeeded in getting any eggs he won the game, and had a fry or an omelet as the prize. One of the men who had been unable to get any eggs was telling his troubles. Corporal George J. Arnold heard the sad story and, having been studying a French dictionary, volunteered to help. He approached a kitchen door and said, "Madam, some owfs." Madam replied "no compre." Whereupon Arnold repeated his attempt. Again Madam replied

"no compre." Arnold looked rather blankly at the man he had volunteered to assist and said—"H——, let's go; I can't talk this stuff."

There were not many girls in Longchamp, and they were not strong on good looks. They were girls, just the same, and did not lack for attentions from the men. But when the two Parisiennes struck the village—Oo-la-la! They were the best looking girls we had seen since we struck France. What a rush there was! The sergeants, or at least some of them, seemed to have the inside track, tho a few buck privates hung around. The two enchantresses cut quite a swath during their two weeks in the village. But the war is over, and it will not do to give names, or tell too much in these pages. The officers impartially paid attention to the judge's daughter, but, after they abandoned the field in the evenings a certain sergeant was not above taking lessons in French from her. She, however, was a match in wits for any of the Americans.

The chief characters of the village were the mayor, the shepherd and the town crier. The mayor was popular, in spite of his fat body and crafty ways, because he ran the village wine shop. When he ran the prices up his popularity waned and a boycott was declared. This boycott was backed by threats among the men to "souse" the first violator in the village laundry pool. It produces some hardship among the men, particularly to Sergeant Works. "Du pain et confiture" was sold by the mayor, and Works did not know whether the boycott ran against that or not. Finally his love for jam overcame his fear for a soiled bath, and in the late evening hours he would steal over and persuade Rosie to sell him huge slabs of bread with jam in generous smear thereon. The mayor thought the captain had ordered the boycott and called a town meeting to protest. After interviewing the captain he was still at a loss to know who caused the trouble. However, some one told him the cause for the price of wine was reduced.

The shepherd was a picturesque character to look at, but was a wise old bird. With his flowing beard, his long blue smock, his crook and his horn, he looked like a character from one of Rembrandt's paintings. He was far from being a dead one, however. He tried to stick the company fund for a young fortune for damages he insisted we had done to the pasturage on the drill ground. The town crier, with his century old drum, held himself an important character, as in fact he was. He was the village newspaper and announcer. He was always the cause of a good laugh when he pounded the old drum and attempted to tell the news of the day in rapid French.

Mail brought to the officers one of the troubles of being in France. Every Sunday produced a flood of letters for home, and incidentally two or three nights' work for the officers. Censoring mail was not a popular sport among the officers, as many believed. It might have been entertaining to have read an occasional love letter, but when they had to read a bushel basket of sweet and honeyed letters, no! After a week in quiet



Longchamps, it was a terrific test to read letters telling the folks at home how the brave boys of "E" Company were catching bullets in their teeth and wading knee-deep in German blood. Some of the boys thought that the home people needed excitement. Mail from home was another matter. Everybody was crazy to get it and crazy if they didn't get it. It did not matter how much the folks at home camouflaged about their being happy and glad to have us serve our country, we believed it all. We just wanted to see a postage stamp with the U. S. A. post mark and an envelope addressed to us; it did not matter what was on the inside. The first mail from home reached Longchamps on August 3rd, and it was a happy group that lined up in front of the orderly room to get letters. A disappointed and homesick lot were those who found that there was no mail for them.

One of the tragedies of Longchamps was the discovery by Sergeant Killeen that he could not trust his bunkie. In some way his cigarettes had gotten wet. He did not want to throw them away because cigarettes were scarce. He explained the situation to Sergeant Bolton, who immediately volunteered to show Killeen a safe place to put his "fags," and have the sun dry them out while the company was at drill. Bolton beat Killeen back to billets, got the dried cigarettes and distributed them among the sergeants, leaving Killeen without a smoke. Killeen then and there declared that there was not a sergeant in the company that he would trust. Patlavch put one over on his bunkie, Private Howard Robinson. Patty had just learned that he had been rated Private First Class. On his way back to billets Robinson joined him with a long story to tell. Patty didn't say a word until he met Sergeant Young, and to him he put this question, "Say, sergeant, do we first class privates have to take a long line of talk from an ordinary buck private?" Robinson was speechless for an hour.

On July 31st Lieuts. Russell and Young left the village and the company to attend the Line School for Officers at Langres. This meant, tho no one knew it at the time, that the battalion would lose Lieut. Russell and that Lieut. Young was gone from the company forever. Both officers made good at the Line School and were ordered to the Staff College, and from there both were ordered to General Headquarters at Chaumont. Major Gregory was supposed to have battalion headquarters at Longchamps, but the village saw little of him. When we first arrived, he was at Field Officers' School at Langres. When he joined us on August 3rd he was promptly ordered away to Brigade Headquarters to act as adjutant, and did not return until August 29th. Then he was ordered away again and we did not see him again until we reached Gondrecourt. Sergeant Daniels was sent to attend the Corps Gas School, and on his return was made battalion gas N. C. O. On August 24th Lieut. Bruce and Corp. Wells were ordered to attend the Army Corps School at Gondrecourt, and we did not see either of them again until the second day of the Argonne-Meuse battle. During the



time we were at Longchamps Col. Weeks was in command of the 182nd Brigade. A part of that time Major George N. Davis was in command of the regiment, and was succeeded about the second week in August by Lieut.-Col. John J. Mudgett. Brigade and regimental commanders did not visit "E" Company very often, it was too far away from headquarters.

During the six weeks the company was in billets, it worked hard preparing for the future. It was hard to become accustomed to the "tin derbies." The weight made one's neck muscles ache, the metal, when heated by the sun, made heads ache, and the oilcloth sweat band made heads perspire like a hammam bath. They afterwards proved to be fine protection, but, when we first began to wear them, everyone considered them the invention of the devil. A liaison section was formed and "Bill" Miller was promoted to corporal and placed in charge. This section worked hard in signaling, message sending and receiving, and maintenance of communication, and much credit is due Miller because this section was exceptionally well trained. Signaling and communication work had to be altered to suit conditions that were found in France. The hours spent at Camp Lewis on semaphore training proved to be entirely useless, and wig-wagging was useful only in that it had trained the men in the use of the Morse code. Very little signal apparatus was furnished the company for practice. Blinker lights were issued in France, but without instructions for their use. The signal rockets, flares and Very lights were French, and the limited directions for the use were in French, hence useless. The training area assigned by the mayor was secluded, and the company was fortunate in having its own rifle and grenade ranges. The rifle and automatic sections did constant and excellent practice work. Sergeants Works and Killeen handled the grenade training with great credit to themselves. In spite of the danger in handling the grenades they put the whole company thru without a single accident. Sergeants Holder and Weston did good work on bayonet training and put a lot of "pep" into the men. Games, such as O'Grady on parade, Powder River and three deep, helped to harden the men and make them more active, and added a little fun to otherwise monotonous work. All of the N.C.O's deserve credit for the way they took hold of things and for the initiative they displayed while at Longchamps. Much work was done in training the company in the new extended order formation, and particularly in taking cover. This work was extremely important, and proved its value when the company went over the top on September 27. Under the A. E. F. organization it was necessary to detail certain men from the company for work at battalion headquarters. Corporals Elmer L. Bernard, Henry A. Dustin and George J. M. Guhrt, with Privates 1st Class David F. Weaver and Erick S. Swanson were chosen for the intelligence section; while Privates 1st Class Edward Sywulka, J. J. H. McGowan, A. M. Robinson, M. M. A. Ortiz and W. S. Jordan were selected as battalion runners. These men were a distinct loss to the company but all did excellent work with the headquarters.

Once each week the liaison and headquarters section went to brigade or division maneuvers. These problems were outlined, for it was impossible to over-run the cultivated fields with a full brigade or division, and were for the purpose of training officers and men in establishing and maintaining lines of communication. Unfortunately, few outside of brigade and regimental headquarters derived any benefit from these maneuvers. For the officers and men of the companies they were, as a rule, unprofitable and uninteresting. There were several regimental and battalion marches, and battalion and company maneuvers and problems. Mennevaux, Esnouveau, Ageville and Mandres soon became known as villages to which unwelcome marches were made by the men for the purpose of doing something in a maneuver, about which they knew nothing. Thol was visited once or twice by the company on maneuvers, but more frequently by the men to buy beer. Much was done to give the sergeants and corporals responsibility, and they accepted the burdens and proved themselves fitted for their warrants.

The bane of our existence in Longchamp was saluting. The saluting requirements at Camp Lewis had been rigid, but in France they were redoubled. Even while on field service or fatigue there was no relief. The climax came when orders were received directing "that troops of this command be trained in throwing back their heads in executing salutes, simultaneously with the bringing up of the hand, so as to give the effect of a smart salute." To follow this order meant to violate the provisions of I. D. R., but we followed the order. The men soon learned to look at the sun and salute, at the same time controlling their desire to laugh. Shortly after the men acquired this new accomplishment Major Gregory came into Longchamps. He got a full share of "aeroplane" or "throwback" salutes, and inquired of the skipper why "the men were giving such d— fool salutes?" The captain showed the division order, and the Major retorted, "Well, it may be orders, but it looks like h—!"

Pay day at Longchamp was an important day. The first one was especially interesting. For the first time the men were paid in francs. When each man marched up to be paid he received a stack of French paper money that looked like a thousand dollars. It wasn't very much, but the French people, who had never seen a soldier get so much money, thought the Americans were millionaires. Immediately they jumped the prices of eggs and wine. There was another pay day while the men were in the village but it did not equal the first in importance, for, by the time that first pay day came, all excepting the "tight wads" and the "lucky ones" were broke.

During the latter part of August water became very scarce. Some of the village wells went dry and the spring had so little flow that the laundry pool was continually dry. The mayor, remembering the boycott on his wine joint, thought to even matters up with the company by placing a boycott on the use of water from the spring. This led to friction, but no trouble resulted. After a guard was placed at the spring with orders to

see that no one interfered with the cooks or men in getting water, the mayor backed down. He growled and made threats, but did not care to attempt to go up against the armed guard.

During the period the company was in billets, worn clothing, shoes and equipment were replaced. New equipment was issued, including automatic rifles, pistols and trench knives; all old stuff, including the hated blue denims, was salvaged. On Monday, September 2nd, the order to prepare to move was received. There was final inspection of equipment, a final salvaging of old junk, a general policing of billets and the billet area. At noon on the 3rd orders came to march out at 2 p. m. Packs were made up, quarters were finally policed and dinner eaten. Then we were ready to go.

Lieut. McCune, as Town Major, was left behind to settle claims. He had some job. When the mayor was notified that the people must present their claims, he ordered the town crier to publish the news. After beating his drum until he had an audience, the crier announced that the Americans were leaving town and wanted all claims for damages to be presented, that the Americans were rich, and that the people should not be stingy with themselves in making claims. Lieut. McCune was flooded with claims. The people demanded payment for every window, door and article that had been broken since the days of Napoleon Bonaparte's boyhood. They sought payment for more things that they claimed had been stolen than the village contained. The mayor thought that he had put one over to counterbalance the boycott and the refusal to obey his orders not to take water from the spring. The Scotch blood in Lieut. McCune beat the mayor's game. Claims for a hundred or more francs were settled with a couple of cakes of issue soap, and he talked some of the people into withdrawing their claims. The company fund book is not at hand, but, if memory is to be trusted, Lieut. McCune settled about two thousand francs in claims for forty-five francs in money and a box of issue soap. The moral of this story is—that a Frenchman stands no chance against a Scotchman, especially an Americanized half-blooded Scot.





## XII. FROM LONGCHAMPS TO AMANTY.

*"Oh, Uncle Sammy he needs the infantry,  
"He needs the artillery,  
"He needs the cavalry,  
"And then, by gosh, we'll march into Germany  
"And catch old Kaiser Bill."*

*(The Old Gray Mare—with Variations.)*

Promptly at 2 p. m. on September 3rd the company fell in, ready to march to—orders said to Essey les Eaux, but where were we to go from there? The villagers gathered to see us march. Many of them were genuinely sorry to see the men leave, for they knew that death hovered somewhere at the end of the march. Others were sorry at our going for the loss of profits, for the men had spent beaucoup francs in that little village, and real money was scarce there. The judge and the old padre were there to say good-bye, and the padre gave his blessing. When the order to march was given most of the women were in tears. The men were sorry to leave. Life there had been quiet, but interesting and pleasant. They were leaving for the front, whether for the trenches or for the field they knew not, but peace and quiet would not be their lot for many a day.

The way led thru Buxieres and Ninville to Essey les Eaux. This latter turned out to be the dirtiest village we had yet seen, and all the water there was undrinkable. The Lister bags were filled with water hauled from Donnemarie, and that had to be chlorinated. At Essey les Eaux we found "H" Company under command of Lieut. Deming Bronson, and there both companies remained until the sixth of the month, waiting for the railhead to clear. The men spent much time in the old game of egg hunting, even going over to Ninville in their search. Corporal Schwertfeger was perfectly happy; he had no paper work to do, he made a big haul of eggs at Ninville, and he could buy all of the milk he could drink at Essey. There were others just as happy as he, for the same reasons.

The mystery of the stay in Essey les Eaux was Rosie's visit. On September 5th, who should come into the village but Rosie on her bicycle. She rode up and down the street greeting all the boys she knew impartially, but evidently she was looking for some particular person. Then she chatted around in an aimless fashion, but was always looking around. To this day the mystery has not been solved. Was she spying, did Sergeant Works owe her for bread and jam and leave without paying, or had she found that Nick Luchich had left Longchamp with some money remaining in his pockets? On the afternoon of the 5th Lieut. McCune and the detail that had been left behind at Longchamp to guard the baggage joined us, but they could add no light to Rosie's visit.

At 2 a. m. on September 6th an orderly from regimental headquarters wakened Capt. Graupner and gave him orders to

march to Rolampont. At seven o'clock Companies "E" and "H" marched out of Essey les Eaux, and glad they were to leave that dirty village behind. A wagon had been hired from the mayor of Essey, and in it was placed the chauchats rifles, the mussette bags, and a lot of extra baggage. This lightened the load of the automatic riflemen and carriers, and made marching easier. This march was not a hard one, it lay thru very pleasant country, and gave the men new scenery. The rain, however, made it disagreeable. The way led thru Nogent en Bassigny and Nogent les Bas. This gave all a chance to see a little of the famous old town. After leaving Nogent the rain came down in torrents and everyone was wet to the skin. However, the sun came out before we reached Rolampont, and we were more comfortable.

Rolampont was reached at noon. The companies marched thru the town and across the famous River Marne to a camping place on the slopes west of the town and above the railroad tracks. There pup tents were pitched on the slippery clay hill side with the remainder of the regiment. Rolampont was a comparatively clean town, and the men had a chance to get clean by a swim in the canal. A commissary gave everyone the opportunity to stock up with cigarettes and candy. As it was known that we were to entrain, the company fund was used to buy cigarettes and matches for use on the trip.

At Rolampont Sergeant Wynne put another notch in his record for collecting. The officers had no shelter halves and were compelled to go into town for billets. When they returned to camp the next morning each found a pair of shelter halves fastened to his bedding roll. They did not know where the sergeant got them and knew enough not to ask, but later they had a chance to make a good guess. When it came to pitching tents the next day, in the woods above Amanty, several officers of the third battalion were heard to swear aloud at some unknown person who had stolen their tents. While these officers never identified the tents Sergeant Wynne had collected, the chances are that it was because they did not go near "E" Company's tents. It developed long afterward that, during the darkness of night, Wynne had "lifted" the tents which officers of the third battalion had deserted for billets in town.

The company remained at Rolampont until 4:30 o'clock on the afternoon of September 7th. Then it entrained for Gondrecourt in the same old side-door Pullmans. This time, however, we had flat cars in the train, on which were mounted machine guns for anti-aircraft use. This was a hint that we were going up into the danger zone. The route lay thru Chaumont to Joinville en Vallage, and then by a branch road thru Poissons. The train arrived at Gondrecourt shortly after midnight. The men piled out into the rain and pitched tents on the flat above the railroad tracks. It was a night of sleeping in the mud and an almost breakfastless morning. But this was war, so no one complained.

By eight o'clock in the morning the battalion was on the march. Thru the streets of Gondrecourt it went and then up the



long steep hill to the heights above the town, and about ten kilometers to the woods above the village of Amanty. While on this Sunday morning march, Lieut. Bruce joined the company about a mile out of Gondrecourt and finished the hike with the company. He stayed at camp long enough to get his mail, and chat, and then went back to the Corps School.

Now we found we were in the war zone. Orders were given to keep within the woods, to light no matches nor cigarettes at night, and make as little smoke in the day time as possible. Pup tents were hidden in the brush and among the trees, to be free from aeroplane observation. Now we knew that something was about to happen and that the 91st was to have some part in it.



### XIII. FROM AMANTY TO PAGNY SUR MEUSE.

*"Oh, here comes the infantry with the dirt behind their ears,*

*"Here comes the infantry, their pay is in arrears;*

*"The cavalry, artillery and the lousy engineers,*

*"They couldn't lick the infantry in a hundred thousand years."*

The camp in the woods was, in spite of frequent showers, rather pleasant. There was little to do but rest, sleep and eat. The woods were clean and there was no odor of manure. The pup tents were snuggled under the brush and amid the trees, and, with plenty of boughs and branches at hand, it was easy to make comfortable beds. Overhead and around the woods were numberless aeroplanes. In the woods between Amanty and Gondrecourt was a huge American aviation station, and hidden among the trees between Amanty and Epiez were a score of French aerodromes. From these two stations planes were constantly ascending and flying off toward the front lines to the east. Once, on the second day of the stay in camp, there was a distant battle with a squadron of enemy's planes, which many watched with keen interest.

The stay at this camp was enlivened by pay day. Some of the men were able to steal into Amanty and spend a little of the money, but most of the francs went toward establishing quiet little games. While there, 1st Sergeant Morris received orders to report to the Officers Training Camp. His opportunity to earn a commission had come, but he was not anxious to lose his chance at a battle. His leaving resulted in Sergeant Leonard Salmon being made "top cutter." Mail was received and was a more than welcome visitor. Those who were not too busy courting the gods of chance availed themselves of the opportunity to write letters home.

At dusk, on the evening of September 10th, the companies fell in under shelter of the trees. As darkness fell, the regiment was formed in column on the road and the march was resumed. We marched to Maxey sur Vaise and then the course lay along that of the River Meuse, thru Burey en Vaux, Vaucouleurs, and St. Germain sur Meuse to the woods east of Ourches. This

night's march was wet and ghostly. As the regiment marched thru the towns the walls of the houses echoed back the sound of the tread of hob-nailed shoes; there was no sign of light, and no evidence of life. It was like marching thru cities of the dead. About ten o'clock it began to rain; the only let-up in the rain was when it poured down in solid sheets of water. Hereafter, when we fail to mention the weather conditions in France, it is safe to say it was raining, and that the ground was wet and muddy. This night's hike was thirty-four kilometers, and water-soaked shoes and packs did not make it a comfortable one. At midnight the column was halted in the little city of Vaucouleurs and the men were given an opportunity to eat their cold lunch. Few of the men in that resting column realized that they were in an historical city, one enshrouded with traditions and memories of Joan d'Arc.

About three o'clock in the morning the column left the road and marched thru a ploughed field into a wood on the slopes facing the River Meuse and overlooking the village of Ourches. From this slope, in daylight, we could also see St. Germain sur Meuse and Pagny sur Meuse. When the company entered the edge of the woods the tired men dropped in their tracks. They made no attempts to erect pup tents, and some of them did not undo their packs. Nearly all dropped in open places among the trees and brush where, in daylight, they would have been easily visible to Boche aeroplane observers. Orders were of no avail, so the officers had to rouse the tired and sleeping men with the toes of their boots, and force them to crawl under the brush, open their packs, and get blankets and shelter halves. About the time that everyone had finally settled down orders came from battalion headquarters to send a detail of sixteen men down to unload the ration wagon, which had mired. The wagon had to be released and both it and its contents hidden before dawn. Sergeant Lucas happened to be at hand when the order came, and he was told to rouse out the detail. The sergeant was so weary that he too was ready to drop in his tracks. He scrambled up the hill, thru the brush, to where he thought the most men were bunking, and bellowed—"Sixteen of you men get down and unload the ration wagon." Every man in the company felt that he was not included in that sixteen—not one of them budged—all were willing to let George do it. The louder the sergeant yelled the tighter they rolled into their blankets. Lucas evidently thought he was hunting side-hill props (That mysterious animal that he claimed dwelt on the hillsides near Visalia, the legs of which were shorter on one side than on the other, due to their always walking on side hills.) The officers then sprang into the brush, giving the boot toe to every man they found and ordering them to get out and unload the ration wagon. Most of them were so sleepy that they only heard the word "ration" (the only word a soldier always hears), and out piled a dozen men with mess kits in their hands, poor old Porter in the lead.

After the ration wagon had been unloaded and hauled out of

sight, every one settled down to hard sleep; but all were ready to turn out when mess call sounded at noon. Across the river, on the crest of the slopes in front of us, was a large American aviation camp, and the men spent the day watching the planes come and go. That night no move was made, but at midnight everyone was awakened by the roar of artillery. It seemed as tho all the thunders of hell had been loosened. To the north the flickering of the flames from the cannons' mouths and the glare of the flares and rockets lighted the horizon like the aurora borealis. With dawn we could see huge sausage observation balloons swinging in the air, but the sound of the artillery decreased somewhat. At officers' meeting in the old abandoned church on the hillside that morning, Col. Weeks announced that it was "D" day and that the battle of the St. Mihiel was on. This was the drive to straighten out the salient that the Germans had pushed in south of Verdun, the nose or point of which was at St. Mihiel. The 91st Division was in reserve, and might or might not be needed in the line. At that time and place began our battle history.

At noon on September 12th came orders to move, and, after mess, the regiment formed and marched into Pagny sur Meuse, where it billeted. There, more than a hundred motor trucks were waiting to carry us up to the front, if we were needed. Just as we entered the town it commenced to rain, and while the companies stood in the streets awaiting assignment to billets, it poured. Field stoves were set up in the streets, wood was purchased from the townspeople, and fires started. Just as supper was ready the "general" blew. Companies were hastily formed in column, ready to march. It turned out that the alarm was for practice purposes. The colonel wanted to discover how short a time it would take to mobilize the regiment if orders to march came. Apparently he was satisfied. There were no more alarms, the men had supper and settled down for the night.



#### XIV. THE PRISON CAMP AT PAGNY-SUR-MEUSE.

*"Mother take down your service flag, your son's in the S. O. S.,  
He's S. O. L., but what the hell,  
He's never suffered less.  
He's having fun and lots of rum,  
Or else I miss my guess.  
Mother take down your service flag, your son's in the S. O. S."*

At two o'clock in the morning of September 13th an orderly awakened Captain Graupner and gave him an order that detached the officers and men of the company from the regiment. The order directed that "E" Company proceed to the prison cage near Pagny-sur-Meuse, and that the Captain would report before 6 a. m. to Major Charles S. Smallwood, Provost Marshal of the First Army, for orders. Where was the prison cage? The Captain dressed and went out into an absolutely black



night to find out. At regimental headquarters they did not know anything about the location of the cage, they knew only that they had been ordered to send the company. Out into the night again went the skipper. He found a gendarme, but he knew nothing. Then he found an M. P. who knew nothing, but thought that the sergeant might know something. A stumbling walk down the dark street brought the Captain to the M. P. billets, there the sergeant and other M. P. knew nothing, but thought that one of the mounted patrols might know something. The Captain went and wakened the company cooks, ordered breakfast for 5 a. m., and then started in search of the patrols. He found one patrol at the cross roads on the Toul road, but no news; a patrol at the bridge on the road to Void was equally ignorant, but a patrol on the road to the railway station had seen a lot of barbed wire unloaded, and a labor company of negroes at work on the far side of the railway track. At last, at 4:30 a. m., a clue had been found, and the place described turned out to be the objective sought. The company breakfasted at 5 a. m., fell in and marched out of Pagny, and reported at the prison cage on schedule time.

The cage was far from complete when the company arrived. The two lines of outside wire had been stretched, but there were no gates, all of the partition wires had not been put in, there were no barracks, no store house, no guard house. There was only one building and that was for the intelligence section detachment. Nearly eight hundred prisoners had been received, and there were no rations. The negro laborers had been armed and put to guarding the prisoners, and they were a thoroughly frightened bunch of coons. The rolling of their eyes and the smiles which lit their faces when we arrived showed that they were glad to see some one come and relieve them. Major Smallwood was in charge and was glad to see the company arrive, and still more pleased to have an officer to whom he could turn over responsibility for the cage and prisoners. Major McFadden, assistant provost marshal, was there, but was told that Captain Graupner was to have full charge of the camp and prisoners.

Major Smallwood left camp to attend to his other duties, and "E" Company was in control. Prisoners began to arrive in large detachments; they had to be counted and placed in pens, rations had to be obtained from Sorcy, guard details had to be arranged, and a hundred other details attended to. There was work for every man, and but little rest. Lieut. Johnson was sent to Sorcy to rush up rations, for the prisoners had been without food for over thirty-six hours. The engineer officer in charge of the labor company was speeded up to complete the cage. The intelligence section from army headquarters was assigned the work of segregating and dividing the prisoners, in addition to its work of examining and registering them. Lieut. McCune was put in charge of the guard, with the added duty of counting the prisoners received and evacuated.

Major Smallwood had left orders that no one, regardless



of rank or position, was to be admitted inside of the cage without a pass signed by him. This led to embarrassment. When Col. Weeks and Major Gregory came down to look at the cage they naturally wanted to enter and see the prisoners at close range, but, when they were told of the orders, accepted the situation without complaint. However, a dandy colonel from G. H. Q. did not prove himself so good a soldier. He was on General Pershing's staff as aide-de-camp, he had a limousine all to himself, his uniform was new and his boots shined, he wore a garrison cap, and he had a pocketful of passes, but he did not have a pass signed by Major Smallwood. When he was refused admission to the cage he told the skipper who he was and what he was and showed his passes. When he was again refused admission and told the kind of a pass he was required to have, he told his whole story over and offered to write a pass for himself and sign General Pershing's name. When he was again denied admission he flew into a rage of injured dignity, called upon Major Gregory and Lieut. McCune to witness the dreadful manner in which he had been treated, and threatened to courtmartial the Captain. Then he flounced into his limousine and sped back to Ligny en Barrois, where he told the Chief of Staff of the First Army his troubles and was told that if there was any courtmartial he might get it himself. At least he accomplished some good, for orders were issued giving the C. O. of the cage a certain amount of discretion in admitting visitors.

During the 13th, 14th and 15th, both night and day, prisoners were constantly arriving. Detachments varied in size from one hundred to eight hundred Germans. With the exception of the officers all had been marched back from their places of capture. They arrived tired, hungry, footsore and exhausted. Among them were Prussians, Bavarians, Hanoverians, Wurtembergers, Alsacians, Saxons, Austrians and Hungarians. Most of them were young men, tho a few were older men of the reserves. Among them were two entire battalions that were captured the first day of the battle. Immediately on arrival the Alsacians were segregated and placed in a separate pen, and from them the intelligence section obtained much valuable information. Doubting their loyalty, the Germans had broken up the Alsatian regiments and scattered the men among the Prussian and Bavarian regiments, where they had been treated like dogs.

When the prisoners arrived they were counted as they entered the gate. We receipted only for those delivered to us. Then the intelligence officers arranged them by organizations and checked the count, and then they were distributed to the pens. Afterward, the intelligence section registered each prisoner, and examined those from whom they expected to gain some information. Those that had been registered were kept separate from those who had not, for evacuation to the rear. The officers were kept separate from the men, and the only distinction they received was a more closely guarded pen, a roof

over their heads, and cooked food. Those prisoners requiring medical attention were marched to the infirmary tent, where they were attended by their own surgeons and corps men. The German medical officers were far superior in personality to the other officer prisoners, and they did good work for both their sick and ours. Bill Miller was in charge of the prisoner medical detachment and infirmary and did excellent work.

Rations were obtained from the railhead at Sorcy, and usually brought down to Pagny by train. The cars were loaded by prisoners taken up to Sorcy for that purpose. The preparation and serving of rations was done by guarded details of prisoners. The unloading of the ration cars was a task much sought after by the prisoners. When at that work they filled the huge tail pockets of their tunics with the broken pieces of bread that were left in the cars. Medical supplies were obtained where we could get them. Captain Graupner visited base hospitals at Toul and Neufchateau and procured some medicines and medical supplies. He also obtained a lot of captured German supplies from the salvage dump at Sorcy. With the rations came certain articles that could not be served to the prisoners, principally jam and tobacco. The men of the company, consequently, had their fill of jams of every variety, and Sergeant Works was blissfully happy in his opportunity to keep that long body of his filled with "confiture." G. H. Q. General Order No. 106 directed that our prisoners of war should be rationed the same as our own men. This order was based on the terms of the treaty of 1799 between the Kingdom of Prussia and the United States, and stated that the United States would recognize that treaty not only in rationing Prussians, but for all other German prisoners. This general order had been translated into German, printed and scattered over the Boche lines by our aeroplanes. On the back of the German translation was printed a list of the items making up the American army ration. Nearly every German prisoner was found to have one of these orders in his pocket. They were evidently very skeptical, for one day Captain Graupner found the German N. C. O. who was in charge of the prisoner ration detail, checking up. His detail was following him with rapt attention. He would read the name of an article from the list and then look among the piles of rations to find it. Gradually he checked the list with the rations stored in the ware room, and then he announced "They are all here." Fritzie had a doubt about it being true.

While at Pagny many new things were "collected" for the company. First came a rolling kitchen and a water cart, honswoggled out of the Q.M. at Sorcy. Then an entire replacement of clothing, with overseas caps, was obtained by a requisition on the chief of supply of the 1st Army. Then a Quad truck was found by the wayside, and repaired at the machine shop of the cement plant near Pagny. Then a perfectly good motorcycle walked into the prison cage. The motor truck was useful in running up to Sorcy for supplies, was a God-send for carrying jam and tobacco with us when the company left Pagny, was a

white elephant to the company and the Colonel, when the regiment came out of the line, and a blessing to the wounded officers, whose baggage it saved by carrying it to Paris. At Paris the truck was turned into the motor park and a receipt was taken for it, so all responsibility ended. The motorcycle was a blessing in one respect—it brought us mail, when Redmond rode up to the regiment. But otherwise the motorcycle was a nuisance—someone was always hunting for it, and a half a dozen men of the medical corps came to Pagny to find it. Finally, by not following instructions and placing it on the truck when the company left Pagny, Redmond was caught with the goods and had to surrender it. As it was, it was better than fifty-fifty; we lost the motorcycle after we had some good use out of it, but kept the truck, the rolling kitchen and the water cart.

Aviators caused a great deal of interest to the prisoners and the men at the prison cage. French and American flyers would soar above the cage, and every now and then one of them would dive straight for the enclosure, causing the prisoners to scatter; just before reaching the wire the aeroplane would flatten its course and skim over the heads of the prisoners. Boche planes also worried the prisoners. At night, when they were sitting around their fires, they would hear the interrupted hum of a German motor. Then they would kick out the fires and stamp out the coals, determined that, if possible, they would not be bombed by their own people. These Boche planes were bound, almost every night, for Sorcy, where they attempted to get the railhead warehouses and the hospital. They succeeded in hitting the hospital one night, killing two men. It was a thrilling sight to see the searchlights trying to pick out the aeroplane, and to see the wreaths of bursting shells from our anti-aircraft guns as the searchlights illuminated them.

The prisoners made little trouble for their guards. They were too glad to escape the dangers of war to attempt an escape from the prison cage. They were not comfortable. They had no shelter and no blankets. Due to the determination of the "Frogs" that the Boche were to have no comforts, the cars containing blankets and mess kits were side-tracked and shifted around so that they did not arrive until nearly all of the prisoners had been shipped out. At night the prisoners sat around their fires and sang plaintive songs of home, or stamped around the pens trying to keep warm. Their singing was well worth hearing, for thousands of them sang in unison and harmony. By day they "read their shirts," slept and ate. There was shelter only for the working details and the sick. These prisoners carried more junk on their persons than an American would burden himself with. Their pockets were filled with letters, picture cards, photographs, leaflets, circulars and books. An American soldier's pockets would not begin to hold the stuff that a German carried in the two tail pockets of his tunic.

Gathering souvenirs was an important item. All of the prisoners had articles which the men wanted and which they were perfectly willing to trade for tobacco. War rings, iron



crosses, articles of jewelry, shoulder straps, belt buckles and photo postals were the main articles of barter. Private John A. Eilers won his alias of "Souvenirs" by his ability. He and Private Edward E. Knoll had the edge on the rest of the men by their ability to speak German, but Eilers was more successful than Knoll. However, everyone had something to show for his time spent at the cage.

On September 16th a telegram was received that read something like the following: "Am sending Prisoner of War Escort Companies 21 and 22. They are somewhat sunburned but will serve." The latter sentence was somewhat uncertain in meaning, until two companies of negroes arrived that afternoon. Those negroes had never been drilled or trained, and were thoroughly scared when they discovered that they had to take two thousand prisoners back to St. Pierre de Corps. With their arrival the evacuation of the cage began. Most of the men will remember the big negro called "Rabbit" who was with the 21st Company. When the time came to load the prisoners, the negroes were shown how to fix bayonets and hold their rifles. Rabbit waited until his Lieutenant had passed down the line and then unfixed his bayonet and stuck it in his legging. Captain Graupner asked him if he had not been shown how to fix his bayonet, and he replied "Yaas boss, but I aint got no use for any knife on de end ob a stick; I got it where I can reach it, and dere aint no Boche gwine to get away from me."

Prisoners were sent away in detachments of two thousand at a time. They were loaded into French box cars—forty-six or forty-eight men in a car—and were given rations for three days. Between September 16th and 22nd all of the prisoners of war were evacuated. They were delivered at the gates of the cage to the commanding officer of the escort. There he took charge of them and loaded them on the train. The second Prisoner of War Escort Companies to arrive were composed of white men who had been wounded or gassed and rated as Class "C." They came in the middle of the night and awakened everyone with their ghastly coughing. They were seasoned soldiers, tho, and handled the prisoners with dispatch and without fear.

There were two unfortunate incidents at Pagny. One was the desertion of two of the men. Everyone hated to feel that any one in the company was yellow. The other was the injury of Privates Edward R. Van den Berg, Fred K. Haffner and William C. Thompson by being knocked down by a railroad engine while crossing the tracks near the station. They were removed to the base hospital at Toul, where Van den Berg died from his injuries.

An interesting opportunity to observe troops on the move was afforded the company while at the prison cage. Three full Divisions passed the camp on the road that led from St. Mihiel, while three others came back on the railway thru Toul. All were being transferred to the Meuse-Argonne front, tho we did not know it at the time. There we saw all branches of the service on the move; heavy artillery with caterpillar tractors,



field artillery with jaded horses, signal battalions, motor transport, and doughboys galore. They were all tired and night marching did not make them happy.

On September 22nd the last detachment of prisoners was evacuated. When it came to settling accounts the number of prisoners received balanced with the number shipped. Pagny prison cage had put it over on the Ligny cage, where the captain had handled less than three thousand and was forty-seven short when he checked up. Pagny had handled over nine thousand and, at one time, had some to spare. The spare ones were the prisoners who had fallen on the quai or along the road from exhaustion and which we picked up. These pick-ups were not receipted for to the guards who delivered the prisoners to the cage, and were not entered in the cage records until we checked our count. Ration accounts checked, in spite of the jam and tobacco that had been used and was taken along as extra supplies. Moral—good bookkeeping pays. On the 23rd Captain Graupner visited Ligny en Barrois and settled accounts with Major Smallwood and the Chief of Staff. He also made arrangements to have the company relieved and sent back to the Division.

The next day camp was policed and the custody of the cage turned over to the C.O. of Prisoner of War Escort Company No. 24. "E" Company had completed its task as jailer, and its work had been so well done that the Chief of Staff and Provost Marshal of the 1st Army praised it highly. It was hard work for every man to do guard duty, four hours on and eight off, for ten successive days. However, the men did their work well, played up to the responsibility, and backed their officers to the limit. As it was "E" Company had the advantage of every other company in the regiment. We had no long night hikes, no camping in the rain and mud, no stay in the Forêt de Hesse under shell fire and gas attacks. Instead, we had three hot meals a day, with all the food we could eat, plenty of "shut-eye," shelter from the rain, an interesting detail of duty, and a ride up to the front.

At 11 a. m. on September 25th orders to move arrived. Packs were rolled, dinner was eaten, rolling kitchen, water cart and men loaded into French camions, and at 3:15 p. m. the company rode out of Pagny sur Meuse, accompanied by its own motor truck and motorcycle. No one knew where we were going. The Captain had orders to report to the headquarters of the 91st Division. The Lieutenant in charge of the camion train had orders to take us to Cote 290, Forêt de Hesse, and at that time he did not know where the place was. Before leaving, our old motor truck was loaded with jam, tobacco and other things to eat—Works and Schwertfeger had to have their sweets, and some had to be left for the other men.

Our way led thru Void, Ligny en Barrois, Bar le Duc, Vavincourt, Rembercourt, Foucaucourt, Froidois, Clermont en Argonne, and Aubreville to the Forêt de Hesse. The "Frog" drivers were tired out, sleepy and cross. Cook Ross came near to preventing our arriving in time for the war. As it was, he

stopped the procession for some time. He investigated the contents of the camion driver's canteen. Froggie was "half shot" and tired, so he stopped the truck and climbed down to a seat on the roadside, declaring that he would not move until Ross was put out of the truck. He cried and he swore, declaring Ross had drunk more than half his wine. This time Ross had a pretty good alibi, which went with everybody but Froggie. Finally, after much argument and a delay of half an hour, the disgruntled driver climbed onto his seat and started on. Toward ten o'clock, the truck with the rolling kitchen went into the ditch. Then we sidetracked for most of the night to give the Frenchman a chance to get the truck and kitchen onto the road again. This gave the men a chance for some rest; the last they were to get for several nights, tho they did not know it then. Some of them slept in the camions, some set up pup tents along the side of the road, and a few stole away and slept in the hay of a nearby stable loft, which Tille discovered. Shortly after the trucks stopped, or about 11:30 p. m., the booming of the big guns began, and about 2:30 a. m. it seemed as tho all hell had been loosened. The roar of the artillery was terrific and continuous. The horizon was illuminated by the flash of the guns and the bursting of star shells and flares. The lower edge of the sky was lit by a quivering light—the flickering flame of the cannons' flash. Before daybreak the rolling kitchen and its truck were back on the road and the "Frog Special" was off for the front. Everyone was in high spirits and anxious to be in the show.



## XV. INTO THE BATTLE OF THE MEUSE-ARGONNE.

*"Gid-dy Gid-dap! go on! go on!*

*"We're on our way to war!—*

*"We're goin' to tell 'em to go to—Well!*

*"That's what we're fighting for!—*

*"We didn't want to do it, Boys,*

*"But now they've made us sore;—*

*"Gid-dy Gid-dap! go on! go on!*

*"We're on our way to war."*

*(Giddy Gidap! Go On! Go On!)*

The front of the battle the company was entering extended from the Meuse River at a point about six miles north of Verdun, westerly to the Aisne River, and was about twenty miles in width. Between the Aisne and the Aire Rivers lay the Argonne Forest, stretching northerly. To the east of the Aire lay the Bois de Cheppy, Bois de Very and Bois de Malancourt, solidly covering a width of seven kilometers and a depth of five kilometers. The 91st Division was a part of the Fifth Corps of the 1st Army. Its headquarters were in dugouts on Cote 290 in the Foret de Hesse. The Division had moved into the Foret de Hesse on the night of September 19th, and the troops were

bivouaced among the trees and brush of the forest a short distance behind the front line trenches. The opposing lines of trenches lay on either side of Buanthe Creek—the German on the north and the French on the south. The trenches in front of the concentrating American troops were held by the French to screen the mobilization of the Americans.

The 91st Division was the left Division of the Fifth Corps. It had on its left the 35th Division, composed of Missouri and Kansas National Guards, and on its right the 37th Division, composed of Ohio National Guardsmen. Its front, on the morning of the advance, covered approximately three kilometers, from La Hardonnerie Farm on the west flank easterly to a point about three hundred meters west of La Cour Farm. Its line of advance lay thru the Bois de Cheppy and the Bois de Very. The 182nd Brigade had the left of the Division. As darkness fell on the evening of September 25th the troops moved forward into position for the attack, which was to take place at 5:30 in the morning. In the 182nd Brigade the 363rd Infantry was assigned to the front line for the attack, with the 364th Infantry as support for the first day.

As the train of camions transporting "E" Company moved forward the roar of the guns increased in severity. With the first light of dawn we could see the huge sausage observation balloons swaying in the air and marking the rear of the artillery on both sides. As the day grew lighter we could see the aeroplanes—French, American and German—jockeying for position and advantage, trying to get information for one side and attempting to prevent the enemy from gaining any knowledge. We passed thru the shell torn village of Courcelles and Aubreville and found ourselves among the big naval guns mounted on railway cars. We passed battery upon battery of artillery of every calibre, thundering and sending their shells toward the enemy. The train entered the Foret de Hesse and came to a stop about 9:30 a. m. of September 26th. The leading truck was in front of a narrow pathway, with rustic steps leading up the hillside thru the trees. This was Cote 290, and an M. P. said that headquarters of the 91st Division were at the top of the hill.

Captain Graupner and the French Lieutenant in command of the camion train made their way up the steep path. Hardly had they gone fifty feet up the trail when a camouflaged battery on the side of the way fired a salvo. The Captain's helmet went off from the blast of air and he went about four feet in the air from the scare. At the end of the path was a row of dug-outs, filled with officers and orderlies. All was hustle and bustle, but the Captain found the Chief of Staff, Col. Breeze, and reported. He was given orders to park baggage and proceed at once to join the 364th Infantry. At that time the Captain informed Col. Breeze that the company had no Very pistols, no signal materials, no grenades, and no tromblons or rifle grenades, and asked for the supplies and a signal code. He was told there was no time to bother with such things, and that,



as long as the company had rifles and automatics with ammunition, they were well enough supplied. It was with some difficulty that the Captain secured maps and directions as to the probable location of the regiment. Near the cross roads in the Foret de Hesse, known as Rendez-vous de Chasse, the camions came to a halt. The company was detrained, the rolling kitchen unloaded, and the cooks started a hot meal, which was to be breakfast and dinner, and the last hot meal for five days. Overcoats, shelter halves and blankets were rolled and stacked, canteens were filled, and two bandoliers of ammunition per man were issued. Meanwhile the cooks had made coffee and cooked a mess of hot beans, so that, by the time the men were prepared, chow was ready. Hot coffee and a good meal made everyone feel that they were ready to go. The Supply Sergeant was left in charge of the company baggage and property, with the mess Sergeant, cooks and three or four sick men. It afterward proved fortunate that a good sized guard had been left, for several attempts were made to loot the baggage.

While the company was preparing to go forward they witnessed a daring attack by a Boche aeroplane on our observation balloons. The Boche plane swooped down from above; the anti-aircraft guns opened on him, but he came on, swinging to a horizontal position just above one of the sausages. He opened with his machine guns and got the first balloon; its two observers making a clean jump with their parachutes and both landed safely. The plane circled and swung on to another sausage with his gun. The observers jumped, but one of them did not clear and was caught by the flaming gas bag and fell to earth a charred mass of flesh. The Hun tried to make his escape. He successfully evaded the anti-aircraft shells, but was caught by an American plane coming down on him from above and sent to earth. It was a wonderful, horrible sight to see. All were glad to see the German plane brought down, but all admired the aviator's daring.

By one o'clock the company was formed in the road. "Squads right!" and we were off for the front to find the regiment and do our part in the biggest battle in which American troops had ever participated. There was no shelling in the rear areas at that time, tho our artillery was firing steadily, so the company could go rapidly forward in column without danger. The line of march thru the Foret de Hesse lay northward along Aubreville-Avocourt road. On both sides of the road, as we proceeded forward, were concealed and camouflaged batteries. Here and there we passed batches of prisoners being marched to the rear. After marching two kilometers the column debouched into the open ground of "no man's land" in the ravine of Buanthe Creek. We followed the road westward toward Varennes to a point about five hundred meters west of Pont des 4 Enfants, there we turned north and crossed "no man's land." Then we had a chance to see the damage done by the heavy artillery fire we had heard the night before. The wire in front of the German trenches was not badly torn, but the trenches



behind had been destroyed beyond recognition. Shell crater overlapped shell crater, there was not a square foot of ground that had not been ploughed and torn up by shell explosion. We saw reinforced concrete pill boxes and machine gun emplacements shattered and absolutely upturned from their foundations.

After crossing Buanthe Creek and passing thru the German wire we picked up the telephone wire connecting the 181st Brigade P. C. with Division Headquarters. We followed the wire thru the shell torn area, up the slope into the Bois de Cheppy. For a while it was a wild and tiring scramble, out of one shell hole into another—sliding, slipping and creeping, but keeping the telephone wire always in sight. After getting into the Bois de Cheppy, the way followed along a trail which led due north. After following the trail for a kilometer we came to a road where we found the P. C. of the 181st Brigade, that had been moved forward about an hour before. A lieutenant in charge of the phone attempted to tell us where the regiment was. This road led northwest thru the woods to Cheppy, and the company followed it thru the woods for two kilometers, in hope of getting into the sector of the 182nd Brigade and finding the regiment. This road led in the rear of the Massoul and Kant lines of German trenches and crossed the hostile intermediate line of trenches, known as the Hagen Stellung. On the left of the road, in Beaussogne ravine, alongside of the narrow-gauge railway, we found some of the wounded of "F" Company. The poor fellows felt they had been deserted, for the first aid station had moved forward and no ambulances or litter-bearers had come to carry them to the rear.

As the company approached the edge of the woods it halted for a rest and a bite to eat. German artillery was shelling the road to Cheppy and searching the ground to the southwest in an attempt to locate a battery. On the side of the sunken road that ran along the edge of the wood lay the body of Lieut. Lloyd T. Cochran of the 363rd Infantry. He had evidently surprised a machine gun nest and sold his life dearly; for four dead Germans lay beside their guns in front of him. After a few moments' rest we started on our way again; leaving the road to avoid shell fire and following the narrow-gauge railway northward past La Neuve Grange Farm. This led us safely to Cheppy, where we arrived at dusk; passing several dead Boche on the way, which showed us how the fight had passed on. Thus far the directions received by Captain Graupner had proven wrong. At the 181st Brigade P. C. in Bois de Cheppy, the Lieutenant in charge of the telephone had told him that the 182nd Brigade was more than a kilometer to the left; just before leaving Cheppy woods, the liaison officer of the 181st Brigade reported that our brigade had swung still further to the left. When we reached the village of Cheppy it was found that we were far to the left of the 91st Division and were in the area of the 35th Division.

At Cheppy the men refilled their canteens at the spring,

while the Captain sought information of the whereabouts of the regiment. He visited dugout after dugout in an endeavor to obtain information, and finally found a signal officer who told him that the 182nd Brigade P. C. was at Very. The village of Cheppy lies in the fork of a ravine, and its houses straggle along the bottom of the ravine and its intersections. The southern slopes of these ravines were lined with German dugouts; some of them very pretentious, with windowed and porticoed fronts. Several of these dugouts were filled with wounded men of the 35th Division, which showed that the fight had been hot on their front. From Cheppy the road ran northeast two kilometers to Very; this we followed until we reached the intersection of the Cheppy-Very and Montfaucon-Very roads about 9:30 p. m. There we were warned that those cross roads were being shelled intermittently. The company was marched up the hill above the village and allowed to fall out in the ditch along side of the road, where it remained most of the night, after a march of fourteen kilometers.

Captain Graupner, with one of the men, went down into Very, but could find no trace of brigade or regimental, or any P. C. On they went across the bridge and up the slope on the other side, scouting thru the dugouts and scouring the slope and crest of the north side of the ravine. They succeeded in finding many men and organizations, but no 364th Infantry. They then returned to the company. Headquarters of the 91st Division had been established just beyond where the company had fallen out, at the intersection of the Avocourt-Very and Montfaucon-Very roads, and there nothing was known of the whereabouts of the regiment.

About three o'clock in the morning the Captain again started in search of the regiment, with Private 1st Class Jesse L. Foster as the runner. Before leaving orders were given to Lieut. Johnson to move the company thru Very and across the ravine before dawn. Just before dawn the Captain learned the location of the regimental P. C. and sent Foster back to guide the company. The company was marched up the plank road in the Ravine de Baronvaux and the Captain reported to Col. Weeks. Orders were given for the company to march up the ravine to the northwest about a kilometer and await orders. The Captain then reported back to Col. Weeks and was informed that the 364th Infantry was to attack that morning on the right of the 182nd Brigade; that the second battalion was to make the assault, and that "E" Company was to be the right of the line.



## XVI. FIGHTING OUR WAY INTO ECLISFONTAINE.

*"Keep your head down, Fritzie boy,  
"Keep your head down, Fritzie boy,  
"Last night in the pale moonlight,  
"I saw you, I saw you.  
"You were mending your barbed wire,  
"When we opened rapid fire;  
"If you want to see your vater in your vaterland  
"Keep your head down, Fritzie boy.*

*(Keep Your Head Down, Fritzie Boy.)*

About 7:30 a. m. on September 27th orders arrived to form for the attack. Shortly after this Col. Weeks was relieved and Lieut.-Col. John J. Mudgett succeeded to the command of the regiment. Brigadier General Foltz had been relieved of command of the 182nd Brigade the morning before and Col. Henry C. Jewett of the 316th Engineers had succeeded him. After receiving orders the company moved up above the plank road on the north slope of the Ravine de Baronvaux and there deployed. Two platoons, the first and second, were in the front line deployed in two waves with ten-pace intervals, and fifteen-pace distance between waves. The second echelon of the company consisted of the other two platoons, deployed in line of sections. The first echelon lay immediately under the crest of the slope, while the second was two hundred paces in the rear, behind a hedge-like row of wild cherry trees. After being deployed the company lay in position awaiting orders to "jump off." The men laughed and joked among themselves, and, to look at them, none would have thought that they were soon to face death. On our left was "F" Company, with "C" on its left. "H" Company was with the 1st Battalion in support. Two platoons of "G" Company, under Lieut. Sam A. Roberts, were in combat liaison on the right of "E" and between us and the 181st Brigade, and the other two platoons were Battalion support.

While we were awaiting orders to go over, Major Gregory came up. He was glad to see the company and the men of the company were all glad to see him. He brought the information that the barrage was to start at 9 a. m. and orders that the company was to go over and follow the barrage. He also brought the news that Lieut. Millan had returned to the regiment from England, and that Lieut. Bruce and Corporal Wells had rejoined from Gondrecourt. Lieut. Millan was to stay with Battalion headquarters, but Lieut. Bruce was to rejoin the company. Capt. Graupner pleaded to have both of them returned, but the Major was obdurate. Lieut. Bruce joined just as we were getting under way, and it was good to have him with us again.

At nine o'clock the so-called barrage started. On our right the shells fell short and into the ranks of the men of the 181st Brigade as they were forming in the Ravine de Baronvaux, causing some confusion and casualties. On our front the barrage was too light to be of any assistance, but it was the signal



to "jump off" and over we went. Just as we topped the crest Private James McIntyre was wounded by a bullet.

Then it was that the training in taking cover and advancing by filtration, hammered on at Longchamps, proved its value. As the men appeared over the crest of the ravine they were greeted with a hail of bullets from machine guns and rifles. They took cover without confusion, and, as soon as they had located themselves and the enemy, began to work forward. The discipline of training and maneuvers had become instinctive. After the company had gone over the crest the men had an opportunity to see what lay before them. Directly beyond the crest, running parallel to the company front was the Very-Epinonville road, sunken in some places by long usage twelve or fifteen inches below the surface of the ground and affording good protection from observation and machine gun fire. Beyond it was a row of old gun pits that had evidently been used in 1915 when the Germans drove the French back thru that territory. Beyond the gun pits, on the downward slope of the hill, was a broad and low belt of barbed wire entanglements. From there the terrain sloped downward toward the north, with the village of Eclisfontaine at the foot of the slope. A kilometer to the right, and commanding both our position and Eclisfontaine, was the village of Epinonville. To the left and west of Eclisfontaine the ground again sloped upward to Les Bouleaux Bois; to the left of the woods it sloped down to Serieux Farm. Along the line, Epinonville-Eclisfontaine-Les Bouleaux Bois-Serieux Farm, was the German second position, known as the Volker Stellung. It was very strongly held by the First Guard Regiment and the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh Regiment, all Prussians, and behind them, in reserve, was a portion of the Fifth Guard Division. The belts of wire entanglements were enfiladed by machine guns. A German battery was in the woods in the rear of Eclisfontaine, another was hidden behind the buildings of Exmorieux Farm; there was another behind Epinonville and still another on the north edge of Les Bouleaux Bois. All were firing on our advancing line.

After the situation became evident to everyone the slow advance by filtration began. The men soon found how to choose good cover and take advantage of dead space. Gradually the men crawled up to the entanglements and commenced to cut lanes thru the wire. All the while machine guns played over our position and snipers were busy trying to pick off individuals who exposed themselves. The snipers made it pretty warm for the skipper, who was rather conspicuous with his big white stick. The batteries increased their fire and thoroughly shelled the area over which the company was spread. Everything was done by Jerry to make it a perfect day for us. With this concentration of fire it was impossible for us to advance. There was nothing to do but lie doggo in the sunken road, shell holes and gun pits until the fire of the machine guns abated. Our one-pounders were brought up and vigorously shelled Eclisfontaine. Those snappy little guns began to tear holes in the roofs and walls of



the buildings in the village, and the machine gunners and snipers began to hunt cover. However, our rifles and "sho-shoos" were not idle when there was a target in sight. An automatic section sent to the right, assisted by the two platoons of "G" Company in combat liaison, cleared the sunken road that ran south from Eclisfontaine to the Epinonville-Very road of machine gun nests. With the consequent decrease in machine gun fire the company worked its way thru the wire and began a more rapid advance upon the village. Then we began to have heavy casualties.

In the first platoon on the left of the company, Sergeant Frank G. Young was shot thru the face by a sniper as he was going down the hill toward Eclisfontaine. Almost at the same moment Corporal James L. Macdonald, of the fourth platoon, was wounded in the right hand by a shell fragment. Signaller Clinton C. Hendrix, on his way to deliver a message, was so severely wounded by a sniper that he soon died. On the center and right of the line men were also suffering. Private Herbert A. Nelson was shot thru the forehead by a sniper as he was charging down the slope toward Eclisfontaine. Private Paul Andre was wounded by a sniper and Corporal Samuel Goldfeder was wounded by a shell fragment. As the left flank of the company entered the orchard to the west of Eclisfontaine Corporal Angelo Napoli was shot thru the chest by a rifle bullet. The bullet key-holed and Napoli felt the shock of the bullet passing thru his back more than he did its entry. Consequently he felt for some time that he had been shot from the rear. Privates Moisey Mickowicz and George Weissband were wounded about the time the company entered the village. Private William E. Hipsley received a sniper's bullet in his knee just before the company entered the woods behind the village.

Eclisfontaine was taken about four o'clock in the afternoon. It was a long and hard day's work to capture it. The Boche did not wait for the company to sweep into the village, but took to their heels. A few were captured in the cellars of the shattered village, a few more were collected as they went out of the village on either flank, and a few were halted in the brush in the rear of the buildings. However, there were sufficient dead in the village to prove that the riflemen of "E" Company and the one-pounders had taken toll from the enemy. There we found a huge artillery dump, but the guns were gone. There was also a store of grenades and other ordnance supplies.

No halt was made in the village, other than that necessary to see that the buildings were cleared. Then the company swept into the brush and woods in the rear and the orchard to the west. "F" Company was even with us on our left and tackling Les Bouleaux Bois (Bouleaux Woods). Thru the lanes in the woods back of Eclisfontaine the men went cautiously, but quickly. Snipers roosting in trees were brought down by rifle and pistol shots, and a machine gun nest hidden in the woods and enfilading the orchard was cleaned up in short order. On the north edge of the woods the Boche had placed machine

guns in shell craters. As Corporal Mack J. Rubidoux emerged from the brush he sighted one of these nests, fired and wounded the machine gunner. The gunner fired one shot, which killed Rubidoux, and then fled to another nearby crater, where he was pistolled by Lieut. Bruce. Another gunner got Private Howard E. Waller and was pistolled immediately by Capt. Graupner.

As Lieut. Bruce, accompanied by Corporal George J. Arnold, went to examine the nest of the gunner who had shot Rubidoux, a sniper opened on them and forced them to take shelter in the crater. Captain Graupner heard the "ping" of a bullet by his ear and saw the machine gun on the edge of the crater. He immediately concluded that the gun had been fired on him and opened on the crater with his pistol, calling on some of the men to do likewise and advance. Things were getting hot for that crater, when suddenly an American helmet was raised on the muzzle of an Enfield rifle, and unmistakable American voices called out—"We're Americans, for God's sake stop firing." The Captain advanced to the edge of the hole from one side, while Lieut. Deming Bronson of "H" Company, who had joined us during the morning, advanced from the other, both with pistols in hand and ready to shoot. They were both dumbfounded to find Lieut. Bruce and Corporal Arnold hugging dirt in the bottom of the shell hole. They did not stop to wonder long, for the sniper turned loose on them and both took cover in the hole, until Arnold dropped the Boche from his perch in a tree on the edge of the wood. It was a hard experience for Lieut. Bruce and Arnold, but it would have been a harder one for the captain had he killed two of his own men.

After the company had emerged from the woods they formed for advance on Exmorieux Farm, where a considerable number of Germans could be seen in the brush and behind which a battery of 77's was located. Just as the advance began a barrage from our own artillery was laid down, without warning, immediately in front of our advancing line. Almost simultaneously the battery at the farm house opened on us at point blank range, aided by another battery and machine guns from Les Epinettes Bois on our right flank. There was no cover, we could not go through our own barrage, to remain was suicide, for the troops on our right and left had not kept up with us; there was nothing left to do but withdraw thru the woods to Eclisfontaine. As we withdrew the artillery fire increased. A Boche aeroplane swung back and forth over our heads. The woods were torn and turned into an inferno by high explosive shells. Alternately we would hide in the brush from aeroplane observation, and then drop back. Lieut. Bronson was wounded in the arm by a shell fragment. In the time that it took to retire thru the woods to the village, Privates Grover T. Porter, John S. Stump, Ross Moore, Walter Fleischauer and Roy Weidenbach were killed. Privates Herman E. Malchow and Ray Branson were so severely wounded that they afterwards died. Corporal Roy H. Davis and Privates Salvatore Antonelli, Andrew R. DeAlbar, Frank D. Montgomery, Tom P. Gisler, Floyd

L. Overman, Michael J. Towey and William H. Bailey were wounded. These fifteen casualties all resulted from high explosive shell fire. None who went thru it will ever forget the horrors of that afternoon in the woods.

In the midst of every tragedy there is some humor. So it was in the woods amid the shell fire. An H. E. shell exploded near Private Jones R. Douglas. Private Floyd L. Overman heard the shell explode and heard Douglas indulging in loud and impolite language. He shouted an inquiry to Douglas as to where he was hit. Douglas shouted back: "Hell, I'm not hit, but that d—— shell knocked the fire off my cigarette and all my matches are wet." Those who did not see battle cannot realize how a man who had escaped injury could worry over such a small item as having his cigarette fire knocked out, but it was the small things that worried us most.

In withdrawing thru the woods, Corporal Robert M. Garnham, with Privates Frank Arnold, Cornelius J. Gallagher and John A. Eilers swung to the right and east, and found themselves among the 361st Infantry. They attached themselves to "K" Company of that regiment. Gallagher was wounded in the side by a bullet shortly after, but the other three remained with the 361st until September 30th, when they located "E" Company and rejoined.

At Eclisfontaine we found that "F" and "C" Companies had also drawn back—Les Bouleaux Bois and Serieux Farm having been too much for them. Orders to establish outposts and "dig in" for the night were received. The men were tired, thirsty and hungry, but in the dusk they started their fox holes; expecting to get some rest during the night. Hardly had the holes been commenced when news came that our artillery in the far rear was to lay a barrage along the Eclisfontaine-Varennes road during the night. So orders were given to withdraw half a kilometer. We therefore had to leave the village we had taken and the fox holes we had dug. A new line was taken upon the hills to the south and new holes were dug for shelter during the night. Outposts, however, held the old line, ready to withdraw if necessary to avoid the barrage. That night was cold, but fortunately it was dry.

When orders came to withdraw we determined that we would not leave our wounded and dead in the woods to be torn by shell fire or fall into German hands. Lieut. Bruce called the sergeants together and called for volunteers for the task. Tho dog tired, every sergeant present volunteered to lead the detail. Four men from each platoon were called for and every man within hearing of the call offered to go. Sergeant La Monte led the detail. According to information, there was only half an hour in which to do the work before the barrage fell. Groping thru the dense darkness of the woods this rescue detail stumbled back and forth among the brush and trees searching for the bodies of their wounded and dead comrades. It was dangerous work, for at any moment the barrage might fall or Boche patrols attack. It was difficult work, for the woods were densely black and no



light could be used; nor could the searchers call aloud, for fear of attracting the Germans. But working swiftly, tirelessly and quietly they succeeded in thoroly combing the woods and getting the wounded back to the first aid station. Such of the dead as could be found were carried into Eclisfontaine, where they were afterwards buried in the old German cemetery.

Eclisfontaine was but a small scattered village, located about a kilometer and a half west of Epinonville. It took its name, in years long past, from a church (Eglise) which had in its crypt a gushing spring of water. Nothing of the old church was left but the stone-arched crypt, and that was covered by earth and debris. The fountain there furnished us good water to fill our canteens. The crypt provided good cover for the first aid station which was set up on the 28th of September and remained until the regiment withdrew from the battle line. "E" Company paid its toll to take Eclisfontaine. Eleven killed and eighteen wounded was the price we paid, but the Boche paid more heavily, and Jerry never got into the village again. The end of the first day of actual battle for the company proved that its men were not afraid to fight or die; that they possessed the courage to advance; that their training had not been time wasted, and that they knew how to rely upon themselves.



## XVII. ON TO THE BOIS COMMUNAL DE BAULNY.

*"Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,  
And smile, smile, smile,  
While you've a lucifer to light your fag,  
Smile, boys, that's the style.  
What's the use of worrying?  
It never was worth while, so  
Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,  
And smile, smile, smile."*

Dawn of September 28th was a welcome sight. We spent the night in shallow trenches, fox holes, shell craters and gun emplacements on the hill overlooking Eclisfontaine. The night had been cold and raw, and every one was chilled to the marrow. Jerry did not greet us with a morning shower of shells and we were able to make our way down to the hollow below and form without molestation or injury. Corporal Edwin A. Wells, with a detail of eleven men, laden with canteens, started for the fountain in the village. They encountered no difficulty in reaching the village and filling the canteens, but had barely reached the flat ground south of the buildings on their way back when our barrage opened. The detail was caught in the barrage, but all escaped injury excepting Corporal Wells, whose right hand was shattered by a shell fragment.

Orders for the day arrived early. The first battalion was to form the attacking wave, while the second battalion was to be in support. "E" was to follow "C" Company at a distance of



three hundred meters. About eight o'clock the advance began; "E" following "C" as ordered. The line of advance lay to the west of that of the day before. The companies passed thru the wire in the shelter of the ravine and took up deployed formation, advancing toward the northwest and to the west of Eclisfontaine. "C" Company entered Les Bouleaux Bois (Bouleaux Woods) without resistance, but, as "E" Company went up the slope it was met by enfilading machine gun fire from the left and encountered the Boche barrage. Private Edward E. Knöll was wounded, Private Frank J. Hagan was killed, while Corporal Charles J. Morris was both wounded and gassed.

The woods were very dense and had a heavy growth of underbrush. It was difficult to force a way thru and maintain liaison. The left of the company, with Lieuts. Bruce and Johnson, held to the left and kept connection with the left of "C." The center, with Captain Graupner, drove due north thru the woods; while the right of the company under Lieut. McCune inclined to the right and entered the orchard west of Eclisfontaine. These diversions from the course and the consequent division of the company were the necessary result of the dense growth of the woods, but resulted in the left of the company going on in full liaison with "C" and the center coming out on the open plateau overlooking Exmorieux Farm, while the right of the company was held up in the orchard. Private William H. Gilborne, a company runner, was sent by Captain Graupner to locate the right and left elements of the company. Gilborne swung thru the woods on his quest, but came back in about fifteen minutes to report no success on the left. He started off to the right, but had hardly left the company P. C. when the Germans began to comb the woods with shells, and Gilborne was killed. Some of the shells were phosgene shells and Corporal Fred Heard and Private Claude M. Ford were gassed.

As the company came to the edge of the woods it found the small plateau occupied by "L" Company, reforming to go forward. The center of "E" took shelter in the ditch on the edge of the woods until "L" went forward. "E" then moved out from the woods onto the plateau ready to follow up when s-s-s-s- bang! Jerry's artillery opened on us. There was no formality about taking cover in a line of shallow German trenches. Report was sent to Major Gregory as to our location, and orders came back for us to hold and prepare to meet a counter attack, which appeared imminent from the German troops massing in Les Epinettes Bois, to the east of Exmorieux Farm. While the center held this position, Lieuts. Bruce and Johnson with the left of the company advanced with "C" Company and were out of contact. Lieut. McCune, with the right section, remained in the Eclisfontaine orchard until night fell, when they were ordered to round up stragglers.

The center had hardly taken cover in the shallow trenches when machine guns from the right opened up and ceaselessly cut the grass over our heads. The battery that had first fired on us kept a continuous rain of shells falling on the plateau.

Fortunately the range was short for us and Jerry had no aeroplanes at work on our line to correct the fire, otherwise the center of the company would have been annihilated. As it was, most of the men had the mess kits on their backs ripped to pieces by machine gun bullets; the trenches being so shallow that their packs protruded over the surface of the low parapet. The shell fire wiped out a machine gun platoon that attempted to cross the plateau during an apparent lull in the firing. The two hours spent in those shallow trenches were filled with horrors. The shelling was constant and everyone prayed that the range be not increased. Had the guns raised their range ten meters we would have been forced out with terrific loss of life. We saw men of other units torn to fragments and their blood and shattered remains were scattered over the men lying in the trenches. During a lull in the firing Captain Graupner made his way to the battalion P. C., which was located with the regimental P. C. on the crest of the Eclisfontaine-Tronsol Farm road. There the Captain explained the position of the company and, as the threatened counter attack appeared to have been broken up by our machine gunners he received orders to advance and resume position in the rear of "C" Company.

The center of the company was drawn back to the edge of the woods from which it had emerged a couple of hours before, and there the men dug in. After "C" Company was located, the center section swung to the left of the extension of Les Bouleaux Bois, sheltered from machine gun fire from Les Epinettes Bois, and then north thru the woods, across the Eclisfontaine-Exermont road, down the slope into the brush where the right wing of the company was found in position behind "C" Company. There we laid for an hour without being fired on, which was a restful experience after our earlier trials. "C" Company, which had been occupying a line of fox holes on the open plain facing the Bois Communal de Baulny, again advanced and we followed.

As the company advanced across the open ground it met little fire until it reached the edge of the ravine south of the Bois de Baulny. Then machine gun fire opened from the Bois de Cierges on the right flank, and a barrage was laid down along the crest of the ravine directly on our front. It was a question of dropping back into the machine gun fire or going thru the barrage, and Captain Graupner chose the latter alternative. The passage of the barrage was made on the "double" and every man got thru into the ravine. There we joined "C" Company on the steep northern slope, close up to the line of the woods, where we were sheltered from shell and machine gun fire.

The south slope of the ravine was lined with German dug-outs and buildings. Corporal George J. Arnold led a mopping up squad down this line, while the Germans were vigorously shelling the structures to prevent our using them. Captain Chase of "C" Company had been informed that the Bois de Baulny, which was immediately above and beyond our position, was then occupied and held by the enemy. Plans for outposts

were being made, when Major Richeson of the 1st Battalion ordered "C" Company to go forward on the left and take up a position near Tronsol Farm. "E" Company posted outguards, sent flank reconnaissance patrols to the right and left, and reported its whereabouts to Major Gregory.

Orders came back to hold our position. The men dug fox holes in the north slope of the ravine close up to the hedge which ran along the side, about a third of the way up its face. Then, as it had started to rain, corrugated iron, boards and tar paper were torn from the buildings across the ravine to build shelters over the holes. This material was not gained without danger, for the buildings were being systematically shelled while the men were engaged in tearing the sides and roofs away for their own purposes.

Because our line of fox holes was protected from shell fire does not mean that it was altogether quiet and peaceful in the ravine. From the time we arrived until it became too dark to observe, Boche planes were flying over us. One bore the markings of a French plane, but its signals were German and it dropped several bombs in an effort to hit our line. Another plane was engaged in directing the artillery. It signalled our position, but fortunately the artillery could not reach a sufficiently high trajectory to drop shells on our line. All along the line they were dropping an occasional gas shell and we could detect the odor of phosgene almost constantly. Discovering that the artillery could not reach us, the plane swooped down and raked our line with its machine gun; fortunately injuring no one. Then it flew over to our left and signalled the location of a first aid station of a battalion of the 35th Division to the guns. This station with its wounded and surgeons was wiped out by three shells. Then the plane gave its attention to some machine gun carts, which were quickly demolished.

At this time the 1st Battalion was six hundred meters in advance on our left front, occupying a line from the rear of Tronsol Farm on the left to the front of Bois de Baulny. "M" Company of the 3rd Battalion was on the right front of the woods. "F," "G" and "H" Companies were on the right rear of our company, and acting in support. In mopping up the German dugouts a pile of fresh cabbages was found; these were cut into quarters and divided among the men for supper, and were an appreciated luxury. A few lucky ones shared in some cabbage soup which Fritz had left behind in his hurry to move.

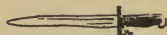
With darkness came rain; then more rain; then pouring rain. The night was cold, wet and thoroly uncomfortable, tho the blanketless men had some warmth and protection in their hastily constructed shelters. There was one shelter that was congested for awhile. Private Thomas J. Boler and his immediate cronies had constructed a fairly watertight shelter. The skipper observed it and stuck his head in the entrance to see whether there was a chance for him to get out of the wet. There came mutterings of "full house," "dig a hole for yourself," etc.,



but when they found the "old man" was looking in they shut up and rolled over to make room for him. They all heaved a sigh of relief when the Captain was called to duty about half an hour later.

About two o'clock in the morning the supply wagons came up to the cross roads. They brought "canned willie" and hard-tack, and, what was more welcome, hot coffee. These were unloaded into a German shack. Our ration detail carried cans of hot coffee up to our line and every one piled out for chow and a hot drink. About three o'clock Lieut. McCune and his platoon joined the company, and Major Gregory came up and renewed the order to hold our position. The men of the other companies not having come up for their issue of coffee, we were allowed a second issue, which, at least, made "E" Company feel better.

On the afternoon of the 28th, on the hill northwest of Eclisfontaine and overlooking Exmorieux Farm, two of our men attached to the Battalion Headquarters' intelligence section were wounded. The Battalion P. C. was being heavily shelled and the men were digging in, when a "big one" came over. It exploded and severely wounded Corporal Elmer L. Bernard in the right arm. Fragments of the same shell wounded Private 1st Class Wilmeth Watson in the head and foot. Corporal Dustin narrowly escaped injury. He had just surrendered his shovel and place in a double fox hole to Bernard before the G. I. can landed.



## XVIII. HOLDING ON THE FOURTH DAY.

*"Over here, Over here, carry on, carry on over here;  
"For the Huns are running when we get gunning,  
"And beat them backward to the rear.  
"Over here, far and near, from the North from the South hear the cheer,  
"Ever sounding, when we are pounding,  
"As we fight, fight, fight, 'till it's over, over here."*

With the approach of dawn on September 29th the rain ceased. In its place came strong artillery fire all along the front lines. The 35th Division, on the left of the 91st, had not been able to keep up the pace. The 37th Division on our right had not only not kept up, but had withdrawn for some distance under cover of darkness. This left the 91st Division in a salient in front of the line of advance, enfiladed from east and west by machine gun and artillery fire. Tho orders had come to advance it was impossible to do so in the face of existing conditions. Even with the 316th Engineers brought into the line as infantry the 182nd Brigade could not go forward in the face of the strong fire it met, without artillery support, which it did not then have. The front of the Division, bulging as it thus did and requiring



protection on both flanks, covered eight kilometers, when it should have had only two kilometers of front. This spelled peril, particularly as counter attacks were threatened from both flanks.

At dawn Captain Graupner prepared to relieve the outposts which had occupied the hill above the company during the night. He called together some of the non-commissioned officers to make the relief. First Sergeant Salmon, Sergeant Weston and Corporals Miller and Silvey promptly reported; and, while waiting for the others, Private 1st Class Jesse L. Foster joined the group. While sitting on the slope of the bank waiting for all to report, a heavy shell from a German gun in the woods on our right flank passed over their heads and exploded in the woods above. This was quickly followed by a second and third shell. The third one landed in the immediate rear of the group, exploding and killing Foster immediately and wounding Corporal Miller so seriously that he died within less than two hours. Captain Graupner, Sergeant Weston and Corporal Silvey were seriously wounded, and First Sergeant Salmon was slightly wounded on the right jaw. One shell put the entire six out of action for the rest of the war. Miller was promptly carried back to the first aid station, where he died. Weston and Silvey were also carried back but were taken to a dressing station of the 363rd Infantry. Captain Graupner, after being relieved of command by Lieut. Bruce, walked back to the aid station with the assistance of Private 1st Class Amos Tille. About 7:30a. m. Private Harry Howell, who had become lost from the company late on the afternoon of the 28th, was severely wounded by a shell fragment, which tore away his left arm. Corporal George A. Harris had a narrow escape from being torn up by a big shell. As it was, he was knocked out and badly shaken by the concussion.

Lieut. Bruce had been at battalion headquarters all night trying to round up strays and stragglers. When he took command he was minus his slicker and leggings, and wet to the skin. His leggings had gone for tourniquets to check the bleeding of Lieut. Bronson's wounds on the 27th, and his slicker had been lost from his pack on the first day, leaving him without protection from the rain and cold. The exposure and fatigue which he had suffered made him an easy subject for the gas that he received later in the day. Lieut. Bruce moved the company to a position further up the slope of the ravine on the south edge of the Bois de Baulny. There, at regular intervals all day long, the Boche gave the company doses of heavy shelling—high explosive, with a gas shell now and then for variety's sake. They got the range of the bench the company had occupied the night before and thoroughly ploughed it up with H. E. Late in the afternoon Lieut. Bruce was gassed by one of the occasional shells. He dropped unconscious and was carried back to the first aid station. Two of the men who carried him back were gassed on the way to the rear; Private 1st Class Amos Tille being one of them. During the day the com-

pany suffered heavily from gas and shell fire. Sergeant Milton M. Bolton, Corporal Paul C. Johnson and Privates Fred Gardner, Hugh Gulley, Anthony D. Psaros and Edward Wilson were gassed. Private Otto A. De Long was wounded by a shell fragment, while Private Edwin J. Plaster was wounded in the left hand by a machine gun bullet.

During the afternoon conditions on the front were threatening and alarming. The Germans were concentrating heavily near Exermont on our left flank. The 35th Division had fallen back and left the 91st Division's left flank suspended in the air. The 316th Engineers had been brought up and placed so as to protect the front left exposed by the withdrawal of the 35th Division. It was a long bulging front, weakly held by a thin etenuated line. During the middle of the afternoon the German troops emerged from the cover of the brush where they had formed and started a counter attack on our left flank. This was broken up by the guns of the 348th Machine Gun Battalion, posted on the heights south of Tronsol Farm. The 316th Engineers completed the breaking up of this counter attack by a spirited attack, with heavy rifle fire. During the day the whole Division was subjected to heavy and constant shell fire.

About 2 p. m. a shell struck in the road on the hill above Eclisfontaine, where the regimental P. C. was located. In exploding it wounded Lieut.-Col. Mudgett and six men of the headquarters' detachment, among them the telephone operator, who bravely stayed at his post and notified Major Richeson and Brigade Headquarters of the disabling of the C. O. Lieut.-Col. Mudgett had been severely wounded in the hip and was compelled to go to the rear. This left Major Gregory as senior officer in command of the regiment until he was disabled the following morning.



## XIX. THE WAIT OF THE HUNDRED HOURS.

*"Joan of Arc, Joan of Arc, Do your eyes, from the skys, see the foe?  
Don't you see the drooping Fleur de Lis?  
Can't you hear the tears of Normandy?  
Joan of Arc, Joan of Arc, let your spirit guide us through;  
Come lead your France to victory;  
Joan of Arc, they are calling you."*

*(Joan of Arc.)*

From September 30th to October 4th was a grim, hard test of endurance and courage. The task assigned was that of holding the line as it was, while Divisions on both flanks caught up, and while roads could be rebuilt to allow artillery and supplies to be brought up. It was a hell of incessant shelling. Fatigue, hunger, rain and cold made the trial more severe. To add to the discomfort and difficulty, dysentery broke out as a result of poor water, exposure, cold food and eating from dirty mess kits, that no one had had a chance to clean. The strength

and resistance of the men were sorely tested and badly sapped. Hardest of all was the inactivity. Lying in muddy fox holes under constant terror of high explosive and gas, without a chance to get up and at the Boche, had a serious effect upon the morale of the men. They became irritable and restless under the strain of inaction. When one is in the fight there is the stimulus of excitement that keeps him up and going; when that stimulus is removed the burden becomes heavy and courage is sorely tried. Nevertheless the men bore up under it and stuck.

"E" Company shifted and laid close to the west edge of the Bois de Baulny, in line along the southern fringe of the woods, fairly well protected from shell fire; tho it came closer than was comfortable and gas frequently drifted in on the position. The remainder of the battalion was brought up. "F" and "H" Companies took position on the right of "E," and like it, close up to the southern edge of the Bois de Baulny. "G" Company relieved "M" on the northeast front of the woods. Battalion P. C. was established close to the line. There was one compensation about the position—ration wagons could come close up at night. There was no long carry of rations or ammunition. On the 30th the company "laid doggo" and rested as best it could in the damp fox holes and cold. During the early part of the forenoon Major Walter H. Gregory succumbed to shell shock and exhaustion and was carried to the rear. Captain Willis E. Simpson of "H" Company succeeded to command of the battalion and remained as commander until he was relieved at Bussy le Cote. Lieut.-Col. Lucius C. Bennett, who had been acting as Division Quartermaster, was assigned to the regiment and assumed command at 9 a. m. There was heavy shelling during the day, tho no direct hits were made on the line of our men. There was only one casualty in the Company—Private David Shankey was wounded. Four of five enemy snipers in American uniforms were captured within the American lines and summarily shot. The enemy appeared to be using aeroplanes with allied markings for artillery observation, and we dared not recognize any signals from planes. The burial detail under command of Chaplain Wilson was repeatedly shelled while burying American and German dead.

On the morning of October 1st a counter attack was threatened from the left front. Word was received at Battalion P. C. to reinforce the 363rd Infantry, and "E" Company was ordered to move out. Lieut. Johnson reported to Colonel Cavanaugh and Major Cadwalader of the 363rd and was directed to make reconnaissance and place the company on the slope to the west of the Bois de Baulny. After crawling up to the crest of the rise and getting a view of the situation, Lieut. Johnson returned to the company. The men formed in artillery formation and moved by the left flank, ready to move on to the heights when ordered. There the company was sighted and shelled. It was then moved further to the rear for protection, but Private Samuel W. Switzer was wounded in the foot by a shell fragment, Private Paul H. Kuenzli was wounded in the jaw by an-



other fragment, Private Vander Loo was severely wounded in the leg, and Private Doak Holder was killed while in that position. Holder, tho shot thru the heart, walked back almost a hundred yards before he fell. When Kuenzli was wounded someone shouted for a stretcher. Kuenzli promptly yelled—"I don't want a stretcher, give me first aid." X

Seven or eight French tanks came along in time to break up the threatened counter attack. They smashed the massed Germans and saved "E" Company from going over the top. The tanks were just in time, for the Huns were starting to leave the woods and would have seriously endangered the left flank of the 363rd had they been able to strike home. The attack being broken "E" returned to the original position, and laid there until after midnight.

In the early morning hours of October 2nd, under cover of darkness, the company moved up to relieve "A" Company of the 363rd Infantry on the front line. That company had no knowledge that it was to be relieved and no orders. However, "E" took over the line on the forward slope of the ridge east of Tron-sol Farm. The men went over the skyline in scattered groups and took possession of the position. This was front line work and meant entrenching. There was only a short line of shallow and hastily dug trench, which had been occupied by only one platoon of "A" Company of the 363rd. It had to be deepened and lengthened to accommodate a company. Outposts were established in shell holes about fifty yards in front, and the company began at once to dig in and improve its defences. The night was cold and foggy, but the work kept the men warm. When dawn came all settled down under cover of holes and trenches. During the day the Germans directed machine gun and rifle fire on the position. There was a steady flight of shells overhead, but they were directed at troops in the rear, and it is far more comfortable to hear them whishing and whining overhead than to have them crump, crash and bang around you. Private Frederick T. Barton got a bullet thru his neck by exhibiting too much curiosity as to what was going on in front of him. He was the only casualty. The other men lay low and were fairly comfortable. They were safe as long as they did not attempt to look at the landscape. The Germans made no attempt to come over, but contented themselves with sniping and sending bursts of machine gun fire on our line of trenches. X

About ten o'clock in the evening of October 2nd orders to withdraw came. The position was turned over to two platoons of "I" Company under command of Lieut. W. D. Seay, and "E" Company marched back and joined the remainder of the battalion in the ravine south of Exmorieux Farm and Les Epinettes Bois, near Eclisfontaine. The movement was effected without loss, although much confusion resulted in trying to find the "holes" we were supposed to occupy. Midnight found us safely under cover. There the Company stayed the remainder of the night and all day of October 3rd. It was what the Tomnies called "an 'ell of a 'ole." There was beaucoup shelling.



Jerry sent over everything from 77s to G.I. cans. All night long the shelling continued and intermittently thru the day H. E. and gas shells came over. Privates Theodore Anderson and Chester Alstrum were killed; Privates John J. Cress, Manuel M. A. Ortiz and Edmund Schollaert were so severely wounded that they afterwards died; Privates Robert N. Bell, Ivan E. Harrah and Fred Ziemer were wounded, and Corporal James E. Walker was gassed. Ortiz was in the doorway of the supply depot at Eclisfontaine, guarding blankets, when a shell came thru the roof and exploded; a fragment hitting him. The worst of the casualties was in the ration detail. Due to the exhausted condition of the men, the detail was not made up until about 3 a. m. One successful trip was made and the men were lining up for the second trip to the dump when a shell landed close to the line, killing Alstrum and wounding Cress and Bell. A few seconds later another shell landed, killing Anderson and wounding Harrah. Anderson and Harrah were the last casualties of "E" Company.

The ration detail sent to Eclisfontaine brought the first white bread the men had had since leaving Pagny sur Meuse. This was a luxury, but afterward Lieut. Millan hustled up a couple of containers of hot stew which rapidly disappeared. After getting the stew under their belts everybody perked up and felt made over. The result was that the men cleaned up as best they could and some had a canteen shave. Lieut. Millan joined the company during the afternoon and took command, while Lieut. McCune was ordered to battalion headquarters to act as Battalion Liaison Officer in Lieut. Millan's stead. This was Lieut. Millan's first duty with the company since he left it at Camp Lewis, tho he had been on active duty during all of the fighting. The men were mighty glad to have him back with them again.

Relief rumors had been flying thick and fast, but not even the regimental C. O. knew what the future held. Late in the afternoon Lieut. Johnson was ordered to report to regimental P. C. This was mysterious to the company. But there Lieut. Johnson and Lieut. Van Voris of "C" Company received orders to report of Division Headquarters at Epinonville for instructions regarding the guiding in of a relieving battalion of the 32nd Division. Just as the two Lieutenants reached the village Jerry sent over a salvo. Down went the "Loots" into a ditch along the roadside. The shells went over the "Loots" and two perfectly good H. Q. limousines went into fragments. On went the two and reported, and then they went with a Major of the 32nd Division to bring up the relieving battalion.

During the afternoon the men were held closely to their fox holes, for Fritz was searching them out with his artillery. Many times the shells came painfully close to registering direct hits. Those were horrible moments—lying there in narrow, damp holes, with faces pressed into the earth, wondering whether or not the next shell meant that some one would "go west." But Fritz never quite found the spot. At dusk the word

flashed down the line that we were to be relieved. At eight o'clock Lieut. Millan was summoned to Battalion P. C. and received positive information that the relief was to be made.

After dark the 32nd Division men began to move up and at ten they arrived. Never was an outfit more welcome, tho there was never a chance to thank them. With no map, and only a compass bearing for guidance, the company started back for the Bois de Very in column of twos. Each company was to march individually cross country, as the roads were all under shell fire. At 10:30 the company was feeling its way thru the darkness, checking up on compass direction every few minutes. Slow progress was made, but that mattered little. Relief had come after eight days and nights of hell; that was enough. Barbed wire entanglements were encountered everywhere and lanes had to be cut thru. The men floundered thru shell holes and ditches, but fate was kind. After being nearly submerged in a part of the 32nd Division, which was advancing to make the relief, the company came out on the same plank road east of Very, where the regiment had formed for attack on the second day of the battle and where "E" got its first taste of the real thing. Here word was received that Very was being shelled. The C. O. decided to remain on the reverse slope above the plank road until it appeared safer to advance.

From the relieving Division and from the artillery outfits passed on the way out the word had come that our attack was to be renewed at daybreak and that our barrage would start at 4 a. m. The Colonel decided to wait until the barrage opened and then make a dash for it, but after a rest of about an hour he decided to take a chance. The enemy's fire lulled and about 3:30 a. m. the company started, making a detour around Very to avoid a possible shelling. At 4 a. m. our barrage opened and it was a wonderful sight to behold. Thousands of guns of all calibres turned loose; the noise was stupenduous. They belched steel and iron for an hour. Then a sudden lull came, and all knew that the second phase of the offensive had started.

The men stumbled and staggered back toward the Bois de Very, but expectation kept them up. Just at dawn the distant sound of "first call" was heard. The bugler from some force at rest or in reserve was following routine schedule. The call made everyone feel that he was back from the war; that he was nearing a place where he would have billets in place of bullets. About daylight the woods were reached and orders were given for everyone to find a hole for himself and snatch a little rest. By 9 a. m. all of the companies excepting "F" had reached the Bois de Very. The regiment was then formed in column and moved down the Very-Avocourt road into the heavy woods, where it was to rest (?) and reorganize.



## XX. FROM BOIS DE VERY TO VASSINCOURT.

*"Oh, it's not the pack that you carry on your back,  
Nor the Springfield on your shoulder,  
Nor the five inch crust of Khaki colored dust,  
That makes you feel your limbs are growing older;  
And it's not the hike on the hard turnpike,  
That wipes away your smile;  
Nor the socks of sister's that raise the blooming blisters,  
It's the last long mile. Oh, its mile."*

*(The Last Long Mile)*

X In the Bois de Very came comparative quiet and rest. Far to the north sounded the constant rumble and roar of battle, but that bothered us none—we were out of it for the time. Nearby were some heavy, long-range guns, but bodies and minds were too tired to be annoyed by them. The disturbing note was the realization that the ranks of the company had been sadly thinned. Some had been killed outright, but others had been wounded and many were missing without record of what had become of them—what of them? Only ninety-seven responded to roll call in Bois de Very. Buddies and bunkies were missing, squads were broken, platoons disorganized. Come what would, the company would never be the same jolly, carefree and whole-souled organization that marched out of Longchamp a month before. However, we had every reason to be proud of ourselves. We had been tried in the crucible of war and had proven our metal. We had entered the gates of hell, had tried our souls, our bodies and our minds, and those of us whose luck it was to come out felt we were better men than ever before.

The rolling kitchen was brought up. It was good to see the cooks again and have them serve us hot chow. The old "Quad" brought up the jam and tobacco with some of the packs. It so happened that the first load of packs brought those belonging to the casualties. The men were ordered to open them and make use of the overcoats and blankets. These warm coverings made comfortable sleep again possible. Hot food and coffee at regular periods made us feel better, but the drag of the dysentery weakened the men beyond all appreciation. "E" Company was the envy of the regiment. It had beaucoup jam and tobacco, and made a ten strike when it doled it out to the other less fortunate companies of the battalion. The old "Quad" was worth while after all; tho, when the Colonel found it, he worked Redmond, and the other men who admitted that they knew how to drive it, almost to death.

As soon as everyone had some sleep the work of reorganization began. Almost the first duty after reaching the bivouac in the Bois de Very was preparing for inspection. Rifles, equipment, clothing and shoes had to be cleaned up before a chance to rest was given. There in the woods the company formed and stood for formal inspection. In that never-to-be-forgotten spot the first call for reports was received, and from that day on it was just one damned report after another. Re-



ports on ammunition, on personnel, on killed, wounded and missing. Reports on skyrockets, on Liberty Bond subscriptions, on missing Very pistols, on lost automatic rifles. Reports on clothing needed, on the number of automatic gunners and grenadiers, on the number of suits of underwear necessary to give each man one suit. If there were any reports that were not demanded army red-tape missed its opportunity. The company was scattered in a dense wood, there was no paper to write on, and nearly everyone was too sick to think properly. Company rosters had been left in the field desk and were not obtainable and no one knew the number of casualties or how many men were present when the company had "jumped off." Then the counting started—if the company was counted once it was counted fifty times during the next five days, and each time the total was different. A new roster was made up, but with the men straggling back each day and others being taken to the hospital or placed on special duty, it was almost impossible to tell just what our losses had been.

Squads were reformed and platoons reorganized. Four sergeants and fifteen corporals were missing—killed, wounded or gassed—and their places had to be filled. The skipper and Lieut. Bruce were gone, Lieut. McCune was assigned to battalion headquarters, Lieut. Johnson was sorely ill, and the work fell on Lieut. Millan. Delivery of mail with news of home brought joy to all and forgetfulness of surroundings. The Bois de Very was not altogether a pleasant place. Debris of battle was scattered around, and, since the Germans had been driven back, the bivouac ground had been occupied by our troops going forward. The ground had not been policed and sanitary conditions were not the best.

The counting of the men got to be quite a joke. The company would be lined up and Sergeants Works and La Monte would start counting, and each would arrive at different totals. Then Sergeants Killeen and Holder would try their hands, and after about three counts would agree on the number in formation. Then comparison would show their total to amount to five more than the company roster. Then followed much perplexity, scratching of heads and counting before a balance was struck. The men were given little or no chance to rest. About two days of sleep was badly needed, for everyone was suffering from exposure, poor water and lack of warm food, and about seventy-five percent of the men had developed dysentery, which made conditions worse. But, during the three days' stay in the Bois de Very every minute of daylight was taken up with cleaning and polishing of equipment and arms, and in numerous inspections. Even a daily drill schedule was issued. This included manual of arms, setting up exercises, school of the soldier, squad and platoon. No chance was given to recuperate from the hardships of battle.

It was expected that the Division would remain as Corps Reserve for at least a week. However, on October 6th came orders to march further to the rear. That evening at seven



o'clock the march began. No one will ever forget that march, miles of which were over freshly crushed rock, which had been spread to repair the road, and the rest of which was over rutted and travel-torn roadways. To make matters worse it rained heavily. Thru the Bois de Very and the Foret de Hesse, past traffic moving to the front over rocks, thru mud and pools of water the column staggered along. In this trial the wonderful spirit of the company was displayed. Utterly worn out, weak from exposure and sickness, and with packs that, in some cases looked almost as heavy as the men who carried them, the men never lost courage.

Lieut. Johnson was at the head of the column, while Lieut. Millan marched at the rear. The orders were that no one was to fall out of column without a written order of the company commander. Each man tried to cheer the men in his rank. A halt would occur and the entire column would seat themselves in the mud of the roadside in effort to ease the burden of the packs. All too soon the march would be resumed and the men would struggle to their feet and doggedly move on thru the darkness. Some of the men kept going on pure grit alone; several were out of their heads, but they wouldn't quit. When it seemed as tho a man were ready to fall some pal would take his rifle and gas mask, in some cases even the pack, and brace the weakened man with a "stick it out, Bill, it can't be much further." At 4 a. m. a long halt occurred, followed by many orders, and finally the companies were led up a small valley to the side of Hill 306—Graveyard Hill—almost a kilometer and a half east of Dombasle. There the men were told to make themselves "comfortable"—and it was still raining. After some attempt to separate the battalions orders were given to unsling equipment and sleep. The utterly exhausted doughboys flopped in the sticky, gooey, oozy mud and slept like the dead.

Reveille sounded at 7:30 a. m.—after about two hours and a half of sleep. We were all up and looking anxiously toward the spot where the rolling kitchens were smoking fitfully, surrounded by a young battalion of kitchen police. For once there were plenty of volunteers for K. P., as a detail meant extra "eats" and at least a little warmth around the stoves—and everyone was chilled to the marrow. Breakfast over, the rain ceased temporarily, and, as it appeared that a few days might be spent on the hillside, everyone was soon busy putting the camp in order. Orders began to arrive and the scene was one of hustling activity.

The 2nd Battalion pitched pup tents, and spent all morning lining them up and moving them around, when it appeared that one tent was out of line an inch or two—this was war, and war is hell. Finally, after much sighting and re-arranging, they were all up and in perfect alignment. The company heaved a sigh of relief and began to arrange equipment for inspection. Then it was discovered that, owing to a slight mistake of the battalion commander, the tents of the entire battalion were too close together. We were ordered to strike tents and put them up again,

with more distance between company lines. Ye gods, how all hands cussed!—under breaths, of course. All that was needed was rest, but it seemed as tho the rest was not to be.

Three busy days followed—days filled with endless inspections, cleaning of equipment, and making reports and requisitions. Supply Sergeant Wynne and Corporal McGowan, his assistant, were as busy as armless men with cooties. Day and night they took stock and made requisitions. Just what became of those requisitions no one ever knew. A requisition would go in for—"125 pairs shoes, field," and "200 pairs socks, woollen." Next day seventeen pairs of socks would arrive with orders for a new requisition for socks. If all requisitions for clothing and equipment turned in by the regiment had been filled, we would have been able to outfit the Fifth Army Corps—but we never got what we needed. Sergeant Schwertfeger also had his troubles. As he was attached to the personnel office his entire days and much of each night were spent working on the company casualty report and paper work without end.

The weather cleared but the men were miserable. All were in a weakened condition from dysentery and the Field Hospital was filled to overflowing. Far away was the roar of battle; the past experiences seemed a hideous nightmare. Daily were seen the aeroplanes at work in the distant sky, and once a concentration of allied planes went after the Boche. How we had longed for those planes while we were in the line, with only German Fokkers above us, and they directing artillery fire on us.

Rumors came that we were to be sent to a rest area for recuperation, and the men cheered up. At midnight on October 9th orders came and at seven o'clock the next morning the regiment, under full packs and wearing heavy O. D. overcoats, began a three days' march to Bussy le Cote and, as all thought, those promised billets. The day was a beautiful one, which cheered the spirits, but the men soon began to suffer from the "overcoats." As some Divisional order had decreed that it was winter time and overcoats should be worn on all marches, the men could not shed them.

The march that day was fifteen kilometers—thru Brocourt, Jubecourt and Ville sur Cousances to Julvecourt. It was fifteen kilometers of Hades for the weakened men under their full packs. The march order called for forty-five minutes of marching and fifteen minutes of rest, with a one hour stop for mess. The roads were good, but the heavy packs and the heat soon began to tell and during the afternoon men were constantly falling out of line. As the men dropped from the column they were given written permission by the company commander and were picked up by the battalion ambulance. Many of them never got back to the company, but found their way to Base Hospitals for treatment. Late that afternoon the company bivouaced at Julvecourt.

Early the next morning all were on the march again. This day the way led thru Ippecourt, Fleury, Waly and Foucoucourt

to Triacourt, where bivouac was reached after sixteen kilometers of hard grind. Soon after the march began it developed that the feet of many of the men were in bad condition. There had been no opportunity to replace worn-out shoes, and many of the men were marching with the soles of their shoes and socks worn thru to the skin of their feet. This meant blisters, bruises and torn feet; it spelled misery and discomfort. Many were compelled to drop by the wayside; some of these rejoined the company in camp that evening but others were taken to the hospital. Sergeant Works gave Lieutenant Millan a severe jolt at Triacourt. Works had been made top cutter. There was much paper work to be done and Lieut. Millan had been working the company clerk and top sergeant overtime. On previous evenings the lieutenant had been sending an orderly to round up Schwertfeger and Works. On this evening he went himself to find the first sergeant. Works was so tired that his feet wouldn't track right, and he had turned in immediately after chow. The lieutenant wakened him by calling. Works growled out—"Who wants me?" and when he was told Lieut. Millan, he said—"You tell the lieutenant to go to h——, I'm too d—— tired to work." Then he rolled over to peaceful sleep.

The 12th of October will never be forgotten. The hike on that day was twenty-four kilometers, and tested the wasted endurance of the men to the last notch. Just before starting an order was issued directing that all men whose feet were in such condition that they could not march should report to the Regimental Surgeon. It was assumed that these men would be carried on trucks or, at least, have their packs carried. But they never rejoined the company after reporting to the Surgeon. No one knew until months afterward that they had been sent to the Field Hospital. The sending of these men to the Surgeon and their disappearance afforded an opportunity to put one over on Lieut. Millan. The lieutenant swears that, of the fifteen men sent to the Field Hospital only one was armed with that much hated Chauchat automatic rifle. However, after they had left the company seven of them in some way had become automatic riflemen, for that number of the company's "shoo-shoos" went with them and never came back. Later, voluminous reports and detailed explanations were called for. Similar stories are told of nearly every company losing automatics in some such mysterious manner. However, as the Chauchats weighed about eighteen pounds and as they were almost worthless in battle, their loss was not mourned by any one but the Supply Officer.

An incident arose before the march of that day which well shows the courage and spirit of the men of the company. Just before the column started Sergeant Bert C. Van Osdoll requested permission to march with his belt unfastened. Upon inquiry by Lieut. Millan it developed that Van Osdoll had received two wounds during the battle; one in the right side from shrapnel on one day, and the other just below the knee on the right leg from a shell fragment on another day. He never left the front, but led his section thru the entire battle. He



had concealed his wounds from the officers, fearing he would be sent to the hospital and never get back to the company. He was sent to the hospital from Bussy le Cote and rejoined when his wounds had healed.

During the march "blisters" and dysentery took their toll and many men dropped from the column to go to the hospitals. From Triacourt the way led thru Vaubescourt, Rembercourt, Louppy and Chardogne to Bussy le Cote. All the way back the men thought of comfortable billets. They remembered the camions which had jolted them up to the Foret de Hesse nearly three weeks before. Only about eighty-five of the merry company of men remained—death, wounds, gas and dysentery had accounted for the rest of them. At five o'clock in the afternoon the regiment reached Bussy le Cote. There it was learned that the town would hold only six companies with comfort. Nevertheless the regiment was "billeted" there that night, and for the first time in many weeks had a roof over its head. Of course the billets had to be shared with the horses, cows and pigs of the French owners.

It was with a sigh of relief that the company set about straightening up its area. Soon the kitchen was in place, an orderly room was improvised, and billets made ready for inspection. In the midst of the work of policing came the electrifying news that Germany had asked for an armistice. This was the first news of the outside world that had been received since leaving Pagny sur Meuse, and broad smiles appeared upon the faces of everyone for the first time in many days.

Hardly had billets been put in order on the morning of October 13th before orders came to move. Packs were rolled, equipment was slung, and at 9:30 a. m. the company marched out of Bussy le Cote and did five kilos to the little village of Vassincourt, which lay across the valley from Bussy. There into billets again. At least there was shelter from mud and rain. "E" Company was alone again—in luck again. Double tier bunks in Adrian Barracks were far better than pup tents in the mud. The village was shattered and torn by shell fire, but, with the aid of German prisoners of war, the villagers were hard at work rebuilding their torn homes. Every one was optimistic, for when a new place was reached it always was assumed that the company would settle down and rest. But hardly had packs been shed and quarters assigned before Lieutenant McCune appeared. He brought word that eleven men could leave to visit La Bourboule rest area. Only eleven could go but every man wanted the opportunity. Lieut. Millan did not have a happy task making the selection, but by late afternoon the lucky ones had been chosen. The fortunate winners of a holiday drew new clothes and started off that night for seven days' leave, effective on arrival at the rest area. Those left behind were sorry that theirs was not the lot to go.

At Vassincourt it was clean-up, reorganize, re-equip, retrain, and—"drill ye tarriers, drill," for four days. On October 14th the company received forty-eight men as replacements, most of



them raw and untrained. There Lieutenant Blake joined "E" Company. New squads were hurriedly formed and the "rookies" scattered among them and turned out to drill. New "non-coms" were made to fill the vacancies. With hot food and medical treatment the dysentery abated in its severity and the men felt stronger and better. Lieutenant Johnson succumbed and was sent to the Field Hospital. All thru the Argonne and on the march back he had pluckily stuck it out until he was too weak to do any duty. The Battalion Surgeon ordered him to the hospital, and he was never able to rejoin the company. On October 16th orders came to march on the morrow to Mussey and entrain. Rumors flew thick and fast. "Where are we going?" was the question on everyone's lips. "Russia," said one, "Mesopotamia," said another, and others said "Austria," "Italy," and "Belgium." Those who guessed Belgium were right. There was an idea that the Company was due for more fighting and, after what had been endured in the "rest areas" the men actually began to look forward to another battle.



## XXI. FROM MUSSEY TO THE BELGIAN FRONT.

*"Then it's home, boys home, it's home that we would be,  
It's home boys home, when the nation shall be free;  
We're in this war until it ends, and Germany will see  
That the end of all the Kaiser's hopes is in the infantry."*

On October 17th packs were rolled, equipment slung and the march to Mussey began. It was only a five kilometer hike and when the company arrived the train was waiting. Again it was "8 or 40's" for the trip. About 8 a. m. the signal was given, the engine's toy whistle blew, and the trip was begun. The route lay thru Vitry-le-Francois, Chalons-sur-Marne, Epernay, Chateau Thierry and Meaux to the outskirts of Paris, where the train arrived about 9:30 that night. There the train switched from Chemins de Fer de L'Est to Chemins de Fer de L'Ouest, and the route lay northwest. It was hard to be so near the big city and have no chance to see it and its sights. There was much talk of A.W.O.L. to see gay Paree, but none went. Thru Clermont, Amiens, Abbeville, Etaples, Boulogne sur Mer, Calais, Dunkerque, Bèrgues and Ypres to Boesinghe, where the company arrived at 4:30 p. m. and bivouaced. This trip was thru historic and blood-stained land, and gave the men a chance to see something of the front of which they had heard so long.

Thruout the trip were evidences of how and where France had struggled to save her capitol city. Shell-torn Chateau Thierry was not far different from many other shattered towns, but it filled the men with pride over the fact that it was there our doughboys and marines had made history and shown Europe what Americans could do. The train sped toward Paris and on every side could be seen her reserve lines for the defence of

the city—wire and trenches were everywhere. Hills and valleys were scarred with trenches, artillery emplacements, shelters, dugouts and bands of barbed wire. Had the troops been forced back they would have found shelter prepared for their protection—France was not sanguine that her lines would hold. As the train sped from the environs of Paris toward the northwest these evidences of preparation increased. The big Somme push of April and May had forced the lines back along the route of the railway, and cuts and embankments were in some places honeycombed with shelters and dugouts. The city of Amiens was badly wrecked by shell fire, bombs and fires caused by incendiary bombs. From there, thru Abeville to Noyelles, the way led down the valley of the Somme River, whose waters had carried the blood of many brave Frenchmen and Englishmen. On all sides appeared the devastation of war, from shell-torn earth to shattered villages and farm houses.

From Noyelles sur Mer the train ran northward. There was the area of supply of the British Army. On the left spread the waters of the British Channel. Everywhere were the evidences of the tremendous construction and labor that war had entailed for the British service. All along the line British "Tommies," "Anzacs," "Aussies," Canadians, and Chinese labor troops were to be seen. From Etaples to beyond Calais, barracks, stables, huge dumps, warehouses, aviation fields, hangars, hospitals and cemeteries lined the railroad on either side, with here and there a prison camp crowded with Boche. The huge cemeteries near each hospital mutely told their tales of thousands of lives given up for the cause. Britain had almost reclaimed the sand dunes of the coast for her war purposes, and that long and narrow strip of land served as the base for all of her activities in France. Boulogne and Calais showed no scars of war, but Dunkerque plainly showed where long-range shells and bombs had done their work of destruction. Now the road led east thru Bergues. Soon came the area that had been made famous by the swaying struggle between the Briton and the Boche—the battlefield of Ypres. No description ever read compared with what the men there saw. The country was a desert of mud, shell holes and debris of war. There was not an inch of ground that had not been torn by shells, most of it had been ploughed and re-ploughed by high explosives. Shell holes lapped over shell holes, and all were filled with water and mud. Sergeant Killeen aptly described it when he said—"Oh boy! A crow would have to carry reserve rations to fly across this country."

The company detrained at an English camp near Boesinghe at 4:30 p. m., October 18th. The trip from Mussey had been made in less than two days; a strong contrast to the time required to go from Le Havre to Rimacourt. But this time the Division was on its way to reinforce the lines and had the right of way. With the rain pouring down and devastation appearing on all sides, it was not a cheerful camp. Most of the men were lucky (?) enough to get into dugouts; some in "elephant huts"

left by the British. Men grumbled and kicked, but, as usual, a hot meal and a full stomach stopped the growling. The company was getting back some of its old-time spirit, tho the Field Hospital still took its daily toll. The next morning everyone had a chance to look around and see more of the destruction of war in this field. Less than two weeks before the camping place had been immediately behind the British front lines, but by the time the regiment arrived the Allied armies had gone far to the front. Had not the British placed signs where villages and houses had once stood, no one would have been able to locate the places where people had once lived and cultivated their fields. The torn ground resembled a rolling sea, or, perhaps, it would be better to compare it with a field infested with gigantic moles and gophers, for everywhere there had been an upheaval of the earth. Shell-hole overlapped shell-hole for a distance of twenty miles. Everywhere was mud—mud, that resembled gravy in its consistency. Men could not move without splattering themselves. Shoes were hidden in mud, wrapped leggings turned into spirals of caked mud, clothing was smeared and caked with it. Trenches crossed and re-crossed, cutting the earth in every direction as far as the eye could see. These were the shallow variety, with high parapets. For the water was so near the surface that it was impossible to dig the deep trenches seen in the Argonne. All sorts of debris of war littered the area. What had once been the city of Ypres was only a short walk from the camp. All that remained of that historic place were a few wrecked walls and a mass of leveled ruins. There amid the shell holes, the mud and the rats the regiment stayed for two nights.

At eight o'clock on the morning of Sunday, October 20th, the company was again on the march. A march that led across "No Man's Land" toward the front and battle. The road was the wreck of one of those rough cobblestoned ways that became familiar to all before leaving Belgium. It was hard on the feet and a severe strain on ankles and leg tendons. As the tide of battle had swept to and fro over this area both sides had endeavored to keep the road in repair. Only the splintered stumps remained to show that beautiful shade trees had once graced the sides of the way. Scattered along its either side were ruined tanks, crippled trucks, tangles of barbed wire, articles of equipment and clothing, everything, in fact, that troops would or could use. On every side could be seen the graves of those who had fallen, marked by a cross, a pile of stones or a stick with a helmet surmounting. The march was literally thru "the port of missing men." Thousands of men lay buried under the mud without sign or mark to indicate their graves. Thousands had been buried and the marks above their graves obliterated by the stress of battle and weather. In some places bodies had been disinterred by shell fire. Gigantic rats were everywhere and showed no fear of us as the column marched along. Sites of villages could be identified only by the signs erected by the British. Mine craters and detours showed where Jerry had



blown up the road to block the traffic of the pursuing English and Canadians.

On topping the crest of Passchendaele Ridge, for which the English had struggled so long and so often, the scene of desolation disappeared. In its place were trees and cultivated fields and villages, which had been damaged but not destroyed. Buildings had been shattered and knocked about, but at a distance they had an appearance of solidarity. On every side appeared turnip fields. In the midst of the harassments of war the Belgians had cultivated their lands. Here and there were the bodies of French and German dead, whom the haste of the drive had denied burial.

After a march of about twenty-seven kilometers the company pitched tents in the rain and mud. In the morning it was hit the road again. The morale was getting better, and there was hardly a man that was not eagerly looking forward to another "show." All realized that much had happened in that country. Passing "Frogs" explained with hands and body contortions that the French and Belgians were treating Jerry rather roughly, and assured the Americans that, without doubt, "La Guerre was finee." Everyone passing told the same story, and everyone began to believe that the company was going to be too late for the party. In fact, the replacements, who had not experienced the delights of a modern battle, began to be a little downcast and bitter. After a march of about four kilometers the outfit went into camp under pup tents, west of Westroosebeke and not far from the city of Roulers. There Lieutenants Walton and Hasenjaeger joined the company and Lieut. Blake was transferred to the 363rd Infantry. This country was flat and wet, and had no woods that amounted to anything. The men raided the turnip patches and feasted on the fresh vegetables. The unburied dead of both sides showed that the battle had swept rapidly over this area. The 91st Division was the first of the American troops that the Belgian people had seen and they welcomed it with a heartiness that was refreshing.

On the morning of the 25th the company dropped tents, rolled packs and marched off. The route led around Roulers and, after a hike of twelve kilometers, camp was pitched in the turnip fields east of Donhecher. All of this time the company was attempting to outfit for action. Day and night requisitions were being made out, until the Supply Sergeants were dizzy. Here is a typical scene:

Lieut. Millan—Sergeant Works, have the company fall in.

Sergeant Works—Yes sir. (The sergeant goes down the company street and shouts)—Everybody outside. Fall in.

(Supply Sergeant Wynne, followed by Corporal McGowan, both laden with papers, appear upon the scene.)

Sergeant Wynne—(In stentorian tones)—All men who have but one undershirt step two paces forward. (Entire company smartly steps two paces to the front, with the exception of one man—Private Ballotti.)

Sergeant Wynne—Ballotti, how many shirts have you?



Private Ballotti—I no gotta da shirt.

Sergeant Wynne—What became of it?

Private Ballotti—Throw him away lasta week.

Sergeant Wynne—What did you do that for?

Private Ballotti—Too stiff. No get him on. Wear him too long.

Sergeant Wynne—Step forward. After this hang onto your shirt.

On October 28th came another move. The march began at 7:30 a. m. and at 2 p. m. the company arrived at Emelghem-Dam, a suburb of the city of Iseghem, after a march of twelve kilometers. There the men went into billets. As the company marched in, Belgian boys and girls standing along the roadside handed the men turnips. That night was heard the interrupted hum of aeroplane motors—Jerry was overhead. The planes came close down and dropped bombs on the town but did no damage. However, the occasion produced some excitement and made the men anxious to get after the Hun again. Besides the high explosive Jerry dropped peace propaganda leaflets over the area. Being on French rations the men were not getting their issue of tobacco. "Bull" was scarce and everyone was suffering for want of "the makings." Many a sigh was heaved over the fact that the supply of the prison camp at Pagny sur Meuse was not on hand. However, the company was back in its old-time form and working like clockwork. The entire outfit could be awakened at 5 a. m., eat breakfast, police up, roll packs and be under way by 6:30, with no confusion or delay. Every man was on his toes; discipline was good, and spirits were high. At every opportunity the men were drilled to keep them toned up for what was ahead.

About 6 p. m. on October 29th the first battalion pulled out for the front. Rumor had it that the 2nd Battalion was to go immediately, but it was past midnight before orders came and it did not move until 7 a. m. on the 30th. These orders meant going into action. Every man hit the road with a cheerful grin on his face. Spirits were bubbling over and good natured railery passed up and down the ranks. The company acted with the confidence of veterans and one could see that the Argonne experience had left a deep impression. After a march of eleven kilometers the regiment went into hiding near Wielsbeke. On the way the outfit passed battery after battery of artillery going up for action, and some tired and mud-stained French troops coming back. The company pulled into an apple orchard on a large Belgian estate and stayed there until dark. Issuing of ammunition, signal supplies and reserve rations, with cleaning or rifles and pistols, took up the afternoon. About 7 p. m. the battalion marched out in column of squads.



## XXII. THE BATTLE OF YPRES-LYS.

*"It's a long way to Berlin, but we'll get there,  
Uncle Sam will show the way,  
Over the line, then across the Rhine,  
Shouting Hip! Hip! Hooray!  
We'll sing Yankee Doodle 'Under the Linden'  
With some real live Yankee Pep!—Hep!  
It's a long way to Berlin, but we'll get there,  
And I'm on my way, by heck, by heck."*

*(It's a Long Way to Berlin.)*

As the company marched up the Wielsbeke-Kauwenbeek-Gayerken road, every man sensed the impending battle. Stretching on either side were cleverly concealed French batteries, with their crews in readiness to hurl death and destruction over our heads at the enemy. It was a black night and the Huns suspected the impending attack. They searched out the roads with their shells, and the column was changed from fours to twos, with as much distance between men as was possible. As usual, no one seemed to know the destination, but rumor said that the attack would begin at dawn.

The column felt its way thru the darkness, halting every few hundred yards while the road ahead was reconnoitered. Gas was encountered, for Jerry was mixing gas with H. E. As the column advanced the shelling became heavier, and gas alarms more frequent. It was difficult to don the gas masks in the dark and the alarms caused long halts. The order "No gas" would come from the head of the column and then the forward move would commence. A salvo of three H. E. shells hit the road about two hundred yards ahead of "E" Company and inflicted heavy casualties on "L" and "M" Companies, who were leading the regiment. The shells hit squarely on the road and killed thirteen and wounded forty-five men. It looked as tho all would have to take to the turnip fields for shelter. However, the road was cleared of the dead and wounded, and the column again crept along.

About one o'clock in the morning the regiment split and the 2nd Battalion "dug in" in a turnip field south of the village of Spitaal. Hardly had the men finished their funk-holes when it was discovered that the battalion was in the wrong area. "F," "G" and "H" Companies were moved and "E" was ordered to wait until a guide could be sent back to lead them into proper position. After waiting until 2:30 a. m. Lieut. Millan decided to start out and find the battalion P. C. He located that battalion about a mile down the road and returned to lead the company into its new position. Again they were in a turnip field and again the men had to make the dirt fly. The shovel was mightier than the sword that night "F" Company was in a field across the road and was heavily shelled. Jerry began to search the fields around "E" Company with shells of all sizes, but luck was with the company that night and there were no casualties. Sergeants Works and Jones had dug themselves a

long shallow hole on the edge of the field. During the shelling both of them were kissing the dirt. Fritzie sent over a "big one" which landed with a dull "plup" about fifteen feet away from the Works-Jones fortifications. Everyone in the near vicinity held their breaths for the space of a minute, but nothing happened—it was a "dud." Then with the expulsion of a long-held breath, Works' voice was heard to issue from the depths of the trench—"Jones, if that d—— thing had gone off there'd been Works smeared all over this turnip field."

About 5 a. m. on October 31st our barrage started with a tremendous roar. Then it was discovered that the battalion was but a short distance in front of the guns. It was a wonderful barrage. As far as eye could see guns flashed and roared. Day was just breaking—it was dark enough to see the flash and yet light enough to see the guns. Not far from the battalion position was a French battery of 75's and every man was filled with admiration over the way the artillerymen worked their pieces. The guns' crews were adepts in feeding shells into the breeches of the rifles. The presence of the guns was a comfort, for all knew that with proper artillery support the battle was half won.

The action that day was a pinching movement. The 91st Division was driving toward Audenarde on the Scheldt River. Before the 364th Infantry lay Spitaals Bosschen (The Woods of Spitaal). The 181st Brigade was to advance on the right of the woods, while the 363rd Infantry was to go forward on the left. The plan was to encircle Spitaals Bosschen and to capture all of the Boche hidden within its depths and manning the trenches and machine gun emplacements concealed there. A creeping barrage covered the whole of the Division front, excepting that part occupied by the woods. Along the edge of the woods a fixed barrage of smoke shells was laid, to screen the advance of the attacking force from the enemy. Jerry met the attack with machine gun and artillery fire. Both Brigades met with heavy fire from concealed positions in Spitaals Bosschen, but the 181st suffered more, for it was enfiladed by both artillery and machine guns from the heights west of Haantjeshoek. The 363rd gained its objective with greater ease and fewer casualties.

The 2nd Battalion was in the Division reserve, so did not get into the push. It laid "doggo" in fox holes until a hot breakfast was served from the rolling kitchens, which had come up during the night. After breakfast orders to move forward were received and the battalion started cross-country with "E" and "F" Companies leading, each in line of platoons, with "G" and "H" Companies following at a distance of about three hundred yards. The companies advanced steadily until noon, without drawing fire, and reached the point where the 1st Battalion had assembled for the attack that morning. There orders were received to affect a passage of lines, which were somewhat disorganized by the stiff resistance they had encountered. The mission of the second battalion was to "mop up" the woods and take any prisoners whose retreat had been pinched off by the encircling movement.



Spitaals Bosschen was about a mile to the front when the orders were received. It was necessary to cross a wide valley to reach it. "E" and "F" Companies were ordered to deploy with interval enough between men to enable the two companies to cover a front of one kilometer. "G" and "H" Companies were to follow in platoon columns at a distance of three hundred meters. The companies deployed with some confusion, for it was difficult to estimate how far "F" Company should march before deploying. However, the line was soon formed and the advance started, tho a gap of half a kilometer appeared between the two front line companies, due to the fact that the orders issued to "F" Company were somewhat hazy.

The line advanced slowly, as it was difficult to preserve alignment with such a wide front. The intervals between the men were about fifteen yards, and, with only three officers, the line was hard to control. Every moment was expected to draw fire from the enemy. After going forward about a mile, without a shot being fired the second battalion passed thru the remnants of the first battalion and became the front line of the regiment. The woods were reached about 3 p. m. and, without changing formation, the companies plunged in. The only Germans discovered were dead, and all began to wonder where the enemy had gone. It was learned that the smoke screen thrown over by our artillery to protect the flanks of the attacking force had not been sufficiently dense. The Germans had been able to enfilade our advancing troops in their attempt to encircle the woods and then escape before the pinch came. Jerry had "parted," leaving everything behind him.

The advance was steady until dusk. Then the battalion reached the heights on the southeasterly edge of the woods overlooking a broad valley, with the village of Wortegem about four kilometers directly in front. There orders were given to dig in for the night. "E" and "F" Companies constituted the front line and dug shallow trenches along the summit of the ridge, overlooking the valley. Outposts were established and all settled down to wonder where the other American troops were located and where the enemy had flown. Patrols to the right, tho they traveled over a mile, could find none of our troops on that flank, which, from all indications, was wide open and hung in the air. On the left connection was made with the 363rd Infantry and the gap between them and the 364th was closed. Strong outposts were established on the right flank and during the night a machine gun company and a battery of 37mm guns reinforced the battalion. As the company had marched almost steadily for two days and a night without sleep the men who were not on guard were soon lost in dead slumber. It rained lightly during the early part of the night and the Hun artillery shelled the position, but all were too tired to worry over the rain or shells. The men were well dug in and the company suffered no casualties.

About 3 a. m. in the midst of a heavy shelling the cooks came up with hot stew and coffee. They had left the kitchens



at the point of departure of the morning and brought the containers up in the supply carts. Although everyone was dead asleep, they roused up readily to eat "slum and coffee." Cooks Ross and Vivrett, who brought the chow up under fire, were the heroes of the night. Dawn of November 1st broke and everyone awoke with the expectancy of going forward. But orders were to hold the position. From the vantage point of the fox holes on the heights no trace of the enemy could be seen and no one had any idea of what had happened. The shelling ceased with daylight, but everyone was required to stay under cover, for the position could be observed for miles. About nine o'clock the front line companies were ordered back to the reverse slope of the ridge. Then the men realized that our troops were ahead of us, and later reports reached us that they had captured the town of Wortegem, which could be seen in the distance. The company moved back about two hundred yards and dug in amid some brush on the reverse slope, where they were concealed from observation of enemy planes. It was then learned that the battalion had again been placed in the Divisional reserve, with the first battalion for company.

There "E" Company lay all of the first and thru daylight of the second of November. On the first the day was spent in watching observation balloons and eating turnips, and most interesting of all, watching squadron upon squadron of British and French aeroplanes moving back and forth above our lines. The rolling kitchens came up and served hot chow and the men felt the better for warm food and full stomachs. The remainder of the Division was advancing toward Audenarde and the Scheldt River, but the folks at home knew more about the war than the men in the reserve. During the night Jerry entertained the reserve with two air raids and some artillery strafing, but everyone had a good sleep just the same. During the day of the 2nd there were constant rumors but no orders to move. The men rested, shaved and scraped the mud off their shoes, clothes and faces.

Late in the afternoon orders came for the battalion to move, but it did not start until 11 p. m. Then the regiment moved out in the direction of Wortegem. During the march orders were received to cross the Scheldt River before daybreak and take up the attack. According to the maps the Scheldt was about ten kilometers from the position at Spitaals Bosschen. Owing to the numerous halts and delays, day began to dawn before the regiment reached the river. Colonel Bennett, after hasty reconnaissance, found that only one small foot bridge was intact and decided that it would be impossible to make the crossing without heavy losses. The Germans occupied the heights beyond the river and had direct fire on all approaches and river crossings. During the march the men were treated to a wonderful exhibition pyrotechnics. The Boche literally kept the sky alight with rockets and star shells. It was a beautiful sight. Red, green, yellow and all the colors of the rainbow were used to illuminate and signal, and, as the column neared the river, the

put-put-put-put of machine guns could be constantly heard. With the crashing of artillery and the bursting of shells it wanted but the odor of Chinese punk to remind the men of the Fourth of July at home.

Daylight of November 3rd found the company halted on the road near the village of Ruybroek. The country was flat and, if the morning had been clear, the column could have been clearly seen by the enemy from the heights across the river. There was no available cover at hand and a heavy fog was all that saved the regiment from a heavy shelling. When it was discovered that the crossing of the river could not be made the regiment was hurriedly marched to the area east of Oycke and near the river. The companies quickly went into hiding in every available farm house and barn in the vicinity. By the time the fog lifted the whole regiment was under cover. Boche planes were overhead all day and no man dared to leave his shelter for fear of drawing artillery fire. Most of the regiment were unable to find cover in houses and lay in fox holes, but "E" Company held to its luck and had shelter in barn and farm house. There was little food that day. Preparations were made to cross the river during the night, and every man expected to "jump off" the next morning to attack Fort Kezel, a former Belgian stronghold on the heights overlooking Audenarde.

Night brought different orders. The 364th was not to cross the Scheldt, nor to take part in an attack. Instead, the Division was withdrawn from its position along the river and darkness found the regiment on the road back to Spitaals Bosschen. On the morning of November 4th "E" Company was occupying the same holes that it had dug on November 1st. All gave up the idea of participating in another real battle. At noon the regiment again took up the march to the rear. It was learned that the Division had been relieved for "rest" and that the objective was the village of Abeel, north of Oostroosebeke. This had been a bloodless battle for "E" Company. Tho under almost continual shell fire from October 31st not a man had been lost. The Division held itself in high esteem, for it had learned that the German commander had offered eighteen days' leave of absence to any man capturing a prisoner from the 91st Division. Besides that compliment from the enemy, the Division felt that they were proven "shock troops," for they had driven the Boche back about thirteen miles in four days.

The company slept in the rain on the night of the 4th, but on the morning of November 5th the men moved back a mile into billets which were fairly comfortable. Resting consisted of four days of hard and intensive training. Automatic rifle ranges were constructed and firing practice taken up. Bombing squads were put thru their paces; close order drill, the first in many a day, was taken up, and every effort was made to get the regiment into its former "snappy" form. Rumor and uncertain news filtered thru. From what was heard it seemed the war would be over in a very short time. It was rumored that Austria had given up. There was the report that the Germans

had asked for an armistice and had crossed the lines under a flag of truce. Nothing was official, but none doubted the truth of the stories, and a thrill of exhilaration swept thru the regiment. Tho all wanted another crack at Fritz, all were perfectly willing that peace should be declared. Private Joyner announced that they had his permission to call the whole thing off at any time. Then news came that the Division was to move again and that it was destined for Italy. Then came real orders. While in billets those who had left the company at Vassin-court for seven days' leave caught up and reported for duty, and some of the men who had been sent to the hospital returned.

At 9 a. m. on November 8th the regiment was again on the road, with the head of the column pointed southwest and toward the Belgian battlefront. It was not going to Italy. There was a long noonday halt on the bank of the Lys River near Olsene. After a twelve-mile march the regiment reached the village of Oycke about dusk and found billets for the night in the surrounding farm houses. The next day was one of sunshine and beauty. There was nothing to do but rest and watch the planes and observation balloons. News came that Marshal Foch had given the Germans until November 11th to accept his terms. The question was—would they accept or fight? Cook Ross bet an iron cross (which he had borrowed from a German prisoner at Pagny sur Meuse) against one hundred francs of Private Fillippi that Jerry would not accept. Many wagers of a similar character were made among the men.

At three o'clock on the morning of November 10th the regiment marched out of Oycke, headed in the direction of Audenarde. Just before dawn a halt was called and the battalion commanders went forward for orders. After an hour of anxious waiting company commanders were ordered to report. Then came the news that we were going to fight "toot sweet." The Germans had fallen back from the river and the French had hastily thrown wooden foot bridges across the Escaut and followed in hot pursuit. The Division was ordered to relieve the French division on its front. Broad smiles appeared up and down the column on receipt of the news that a fight was pending and, tired as everyone was from the hard march, a remarkable recovery of pep was shown.

Major Rasch ordered "E" Company to report to the third battalion, which had already entered Audenarde, as combat liaison between the right flank of the regiment front and the French forces, who were supposed to be somewhere on the right of the regiment. Lieutenant Millan went on in advance to report to the C. O. of the third battalion for orders and Lieutenant Walton led the company, almost at double time, thru the streets of the old city of Audenarde. The populace of the city had turned out to obtain their first view of their Yankee allies. The Americans were equally curious and took a Cook's tourist view of the city as they hastily marched thru. Audenarde had been pretty badly shot up but was still beautiful and picturesque. All of the bridges had been blown up by the Boche



and the men crossed the Escaut River on hastily constructed and rickety wooden foot bridges.

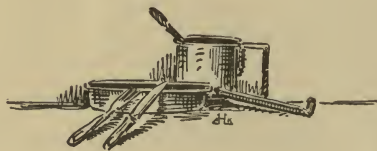
After crossing the river the company fell in with the third battalion. After an hour's march in column of squads the advance formation was taken up about 8 a. m. The third battalion formed the front line, deployed in platoon columns, followed by the second battalion in support, with the first battalion and machine gun company in reserve. "E" Company took up position on the right of the third battalion and began to scout around for the "Frogs," who were supposed to be on our immediate right. Patrols sent out far to the right could not locate the French forces; no one knew where they were. Sergeant Works remarked that "as usual the Frogs have relieved themselves." The company was deployed in platoon columns and the line of march lay over ploughed fields and turnip patches. Orders were to maintain an interval of four hundred yards from the right flank company of the third battalion. It was a hard task. The line swayed, swung and staggered like a Frenchman full of cognac. One minute "I" Company would jam up against "E," and fifteen minutes later Lieutenant Millan would be compelled to send out runners to locate the battalion. After about an hour of advancing the line suddenly halted and, without anyone knowing any reason, and without encountering the enemy, the whole outfit about-faced and zig-zagged back to the starting point. Owing to some misunderstanding with the French we had been ordered back.

About noon the advance was resumed. During the afternoon the German artillery maintained a desultory fire, but no losses were suffered by the first line companies. The village of Hoorebeke St. Marie was reached about dusk and a halt was called. The entire organization sank to the ground in utter exhaustion on the order to halt. Then—whiz-z-z bang, whiz-z-z bang, whiz-z-, bang—Fritz opened up with direct fire at close range. Exhaustion was forgotten. Every man took to cover without orders or thought of the fatigue that had overpowered him but a moment before. However, no one was hit. "E" Company "dug in" along the fence line of a prosperous-looking orchard. Fox holes finished, the men unlimbered the iron rations. Darkness fell; and the sounds of heavy breathing told the story of rest from exhaustion. At 9:30 that night the third battalion relieved the French, who had dug some shallow trenches on the front of the regiment. Officers were summoned to the battalion P. C. and received orders for attack at 6 a. m. on the morrow.

All night long French and American artillery rumbled into position close to the front line, and prepared to turn dawn into a fury of hell. The night was comparatively uneventful. The men slept that dead sleep of utter fatigue. The enemy was nervous and anxious and kept the fields alight with star shells and rockets. Bursts of machine gun fire showed that Jerry was fearsome of a surprise attack. Shells dropped on the American lines intermittently during the night, but due to the men being

well dug in, there were no casualties. Groups of officers gathered in the dark to discuss the situation. The next day was the 11th—what would it bring? The long rumored armistice and peace, or a continuation of battle and death and suffering? All knew that the Germans were beaten and ready to quit, but would Foch let them lay down without a humiliating defeat? German morale was broken, it was only a matter of days before their army would become thoroly demoralized, but would the supreme commander temporize with them? There was much argument as to whether or not the armistice would be signed the next day, but every one believed the regiment would "go over" the next morning.

About midnight runners went the rounds with orders for company commanders to report to the battalion P. C. The assembled officers were told that the hour of attack had been changed from 6 a. m. to 10 a. m. That looked like the beginning of the end, and the company C.O's returned to their companies with smiles on their faces. "E" Company had been in luck again that night. "Gopher billeted" about two hundred yards in the rear of the front line, it was not called upon for outpost duty and the men had a night of rest.



### XXIII. THE ARMISTICE.

*"I want to go home; I want to go home.  
The bullets do whistle, the cannons they roar,  
I don't want to go to the trenches no more.  
I want to go over the sea,  
Where the Alemand can't get at me.  
Oh, my! I'm to young to die. I want to go home."  
(I Want To Go Home).*

Toward dawn on November 11th the men began to rouse. Exhaustion had passed, but the cold and damp brought their turn of misery. The new day saw a change of temperament. All had been willing and glad to attack the day before, but the prospect of an attack in the shadow of an armistice brought a change of spirit. The prospect of useless sacrifice of American lives in battle under such impending conditions had no attractions, no glory, no glamor.

All men are but human. Daylight brought the cry of "When do we eat?" All eyes were turned toward the rear straining for a sight of the rolling kitchens or a detail with "slum containers." Reserve rations were exhausted. Word had come the night before that the kitchens had crossed the river, but where were

they? The men had had no hot food for two days; orders were to move into attack positions at nine o'clock, and it looked as tho it would be a fight without food. Rifles were cleaned, gas masks inspected, and grenades and ammunition issued, but still no kitchens came. Corporal Bequette was heard to remark that "if an army traveled on its belly he didn't figure that the company was going far that day." Some of the men stole away and purchased food from the villagers. Bugler Cooke wrote in his diary—"Had breakfast with an old Belgian lady—two eggs apiece, lots of milk, coffee and buttered toast—sure some feed—expect to attack at ten."

The allied artillery had opened fire at seven o'clock. For about thirty minutes it laid a heavy barrage on the German positions, then it eased up and settled down to a slow and regular fire. Jerry did not reply by any fire on the front of the 364th Infantry. At 8:15 a. m. company commanders were summoned to battalion headquarters and received information that the attack would start at ten o'clock. Before they could leave to return to their companies a message arrived from regimental headquarters which changed the whole aspect of affairs. "Attack suspended. No offensive until further orders" was the wording. This was promptly followed by the information that the armistice had been concluded. Lieutenant Millan hastened back to the company and assembled the non-coms. In a few words he told them that there would be no attack and that the armistice had been signed and would be effective at 11 o'clock.

It took many seconds for them to absorb the fact that all was over, then a yell went up that brought the rest of the company to the spot on the run. Soon every one knew that "La Guerre" was "finee." On the whole the men took the news in a matter of fact manner, and outside of a little horseplay and a few whoops here and there no one would have guessed that they had just heard the news which set the whole world delirious with joy. They were more concerned with things closer to their personal comfort. "Say, Lieutenant, when do we eat?" was the query of several immediately following the receipt of the great news. This query was followed by a wild howl from the far end of the orchard, and followed further by Private Embanks approaching at a 2:20 gait yelling the news that the rolling kitchens were in sight down the road. All discussion of war and the armistice ceased immediately and a wild scramble for the road ensued. When the company kitchen, followed by Sergeant Orcurto and Cooks Ross, Vivrett, Strader and Thomas bumped and clanked into sight, a cheer went up that made the reception of the armistice news appear insignificant.

The mess crew told a story of grief—of traveling all night—of being lost and held up several times. However, the fires were built in a twinkling and soon savory odors arose in the vicinity of the kitchen. There was no shortage of K.P's—everyone wanted to help the cooks. Nothing but food was discussed for the next half hour. Then the chow line formed and hot slum and coffee stopped all discussion. When the last man had his



"seconds" and washed his mess kit the talk swung around to the armistice again—but not with any great expression of gratitude for safety. Two other important questions had to be solved after stomachs had been filled—"When do we sleep?" and "When do we go home?"

Most of the artillery ceased firing when the news of the armistice was spread, but somewhere in the distance scattered French 75's continued to fire fitfully until the hour of eleven was near at hand, then, one by one they subsided. It seemed as though each gun crew wanted the distinction of firing the last shot, or was reluctant to cease the hating of years. Then followed a great calm. Not the sound of a gun, the crack of a rifle, the put-put-put of a machine gun, nor the whir of an aeroplane motor could be heard. This quiet of peace brought the first realization of how eventful that morning was. Then, and not until then, did the men appreciate that the war had been won, that they had had a part in the winning, that no longer would they be required to face the whine of bullets and the whizz-iss-bang of H. E. shells, that they were facing life in place of death, and that they would soon go back to "God's country." With this appreciation the usual light-hearted gaiety of the men disappeared temporarily. With the realization of what the armistice really meant came, for the time, an awe of thankfulness and seriousness of introspection. This spell of seriousness was somewhat further intensified by the arrival of the mail which brought news of "home." The French and Belgians were not touched with this sense of seriousness. They sang and laughed with a sense of abandon which had not been their lot since 1914.

The regiment was ordered into billets. "E" Company was squeezed into three small barns of a farm at Hoorbeke St. Marie, but, as the men had plenty of straw no one kicked after the nights spent in the mud and fox holes. Then came the welcome news that "tin derbies" and gas masks could be discarded. There came a swarm of orders from regimental and divisional headquarters, and the orderly room was swamped with them. Sergeant Schwertfeger gazed dismally at a stock of G.O's and S.O's and sadly remarked that, while many had the opinion that the Y.M.C.A. and the M.P's had won the war, in his opinion it was the mimeograph and nothing else. There were two days of comparative rest for the men. Then came a drill schedule. The company was given a stiff dose of close order drill, which was not welcome and had nearly become a lost art—however, it brought back a sense of snap and discipline.

On November 15th the company was ordered to join the rest of the battalion. The entire battalion was billeted in a large convent which made quarters somewhat crowded. Two squads of "E" Company occupied a small chapel in one of the wings of the convent, but the sanctity of the surroundings had no effect in reducing the hilarious spirit of the men. Psihogious opened a barber shop in the chapel and soon the long neglected locks began to be shorn. Lieutenant Millan was much wrought up when he found the altar being used as a shelf for barber tools.

He ordered barber and customers into the hallway. Thereafter the altar was out of bounds for everything but sleeping purposes. Bugler Cooke and some of his pals occupied a confessional room, and rumor has it that the sacred precincts of that place saw, for the first time, quiet games of "draw" and "galloping dominoes." How could a stern, austere and aged European convent curb the gaiety of American doughboys? How could those trouble-worn and tired nuns bar the "Goddess Chance" when pay day came to the 364th?

On November 15th the regiment passed in review before Major General Wm. H. Johnston, who complimented the men upon their conduct in battle in the Meuse-Argonne and in Flanders. On the 16th Captain Archibald Sheats took command of the company. He had been a lieutenant in the Machine Gun Company and, on receiving his double bars, had been assigned to "F" Company, but on the return of the commander of that Company had been assigned to "E."

Those first days after the armistice were full ones. There was some drill, much cleaning of clothing, persons and equipment, drawing of clothing, salvaging of worn-out and useless material, and hunting out "seam squirrels." Belgian refugees were continually drifting back and many of them brought stories of interest. Then on the 18th came a move of ten kilometers to Audenhove St. Marie. Rumors came that the regiment was to go to Brussels as an escort of the King of Belgium on his re-entry. At Audenhove the company again occupied a convent. When the regiment entered the town it was greeted with placards—"Welcome Americans"—and home-made American flags. There was some drill and a battalion parade and then, on the 22nd, the regiment marched again. Ten kilos brought the men to Hillegem, where the men were billeted in barns. Then came move after move, with rumor after rumor concerning where the regiment was going and when it was going home. On the 23rd the company moved to Auwegen, a march of twenty kilometers; on the 26th it marched twenty-five kilos to Meulebeke, where Thanksgiving day was spent, without turkey, tho the men did their best by buying rabbits and other extras.

On December 4th there was a march of eight kilos to Eeghem; on the 6th another of twenty kilos to Hooglege, on the 7th the way led thru "No Man's Land" north of Ypres for thirty kilos to Oostvleteren, and on the 8th a hike of twenty-four kilos took the company to Herzele. These marches were interesting but hard. The weather was wet and cold and most of the men were suffering from sore feet. Each day's march brought rumors but no one seemed to know where he was going. It was just one hike after another with no apparent purpose in view. While in Belgium the men were received with open arms, gratitude and hospitality. Herzele was in France and the attitude of the people there was distinctly antagonistic. "E" billeted in a barn. The farmer did little to promote a cordial feeling toward the French. In spite of police work the place was filthy and the men were infested with cooties and fleas. The

officers were just as unpopular as the men, and the madam profited on them at every opportunity.

The word was out that the 91st Division was to go to the Le Mans area for debarkation, but delay after delay and rumor after rumor made departure seem more and more remote. There was drill, drill, drill in the rain and mud and cold; there was filth and discomfort. The morale of the men was broken by discomfort, disappointment and, what seemed to them, needlessly long hours of drill, bayonet work and training. The war was ended and they wanted to go home and be discharged. Occasional passes to Dunkerque relieved the monotony but did not satisfy, cognac and wine afforded some forgetfulness but brought punishment. Everyone wanted to be on his way. It is no wonder that some irreverent one conceived and wrote the Soldier's Prayer of the A. E. F., which read somewhat as follows:

"Our Father who art in Washington, Baker is thy name; thy cables come, thy will be done in Bordeaux as in Le Mans. Give us this day our long-delayed pay and forgive the bugler, the mess sergeant, the Y.M.C.A. and those who wear bars. Lead us not into the Army of Occupation, but deliver us from another service stripe. For thine is the army, the S.O.S., the M.P.'s, and the engineers forever and ever, Ah Oui."

On December 17th Captain Graupner visited the company and stood his last retreat with the organization he had seen created, grow in efficiency and prove its worth. He said his good-byes to the men, for he was "Class D" and bound for home. Christmas day brought no cheer or extra chow, it seemed as tho the outfit had been marooned and then forgotten. Then on the 29th came the word that the Division was to move. The 30th was spent in packing, and at 2 p. m. on the 31st the men bade good-by to "Hotel de Pig" and marched eight kilos to entrain again on the old 8-40's, bound for Le Ferte Bernard and—home. New Year's day was spent on the train.



#### XXIV. THE LA MANS AREA AND BACK TO THE U. S.

*"When Madelon comes tripping to our table,  
We boldly pluck her skirt as she goes by;  
And each one invents a pretty fable,  
Told to win her on the sly.  
Our Madelon is not a surly beauty,  
So, when we chuck her chin to lead her on,  
She just laughs and feels she's done her duty—  
Madelon—Madelon—Madelon."*

("Madelon"—French marching song.)

On January 1st, 1919, at 11:30 a. m., the regiment detrained at La Ferte Bernard in the long-prayed-for "embarkation area," and was scattered among several villages and towns for billeting. "E" Company, with "F," was assigned to the village of Aveze, a place of about two hundred inhabitants, where the bil-



lets were fairly comfortable. There the organization settled down to cleaning and scrubbing persons, clothing and equipment. It was good to be able to get clean once more, but there can be too much of a good thing. Orders came so often and were so detailed that cleanliness became burdensome. Following cleaning up came inspection after inspection. Men who had been wounded or sick came back from the hospitals and the company again took on the friendly family feeling that had existed when it arrived in France.

Soon after arriving at Aveze the long-looked-for leaves of absence were granted. A large number of the men and officers visited the various leave areas, but, alas, Paris was out of bounds for the men. Fortunately, however, all roads led thru Paris and it was a poor soldier who could not work a twenty-four hour stay to see some of the sights of that noted city. At Aveze the company lost Lieut. Millan, the last of the original company officers. He was transferred to regimental headquarters as Assistant Personal Adjutant. The story of Aveze is one that can be told in few words—eating, sleeping, delousing, drilling, standing inspection, enduring rain and cold, and, “keep it quiet,” indulging in cognac, wine and rum.

On February 4th the company moved, by marching of course, twelve kilometers to St. Germain de la Coudre, where it remained until its departure for the debarkation port. There the billets were good, but not as good as at Aveze. From there the men went on pass to the nearest big town—Nogent le Rotrou. There the men drilled and drilled and drilled, and cursed the rain, the cold, the country and the delay in going home. A drill scheduled was followed every morning and in the afternoons the men were marched around the roads solving problems in field maneuvers. These problems were a hard drain on the imagination, because the fields could not be marched over and the troop movements were all imagined from positions on the roads.

This chapter has been headed with a selection from the familiar French marching song of Madelon. The conduct of the men during their last days in France showed that they had absorbed some of the philosophy of the song—hence the quotation. The story goes that a certain sergeant of “E” Company joined in a little dinner with ten of the men. They were on pass, care free, and had big appetites and some thirst. The dinner was ordered with all “fixings” and appurtenances. As the dinner neared its end the warming and friendly effects of vin rouge and malaga appeared. The sergeant felt at peace with the world, he remembered Rosie of Longchamp and, in that memory, became enamored with the maid who waited upon the table. The spirit of “Madelon” came over him and he insisted upon kissing the maid, took her remonstrances as a sign of coyness, and finally imprinted a kiss upon her Gallic lips. Mademoiselle did not pout or cry, but demanded that the sergeant pay her ten francs as the price of his osculatory pleasure. Wine, food and song had depleted the sergeant’s purse and he

was compelled to borrow money from the others to pay the angered damsel.

After two months of waiting—cold, dreary, impatient waiting—came evidences that the 91st Division was to go home. Service records were checked up, passenger rosters made up, and all equipment was checked and inspected—then came orders. On March 19th the company marched out of St. Germaine for Le Ferte Bernard. There it entrained in 8-40's and, after the customary bumping in the slow moving Frog train, arrived the next day at St. Nazaire at 7:30 a. m. and marched four miles to Camp No. 3. There the men had good meals and underwent physical and cootie inspections. The next morning the company moved to the Isolation Camp, where the men were ordered into "blue denims" while undergoing the final cleanup. They were bathed, deloused, inspected, checked and re-inspected,—but no one minded it there, for they were going home.

After four days' of suspense, when no one dared josh or talk back to an M.P. for fear of being held back, the organization was on its way. On March 22nd orders came from H. Q. Embarkation Camp, Base Section No. 1, for the 364th Infantry to embark on U. S. S. Siboney and Orizaba for the United States. At 4:45 the next morning everyone was up (no one was late that morning), and at 7 a. m. the company marched to Dock No. 3, where chocolate and cookies were served by the "Y." At 8 they began to march on board the Orizaba and at 12:30 p. m. the ship left the dock with the tide—every man on board cheering with full heart. All were glad to be going home—to be leaving France. No one can describe the emotions which all alike felt—emotions which could only be equalled by those at the first sight of the U. S. A.

The transport Orizaba was small and cramped in comparison with the mighty Olympic, which had taken the regiment over. But bunks were comfortable and chow was good and, as Corporal "Sammy" Goldfeder remarked—"Boy, even a row boat would suit me this trip." There were no events to mar the trip, except one day of rough weather, which made many of the men seek the ship's rail or their bunks. There is a story on "Top Kick" Works, which would indicate that he had slipped, and the results of which marred his enjoyment of the trip. It is reported that he found Private 1st Class Joseph A. Ardit doing bunk fatigue during inspection hours. Works decided that he would give a different variety of fatigue as a punishment, and ordered Ardit to relieve Joyner in washing dishes for the officers' mess. It took Works about four days to discover that Ardit had a snap, and then he sheepily confessed to one of the corporals: "D—— it!" I caught Ardit asleep during inspection and gave him K. P. for punishment. Washing dishes for the officers is a snap for him and he gets chicken, ice cream and cake every day." Ardit tells the story and says, "Many thanks, Sarge."

Morning of April 2nd dawned bright and clear. It was the dawn of a wonderful day—the day that the regiment was again

to touch feet on American soil. Everyone was up early and filled with ill-concealed nervousness and excitement. Thousands of foolish questions were asked the long-suffering crew, and the men paced the decks with feverish anxiety. The morning dragged like an eternity. Then came a shout that brought every man to the railings—"There she is!" In the distance could be seen the faint outlines of the headlands. Was anyone ever privileged to feel a more soul-stirring, sacred feeling than that which welled up in the hearts of the men when they caught the first glimpse of their native land—the country they had fought and suffered and longed for thru weary months of bitter hardships and misery? Words cannot describe that feeling, and none but those who went thru the struggle "over there" will ever be able to appreciate it.

Passed Sandy Hook and Staten Island; passed that wonderful colossus of Liberty and Governor's Island, and the Orizaba drew into the dock at Hoboken. The tug, with the New York Mayor's Reception Committee, accompanied the transport from Staten Island to the dock, and waving flags and band playing. On the dock the massed Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. workers waved welcome. At 10 a. m. the ship docked. Debarkation proceeded in an orderly manner and by noon the regiment was assembled on the big pier awaiting transportation across the river to Camp Upton. Ferry boat to Long Island and train to Camp Upton completed the journey. Nightfall found the men in barracks once again. As Cal Cooke put it in his diary—"Back to iron bunks and straw ticks again—sure seems good."





## XXV. CAMP UPTON, CAMP KEARNY AND HOME.

*"Oh how I want to get out of the army,  
 Oh how I long to step out of line,  
 But I know I'll faint away,  
 When I hear the sergeant say:  
 "You're gonna go home,  
 You're gonna go home,  
 You're gonna go home in the mornin'".  
 Oh Boy! Won't I hug the bugler,  
 The last time I hear his waking call?  
 I'll take that nice red chevron,  
 An' for good luck, just pin it on,  
 Then make a dash on the train for home."*

*(Oh! Oh!)*

Life at Camp Upton was easy for all except company clerks and top kicks. There was exercise each morning and a little drill every afternoon. Of course there was the final cleaning up, and "cootie baths" were enforced. Passes were issued allowing twenty-four and forty-eight hours in New York, and everyone who had sufficient francs went to see the sights of the big city. While in camp the Hostess House, Y. M. C. A., K. C., Liberty Theatre and ball field afforded amusement for those not on pass.

On debarkation the regiment had been divided. The second battalion had been assigned to Camp Upton, while the remainder of the regiment, with regimental headquarters, had been sent to Camp Mills. This proved to be the final dissolution of the 364th Infantry, as the units composing it never assembled together again.

While in France lists had been prepared showing the residence and nearest discharge point for every man in the Division. Shortly after the battalion arrived at Camp Upton the men were divided into detachments designated for the various demobilization camps thruout the country. The "E" Company had originally been composed of men from Southern California it had by assignments and replacements become an "All American" company. When it returned from France the company roster bore the names of men from thirty-two different states of the Union. It had had twenty-six officers and five hundred and forty men pass thru the organization during the nineteen months of its existence. It had become accustomed to seeing men come and go to and from its ranks, but, when the detachments for discharge began to leave for different camps the thought of final dissolution of the company brought sadness. One by one and day by day the detachments were formed and marched away, accompanied by the cheers and final farewells of those left behind. Finally, only those whose homes were in California, Arizona and Nevada were left, and they were destined for Camp Kearny. Lieut. Walton was transferred to Camp Sherman detachment and Lieut. Hasenjaeger to Camp Grant. Both of the officers were given hearty cheers as they marched away with their detachments.

Those who were bound for Camp Kearny had a long and anxious wait. Nineteen days elapsed after debarkation and before transportation was available to take the remnants of the battalion to the Camp at San Diego. On April 20th they entrained. The road home was by the southern route—thru New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia (where the men had a chance to see the southern city of Atlanta in forty-five minutes), Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. The trip was a fitting end to a sight-seeing tour. All along the line the Red Cross girls handed out “goodies” and the men reciprocated with compliments, thanks and that politeness they had acquired from the French. At El Paso the detachment paraded for the benefit of the townspeople, who reciprocated with good meals, auto rides and firewater. At Phoenix, Arizona, reporters for the Los Angeles papers boarded the train to get the news of California’s sons for the home-town papers. They told of a reception and parade in Los Angeles and prompt discharge at Camp Kearny. The morale of the company promptly went up to the boiling point. The prospect of a parade with “tin derbies” was not pleasant, but the news of home and prompt discharge overcame that one disagreeable feature.

At 3 p. m. on April 26th the train pulled into the depot at Los Angeles, amid the cheers of thousands and the smiling tears of welcome of many relatives. Captain Graupner was on hand with ex-sergeant Weston and some of the other wounded “ex-members” of “E” Company to greet those who were left in the old outfit. The parade was promptly started, and the decorated and thronged streets of Los Angeles showed the men that the southern part of their home state was proud of the regiment. The parade ended at Pershing Park, where, after a barrage of oratory, the men were dismissed until midnight.

At 1 a. m. on April 27th every man was on board the train and bound for Camp Kearny. Captain Graupner had gotten aboard to see the company he had organized and to be with it when it dissolved. There were no A.W.O.L’s. At 6:30 a. m. the train arrived at Camp Kearny and the men were marched away to their tents. After chow things began to move. Efficiency reigned and men were led from one step to another with the regularity of clock work and without much rest or any liberty. But no one cared. This was the process of demobilization, and the faster the wheels went round the sooner would come discharge, return to civilian life and home. Already the preceding elements of the regiment had been demobilized. For two days life was a succession of fall in line, undergo medical examination, surrender ordnance, sign pay roll, discharge papers, etc., etc., and then on the 29th of April, 1919—ever memorable day—came pay, that sixty-dollar bonus, and DISCHARGE. Fini le Guerre. Fini le Armee. Partee for home!

When the company arrived at Camp Kearny, Captain Sheats was the sole officer with the organization, before he had been there half an hour the company was taken off his hands by

the "mustering out" officers and all that he had to do was stick around, be responsible for things that had happened before, and sign his name. Captain Graupner nosed around like a man hunting for a lost dog. He almost assumed command of the company. However, the men took all of the wind out of his sails. Steered by three ex-officers of the company, Lieut. Bruce, Millan and McCune, the Captain found himself in the company street at dusk on the 28th, with the men in ranks under 1st Sergeant Works. Works at once opened up on the old skipper and presented him, in the name of the men, with a beautiful diamond studded gold watch fob. It had been designed by Private Shaw and embodied the insignia of the 91st Division, the regiment, the company and the branch of service. The fund for its purchase had been collected in France and the "old man" knew nothing about its existence until the gift was placed in his hands. The Captain's emotions were best expressed by one of the men who said that "It was the first time the old man had not been able to talk."

As soon as the discharges were received by the men they began to leave camp. Some by train, some by stage to San Diego, and others by automobiles. All staggered under barracks bags and some had other baggage, and all had souvenirs for those at home. When it came to the end the men hated the parting. Close associations in barracks, billets and field and the sharing of hardships had brought fast friendships. Buddies of the ranks realized that it meant much to sever the close associations that had been proven under fire and had developed unselfish sharing of good and bad fortune. But home and family ties called, and the men scattered.

So "E" Company passed out of existence and so its members returned to civil life. The days spent in the service were hard and trying, but they had their recompense; for they taught true democracy and mutual dependency, they brought health and strength, they afforded the opportunity for service, and last, and greatest of all, they proved the manhood and courage of the men. "E" Company came from the people and has gone back to the people. It has a record of service of which every man and every father, mother, wife, sister or child of men who served in its ranks, can be proud.

This record of the company service is but a sketchy one. However, it will suffice to show those who did not serve in the ranks, and the children of those who did, what a typical infantry company of the National Army was, how it was organized and trained, what it was forced to undergo, how it faced the crisis, and how it was mustered out. May those who served never forget their days of service nor those who served with them.

FINIS.



## ROSTER OF OFFICERS ASSIGNED AND ATTACHED TO "E" COMPANY, 364th INFANTRY

Names are arranged by grades in chronological order of service with the company. As in the case of the roster of men, attempt has been made to give information concerning the service history of each officer. Due to the difficulty encountered in collecting data, full information is impossible in some few cases.

### GRAUPNER, ADOLPHUS E., Captain—

525 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. Assigned to company per R. G. O. 12, Sept. 5, 1917, per G. O. 2, H. Q. 91st Div., Sept. 4, 1917. Wounded in right shoulder and back by H. E. shell Sept. 29, 1918, near Bois de Baulny. Cited for bravery in action on Sept. 27, 1918, in G. O. 55, H. Q. 1st Div., Dec. 4, 1918.

### GOODCELL, ROSCOE A., Captain—

Educational Dept., Y. M. C. A., Los Angeles, Cal. Attached to company per R. G. O., Feb., 1918; transferred to 8th Div., Camp Fremont, Cal., Mar. 25, 1918, per par. 4, S. O. 82, H. Q. 91st Div., Mar. 23, 1918; assigned Mar. 4, 1919, to Military Department, University of Illinois; June, 1919, assigned to Personnel Office, Washington, D. C.

### BURTON, KENNETH E., Captain—

Los Angeles, California. Transferred from "D" Co. and attached to "E" Co., Feb., 1918; transferred to inactive list March, 1918.

### SHEATS, ARCHIBALD, Captain—

Delta, Colorado. Transferred from "F" Co. and assigned to "E" Co. Nov. 14, 1918, and remained in command until company was mustered out of service, April 27, 1919.

### RUSSELL, HARRY W., First Lieutenant—

Calcutta, India c/o Standard Oil Co. Assigned to Company per R. G. O. 12, Sept. 5, 1917. Transferred to H. Q. 2nd Bn., 364th Inf., as Adjutant, Oct., 1917. Promoted to Captain, Inf., August, 1918; transferred to G. H. Q. Staff, A. E. F. (G-3), Nov., 1918; transferred to Army of Occupation.

### SAMPSON, PHILLIP, First Lieutenant—

Chicago, Ill. Assigned to Company, Sept. 14, 1917; transferred to H. Q. 364th Inf. as physical instructor, Oct., 1917; resigned from service on account of illness in family, Dec., 1917; restored to rank and active service and assigned to 166th Depot Brig., August, 1918; assigned to A. E. F. Siberia, April, 1918.

### BRUCE, MALCOLM C., First Lieutenant—

4233 Beach Drive, Seattle, Wash. Attached to company as 2nd Lieut. per R. G. O. 12, Sept. 5, 1917, per G. O. 2, H. Q. 91st Div., Sept. 4, 1917; assigned to Co. per R. S. O. 2, Sept. 17, 1917; appointed 1st Lieut. per telegram W. D., Jan. 22, 1918; assigned to company per R. S. O. 12, Jan. 24, 1918. Cited for bravery in action on Sept. 28, 1918, in G. O. 55. Gassed near Bois de Baulny, Sept. 29, 1918. Assigned to M. G. Co., 364th Inf., Nov. 13, 1918; transferred and assigned to "F" Co., 364th Inf., Dec., 1918.

### MILLAN, DAVID N., First Lieutenant—

4301 Hermosa Way, San Diego, Cal. Attached to company as 2nd Lieut. per R. G. O. 12, Sept. 5, 1917, per G. O. 2, H. Q. 91st Div., Sept. 4, 1917; assigned to Co. per R. S. O. 2, Sept. 17, 1917. Appointed 1st Lieut. per telegram W. D., Jan. 22, 1918; assigned to Co. per R. S. O. 12, Jan. 24, 1918. Transferred to "L" Co., 364th Inf. Dec., 1918, and assigned to duty at H. Q. 364th Inf., as Assistant Personnel Officer.

**YOUNG, JAMES N., First Lieutenant—**

21 W. 58th St., New York, N. Y. Attached to Company as 2nd Lieut. per R. G. O. 12, Sept. 5, 1917, per G. O. 2, H. Q. 91st Div., Sept. 4, 1917. Assigned to Co. per R. S. O. 2, Sept. 17, 1917. Appointed 1st Lieut. per telegram W. D., Jan. 22, 1918; assigned to Co. per R. O. S. 12, Jan. 24, 1918. Ordered to Line School for Officers at Langres, France, July 29, 1918; graduated from Line School and ordered to Army General Staff College at Langres, Oct., 1918; graduated from Staff College, Dec., 1918; ordered to G. H. Q., Chaumont, France, and assigned to duty with "G"-3 (section of Operations). Promoted to Captain, Inf. N. A.

**RYAN, PATRICK D., First Lieutenant—**

648 S. 2nd Ave., Tucson, Arizona. Attached to Company "G" as 2nd Lieut. per R. G. O. 12, Sept. 5, 1917, per G. O. 2, H. Q. 91st Div., Sept. 4, 1917; transferred to "E" Co. and attached, Oct., 1917; appointed 1st Lieut. per telegram W. D., Jan. 22, 1918; transferred and assigned to "F" Co. per R. S. O. 12, Jan. 24, 1918; transferred and assigned to H. Q. 182nd Inf. Brig., Aug., 1918.

**KIDDER, ALFRED V., First Lieutenant—**

Cambridge, Mass. Attached to company per R. S. O., Feb., 1918; transferred and assigned to H. Q. 182nd Inf. Brig., April, 1918; transferred and assigned to H. Q. 91st Div., as Assistant "G"-2; promoted to Captain, Inf. N. A.

**CALDERHEAD, SAMUEL J., First Lieutenant—**

Los Angeles, Cal. Attached to company per R. S. O., Feb., 1918, and ordered to special duty at H. Q. 91st Div.; transferred to 166th Depot Brig., and assigned to H. Q. Camp Lewis, May 18, 1918. Transferred to Camp Kearny.

**WALTON, LESLIE J., First Lieutenant—**

Altoona, Wis. Transferred from "B" Company, 335th Inf., to 91st Div., Oct. 7, 1918; assigned to Company "E" 364th Inf., Oct. 21, 1918; joined same date near Oostnieuwkerke, Belgium.

**BUZBY, EDWARD E., First Lieutenant—**

225 W. 39th St., New York, N. Y. Assigned to company November, 1918.

**LEWIS, SHIRLEY D., First Lieutenant—**

402 N. Walnut St., Glenwood, Iowa. Assigned to company November, 1918.

**BLATTNER, CARL H., Second Lieutenant—**

344 Ellis St., San Francisco, Cal. Assigned to company per R. G. O. 12, Sept. 5, 1917, per G. O. 2, H. Q. 91st Div., Sept. 4, 1917. Transferred to Bakery Co. No. —, Jan., 1917. Commissioned 1st Lieut., Q. M. C.

**OSBURN, ORREN E., Second Lieutenant—**

Assigned to company per R. G. O. 12, Sept. 5, 1917, per G. O. 2, H. Q. 91st Div., Sept. 4, 1917. Transferred to 166th Depot Brig. Oct., 1917.

**JOHNSON, ARNOLD E., Second Lieutenant—**

88 E. 37th St., Portland, Oregon. Attached to "C" Co., 364th Inf., per R. G. O. 12, Sept. 5, 1917; transferred and assigned to "E" Company per R. S. O. 16, Feb. 1, 1918; joined Feb. 2, 1918; invalided to hospital Oct. 19, 1918, at Bosinghe, Belgium.

**THOMAS, POWELL, Second Lieutenant—**

San Francisco, Cal. Assigned to company per R. S. O. 12, Jan. 24, 1918; transferred to 346th Field Artillery, Feb., 1918.

**RUDD, WILL D., Second Lieutenant—**

848 Gough St., San Francisco, Cal. Transferred from "I" Company, 364th Inf., and assigned to "E" Co. per R. S. O., Jan., 1918. Transferred to Supply Co., 364th Inf., April 3, 1918, per R. S. O. 56.

- McCUNE, WAMBOLD H., Second Lieutenant—  
231 N. Canyon Drive, Monrovia, Cal. Transferred to company from "B" Co., per par. 3, S. O. 100, H. Q. 91st Div., April 11, 1918; appointed 1st Lieut. and assigned to H. Q. 2nd Bn., 364th Inf., as Adjutant, Nov., 1918.
- CUMMINGS, GABRIEL P., Second Lieutenant—  
Fresno, Cal. Attached to company Feb., 1918; transferred to 8th Div. at Camp Fremont, Cal., April 10, 1918, per par. , S. O. 98, H. Q. 91st Div., April 9, 1918.
- McGINTY, WILLIAM P., Second Lieutenant—  
Chicago, Ill. Attached to company Jan., 1918; transferred to "G" Co., 364th Inf., March, 1918; transferred to 166th Depot Brig., June, 1918.
- SWANSON, — —, Second Lieutenant—  
Attached to company Feb., 1918; transferred to Aviation Section Signal Corps, Vancouver Barracks, Wash., Feb., 1918.
- HASENJAEGER, GEORGE A., Second Lieutenant—  
939 N. Drake Ave., Chicago, Ill. Joined 91st Div., from O. T. C., at Langres, at Bussy le Cote, Oct. 1, 1918; assigned to company, Oct. 18, 1918.
- VALOIS, JOHN R., Second Lieutenant—  
Detroit, Mich. Assigned to 91st Div. from O. T. C. at Langres, France, Sept. 25, 1918; assigned to company Nov. 12, 1918; transferred to Military Police 91st Div., Dec. 22, 1918.



## ROSTER OF COMPANY "E"

This Roster attempts to give the names of all men who served with the Company at any time during its existence. Tho it gives the names of 540 men, it is realized that many have been overlooked thru lack of records and data. The addresses of many of the men are unknown, but the addresses given are, in the main, correct. The commonly used "nick-names" are given without thought of opprobrium. Where the data has been obtainable, a brief descriptive note follows the name of each man who was killed, wounded, or transferred out of the company. In order that some permanent record of the men may be kept, it is requested that every man having information notify Capt. A. E. Graupner, 209 Walnut Street, San Francisco, California, of any missing or changed address.

- AHLF, LORENZ L., "The Marine", Private—  
Newport Beach, Cal.
- ALDRIDGE, WILLIAM, Private—  
115 27th Ave. N., Seattle, Wash. Transferred to Overseas Casuals at Camp Merritt, N. J.
- ALEXANDER, JOHN T., Private—  
Transferred to 166th Depot Brigade at Camp Lewis, Wash., June 24, 1918.
- ALSTRUM, CHESTER A., "Daddy", Private—  
Killed in action by H. E. shell near Eclisfontaine, Oct. 3, 1918.
- ALTCHOUER, AARON, Private—  
Discharged on account of physical disability at Camp Lewis, Jan. 15, 1918.
- AMUNDSON, CLARENCE, Private—  
Lamberton, Minn.



- ANDERSON, GEORGE F, Private—  
R. F. D. "A", Box 8, Dinuba, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to Supply Company 364th Inf., Mar. 16, 1918. Rated Cook.
- ANDERSON, THEODORE, Private—  
Killed in action by H. E. shell near Eclisfontaine, Oct. 3, 1918.
- ANDRE, PAUL, Private—  
Wounded by sniper's bullet Sept. 27, 1918, near Eclisfontaine.
- ANDREWS, GEORGE A., Private—  
Scottsburg, Oregon.
- ANDREWS, ORAN W., Private—  
Sanford, N. C.
- ANDROW, MIKE L., Private—  
943 Frederick St., Detroit, Mich. Joined company at Camp Merritt, N. J., July 9, 1918. Transferred to hospital in France.
- ANTONELLI, SALVATORI, Private—  
Joined company at Camp Merritt, N. J., July 9, 1918.
- ARDIT, ANGELO L, Private First-class—  
3019 Eden Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
- ARDIT, JOSEPH A., Private First-class—  
3019 Eden Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
- ARNOLD, FRANK, Private First-class—  
Route 3, Riverside, Cal.
- ARNOLD, GEORGE J, Corporal—  
734 23rd St., Oakland, Cal. Cited for bravery on Sept. 29, 1918, in G. O. 55, Hq. 91st Div., Dec. 4, 1918.
- ASHWORTH, GEORGE T., Private—  
47 Degress St., Atlanta, Ga. Joined company at Camp Merritt, N. J., July 9, 1918.
- ATKINS, JOHN R., "Prune Picker", Private First-class—  
Griffin Hotel, Selma, Cal. Transferred to company from 316th Eng., Jan. 4, 1918.
- AVEDIS, ORANIS, Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 166th Depot Brigade, June 17, 1918.
- AVERY, ALLEN A., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Aviation Section, Signal Corps, Vancouver Barracks, Dec. 12, 1917.
- BACON, MELVIN, Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 316th Field Signal Battalion, Jan. 15, 1918.
- BAILEY, WILLIAM H., Private—  
Corwin Springs, Montana. Wounded in left arm and leg by H. E. shell, Sept. 27, 1918, near Eclisfontaine.
- BAKER, GLENN, Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Aviation Section, Signal Corps, Vancouver Barracks. Rated Sergeant.
- BALLESTEROS, RAYMOND G., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Supply Company 364th Inf., Nov. 7, 1917.
- BALLOTTI, EMIL, "Bug", Private—  
Cooley, Wash. Transferred to company from "D" Co., 316th Eng., Dec. 17, 1917.
- BARGER, EMMETT, Private First-class—  
3439 Anza St., San Francisco, Cal.
- BARNETT, FRANK, Private—  
San Diego, Cal. Discharged at Camp Lewis for physical disability, Dec. 5, 1918.
- BARNHILL, JOHN T., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 166th Depot Brigade, June 19, 1918.

- BARTON, FREDERICK T., "The Boy Scout", Private First-class—  
268 Edinburg St., San Francisco, Cal. Wounded in neck by bullet  
Oct. 2, 1918, near Tronsol Farm.
- BATCHELDER, HAROLD, Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Supply Co., 347th Field Art., May 24,  
1918.
- BAVARO, DOMENICK, Private—  
531 Castro St., Oakland, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to Supply  
Co., 364th Inf., April 2, 1918. Rated Wagoner.
- BELL, ROBERT H., Private—  
114 W. 29th St., Los Angeles, Cal. Wounded by H. E., shell Oct. 3,  
1918, near Eclisfontaine.
- BELLIVEAU, JOSEPH H., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 166th Depot Brigade; transferred to  
Oversees Casuals and sent over seas; assigned to "C" Co., 55th Inf.  
Rated Corporal.
- BEQUETTE, CLIFFORD E., "Becky", Corporal—  
Route "A", Box 104, Visalia, Cal. Cited for bravery on Sept. 28,  
1918, in G. O. 55, Hq. 91st Div., Dec. 4, 1918.
- BENGSTON, ALEXANDER, Private—  
Discharged at Camp Lewis for physical disability, Mar. 30, 1918.
- BENSON, ALEXANDER, Private—  
Discharged at Camp Lewis for physical disability, June 16, 1918.
- BERNARD, ELMER L., Corporal—  
Orosi, Cal. Wounded in right shoulder by H. E. shell, Sept. 28, 1918,  
near Eclisfontaine.
- BOLER, THOMAS J., Private—  
Byng Inlet, Ontario, Canada.
- BOLTON, MILTON M., "Ante", "Slats", Sergeant—  
Elmodena, Cal. Gassed Sept. 29, 1918, near Bois de Baulny. Cited  
for bravery on Sept. 29, 1918, in G. O. 55, Hq. 91st Div., Dec. 4, 1918.
- BOREL, ROMULUS A., Private—  
Discharged at Camp Lewis for physical disability, June 14, 1918.
- BOS, ANDREW, Private First-class—  
Route "A", Box 414, Fresno, Cal. Transferred to company from  
"D" Co., 316th Eng., Dec. 17, 1917.
- BOS, JOHN, Private—  
Same data.
- BRANSON, RAY, Private—  
Killed in action by machine gun bullet, Sept. 28, 1918, near Eclisfon-  
taine. Transferred to company at Camp Merritt, N. J., July 9, 1918.
- BRISCOE, EDWARD J., Private—  
Livingston, Montana.
- BROCKMAN, CHARLES E., "The Owl", Private—  
Visalia, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to Supply Co., 347th Field  
Art., May 24, 1918.
- BROOKS, HAROLD L., Private—  
635 W. Mission St., Santa Barbara, Cal.
- BROWN, EDWARD, "Wino", Private—  
Porterville, Cal.
- BROWN, ENNIS O., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Supply Co., 364th Inf., April 4, 1918.
- BROWN, JIM C., Private—  
Discharged at Camp Lewis for physical disability, June 16, 1918.
- BROWN, JOSEPH C., Mechanic—  
209 Walnut St., San Francisco, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to  
166th Depot Brigade; transferred to Overseas Casuals; sent overseas  
and assigned to "C" Co., 55th Inf.
- BROWN, N. F., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 346th Field Artillery.

- BRUBAKER, TRUMAN M., Private—  
Millwood, Ill.
- BRUCE, MARION, Private—  
Siluria, Ala. Wounded by H. E. shell. Transferred to company at  
Camp Merritt, N. J., July 9, 1918.
- BUCK, VALENTINE B., Sergeant—  
Neighbours, Cal. Cited for bravery on Sept. 28, 1918, in G. O. 55,  
Hq. 91st Div., Dec. 4, 1918.
- BUMGARDNER, BURNS, "Bum", Private—  
944 State St., San Diego, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to Ma-  
chine Gun Co., 364th Inf., Mar. 22, 1918. Rated Corporal.
- BURNS, LUTHER A., Private—  
R. F. D. 2, Friendship, Tenn.
- BUSCH, EDMUND O., Private— Ojai, Cal.
- BUSH, CLAUDE T., Private—  
611 S. Center St., Clinton, Ill.
- BUSHBY, GEORGE J., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Aviation Section, Signal Corps, Van-  
couver Barracks, Dec. 12, 1917.
- BUSK, JORGEN C. J., Mechanic—  
Blanco, Cal.
- BUTEAU, THEO. H., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 41st Division, Sept. 30, 1917.
- RYERS, WILBUR, Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 20th Eng., Forestry Regt., Camp Amer-  
ican University, Washington, D. C., Feb. 4, 1918.
- BZEMO, MIKE, Private—  
2025 Columbia Ave., E. Philadelphia, Pa. Transferred to company  
at Camp Merritt, N. J., July 9, 1918.
- CALLAHAN, FRED, Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 20th Eng. Forestry Regt., Camp Amer-  
ican University, Washington, D. C., Feb. 4, 1918.
- CAMPBELL, ELGIE, Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 41st Div., Sept. 30, 1917.
- CAMPBELL, JOHN H., Private—  
Dallas, Texas. Transferred at Camp Merritt, N. J., to Overseas Cas-  
uals, July 10, 1918.
- CARMEL, FRED L., Private—  
San Diego, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to Q. M. C., April 5,  
1918, and assigned to Fire Truck and Hose Co. No. 316.
- CARREA, FRANCISCO G., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Merritt, N. J., to Overseas Casuals, July 10,  
1918.
- CARROLL, HOLLIS, Private—  
Tullahoma, Tenn. Transferred at Camp Lewis to H. Q. Co., 364th  
inf., Mar. 12, 1918.
- CARSON, TERRELL, "Kit", Private First-class—  
819 E. 33rd St., Los Angeles, Cal. Transferred to company from  
H. Q. Co. 316th Eng., Dec. 17, 1917.
- CARTER, ROBERT M., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Aviation Section, Signal Corps, Van-  
couver Barracks, Dec. 12, 1917.
- CARVER, CLIFFORD E., "Little Eva", Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 166th Depot Brigade, April 29, 1918.
- CASPARIAN, CASPAR, Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 166th Depot Brigade, June 17, 1918.
- CELSE, ARMOND J., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Bakery Co. No. 325, Nov. 6, 1918.



- CHAMBERS, OLIVER C., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Guard and Fire Co., Point of Embarkation, Hoboken, N. J., March 28, 1918.
- CHAPMAN, KENNETH C., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Aviation Section, Signal Corps, Vancouver Barracks, Dec. 12, 1917.
- CHIARAMONTE, ANTONIO, Private—  
36 Charles St., Akron, Ohio. Transferred at Camp Merritt, N. J., to Overseas Casuals, July 10, 1918.
- CHRISTENSEN, ALBERT R., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 166th Depot Brigade, Feb. 2, 1918.
- CLAPP, CHARLES A., Corporal—  
Salinas, Cal.
- CLARK, CLYDE C., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Bakery Co. No. 325, Nov. 9, 1917.
- CLARK, DELANCY S., Mechanic—  
Care Lewis D. Clark, Elsinore, Cal. Transferred at Camp Merritt, N. J., to Overseas Casuals, July 9, 1918; transferred thence to Camp Lee, Va., and thence to Camp Kearny, Cal.
- CLARK, FRENCH, Private—  
20 12th St., Bristol, Tenn.
- CLARK, HARRY R., Private—  
142 E. Truslow Ave., Fullerton, Cal.
- CLARK, PATRICK T., Private—  
R. F. D., Box 13, Glenwood, Ga. Transferred to S. O. S. Hospital, B. S. No. 4, Le Havre, France, July 21, 1918.
- COLLINS, RUSSELL, Private—  
R. F. D. No. 4, Lenoir, N. C. Transferred to company at Camp Merritt, N. J., July 9, 1918.
- COMEAX, CLEOPHAS, Private—  
Carencro, La. Transferred to company at Camp Merritt, N. J., July 9, 1918.
- CONBOY, JAMES, Private—  
25 Prospect Ave., San Francisco, Cal.
- CONRAD, BENSON D., Private—  
Tyrone, Pa.
- COOKE, CALVIN C., "Smooth Top", Bugler—  
1412 S. Chyenne Ave., Tulsa, Okl.
- COX, ROY C., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to H. Q. Am. Ex. Forces, Camp Merritt, N. J., Feb. 2, 1918.
- COYLE, GEORGE H., Private—  
Discharged for physical disability at Camp Lewis, Jan., 1918.
- CRANDALL, GEORGE R., Private—  
Perris, Ca. Transferred at Camp Lewis to M. G. Co., 364th Inf., Mar. 22, 1918. Wounded in right leg by shell fragment Oct. 5, 1918, near Gesnes.
- CRESS, JOHN J., Private—  
Severely wounded in action by H. E. shell Oct. 3, 1918, near Eclisfontaine and died of wounds.
- CRONLEY, MICHAEL J., Private—  
2038 19th Ave., San Francisco, Cal.
- CULLOTA, CASIMO, Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 41st Division, Nov. 12, 1917.
- CURP, RICHARD C., Private—  
Morganstown, Ohio. Transferred to company at Camp Merritt, N. J., July 9, 1918.
- DALZIEL, ROBERT B., Private—  
Route 2, Colome, So. Dak.

- DANIEL, JOSEPH R., Sergeant—  
2545 Imperial Ave., San Diego, Cal. Battalion Gas N. C. O. during Argonne-Meuse Offensive. Sent to O. T. C. and commissioned 2nd Lieut. Inf. N. A.
- DARTER, EDWARD J., Corporal—  
Gary, Ind. Transferred to company at Camp Merritt, N. J., July 9, 1918.
- DAVIDSON, ARTHUR, Private—  
Farmington, Mont.
- DAVIS, FRED H., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Q. M. C. Utilities Dept., Jan. 29, 1918.
- DAVIS, LESTER L., Private—  
Tallent, Oregon.
- DAVIS, ROY HEATH, Corporal—  
1557 7th St., San Diego, Cal. Wounded by H. E. shell Sept. 27, 1918, near Eclisfontaine.
- DeALBAR, ANDREW R., Private—  
214 W. Main St., Stockton, Cal. Wounded in left leg by H. E. shell Sept. 27, 1918, near Eclisfontaine.
- DELONG, OTTO A., Private—  
Kent, Wash. Wounded by M. G. bullet Sept. 29, 1918, near Bois de Baulny.
- DEL PAPA, MIKE, Private—  
Transferred at Camp Merritt, N. J., to Overseas Casuals, July 10, 1918.
- DEMACINA, IGNAZIO, Private—  
San Diego, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to 41st Div., Sept. 30, 1917. Assigned to Overseas Casuals and sent overseas. Wounded by shell fragment; losing left arm.
- DENTON, ERWIN D., Private First-class.  
Route "A" Box 41, Woodlake, Cal. Cited for bravery on Sept. 27, 1918, in G. O. 55, H. Q. 91st Div., Dec. 4, 1918.
- DEREWENKO, PAUL W., Private—  
Deserted at Camp Lewis, May, 1918.
- DEVITAS, LEONARDO, Private First-class—  
873 Sinclair St., Akron, Ohio. Transferred to company at Camp Merritt, N. J., July 9, 1918.
- DICKSAN, JAMES H., Private First-class—  
Yorba Linda, Orange Co., Cal. Cited for bravery on Sept. 27, 1918, in G. O. 55, H. Q. 91st Div., Dec. 4, 1918.
- DILLEY, BENJAMIN H., Private—  
Discharged at Camp Lewis for physical disability, Nov. 17, 1917.
- DILLON, SIDNEY H., Private First-class—  
Box 146, East Akron, Ohio.
- DONOVAN, JAMES, Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to School for Bakers and Cooks, Q. M. C., Nov. 9, 1917.
- DOUGLAS, JONES R., Private—  
Rosewell, Ga. Transferred to company at Camp Merritt, N. J., July 9, 1918.
- DUKE, GEORGE Z., Cook—  
4726 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Transferred to hospital at Longchamp, France, Aug., 1918.
- DUKES, JOHN PARK, Private—  
701 S. Blanchard St., Findley, Ohio.
- DUNBAR, LAURENCE, Private—  
Discharged at Camp Lewis for physical disability, Nov. 17, 1917.
- DUSTIN, HENRY A., Corporal—  
1607 N. 5th St., Seattle, Wash.
- EDMISTON, EDWARD N., Private—  
1833 W. 45th St., Los Angeles, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to Co. A, 316th Motor Supply Train, Mar. 20, 1918. Rated Corporal.

- EILERS, JOHN A., "Souveniers", Private—  
311 Cornhill St., Peoria, Ill. Transferred to company at Camp Merritt, N. J., July 9, 1918.
- EK, GUSTAV W., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 41st Div., Nov. 12, 1917.
- EKSTROM, BROR A., Private—  
445 Market St., Williamsport, Pa.
- ELDTRETH, CHARLIE, Private—  
Lansing, N. C.
- EMBANKS, JOHN E., Private—  
Route 1, Box 81, Walla Walla, Wash.
- FARMER, JACK, Private—  
Ray, Ohio.
- FEELY, WILLIAM L., Corporal—  
4223 Wyncoup St., Denver, Colo.
- FERRASCI, ALI, Private.  
Stratford, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to M. G. Co., 364th Inf., Mar. 22, 1918. Rated Corporal.
- FILIPPI, BATTISTA J., "Flip", Private First-class—  
43 18th St., San Diego, Cal.
- FINCH, ROBERT M., Private—  
Visalia, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to Ordnance Corps and attached to Supply Co., 364th Inf., Dec. 15, 1917.
- FLEISCHAUER, WALTER, Private—  
Killed in action by H. E. shell, Sept. 27, 1918, near Eclisfontaine.
- FOGELBERG, AVID E., First Sergeant—  
Attended 3rd O. T. C. at Camp Lewis. Commissioned 2nd Lieut. Inf. N. A., and attached to 166th Depot Brigade; transferred May 24, 1918, to Depot Brigade at Camp Lee, Va.
- FORD, CLAUDE M., "Jack", Private—  
2975 Upas St., San Diego, Cal. Gassed Sept. 29, 1918, near Bois de Baulny.
- FOSS, EDGAR P., "Sister", Private—  
Yucaipa, Cal. Cited for bravery on Sept. 28, 1918, in G. O. 55, H. Q. 91st Div., Dec. 4, 1918.
- FOSTER, JESSE L., Private First-class—  
Killed in action by H. E. shell Sept. 29, 1918, near Bois de Baulny.
- FROMM, ELMER G., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Q. M. C., Nov. 9, 1917.
- FRYE, PHILIP L., Private First-class—  
534 Fifth St., San Diego, Cal.
- FUEL, SCOTT, Private—  
Columbus, Ind.
- GALLAGHER, CORNELIUS J., Private—  
Wounded by bullet, Sept. 27, 1918, near Eclisfontaine.
- GALLAGHER, EDWARD P., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 166th Depot Birgade, June 24, 1918.
- GARDNER, FRED, Private—  
3707 Nopal St., Los Angeles, Cal. Gassed Sept. 29, 1918, near Bois de Baulny.
- GARNHAM, ROBERT M., "Cousin Jack", Corporal—  
13 Coso Ave., San Francisco, Cal.
- GAY, —, "Dirty Neck", Private First-class—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 12th Inf.
- GIESKE, HARRY L., Private—  
St. James, Minn.
- GILBORNE, WILLIAM H., Private—  
Killed in action by H. E. shell in Les Bouleaux Bois, Sept. 28, 1918.



- GISLER, TOM P., Private—  
R. F. D. 6, Box 58, Santa Ana, Cal. Wounded in left arm by H. E. shell, Sept. 27, 1918, near Eclisfontaine.
- GOELIT, WILLIAM, Private—  
3425 Missouri Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Transferred in Belgium to M. G. Co., 464th Inf.
- GOFF, LISTON D., Private—  
508 Grant Ave., Martins Ferry, Ohio. Transferred to company at Camp Merritt, N. J., July 9, 1918.
- GOLDFEDER, SAMUEL, "Sammy", Corporal—  
222 W. 43rd St., Los Angeles, Cal. Wounded by H. E. shell, Sept. 27, 1918, near Eclisfontaine.
- GOODMAN, CHESTER A., Private First-class.  
Tidewater, Oregon. Transferred to hospital from Longchamps, France, August, 1918.
- GORMAN, ALFRED, Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 166th Depot Brigade, June 25, 1918.
- GRAY, HAROLD P., Private—  
Lafayette, Cal. Transferred at Pagny sur Meuse to base hospital at Toul, Sept. 23, 1918.
- GRAY, JOHN, Private—  
Santa Monica, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to M. G. Co., 364th Inf., April 3, 1918.
- GREEN, LLOYD E., Private—  
Thomas, Oregon.
- GREEN, RAYMOND J., Private—  
1240 Granville, Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- GREEN, SIMON E., Private—  
Maynooth, Ontario, Canada. Wounded by H. E. shell, Oct. 1, 1918, near Bois de Baulny.
- GREY, LeROY S., Private—  
2820 Gary Ave., Davenport, Iowa.
- GRONEMEYER, WILLIAM G., Private—  
Rockfield, Wis.
- GROVER, DANIEL T., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 316th Eng., Jan. 2, 1918.
- GURT, GEORGE J. M., "White Hope", Corporal—  
Winnette, Mont.
- GULLEY, HUGH, Private—  
Route 1, Box 171, Tulare, Cal. Gassed Sept. 29, 1918, near Bois de Baulny. Cited for bravery on Sept. 28, 1918, in G. O. 55, H. Q. 91st Div., Dec. 4, 1918.
- GUSLER, ARTHUR, Cook—  
Discharged at Camp Lewis for physical disability, Dec. 27, 1917.
- HAFFNER, FRED K., Private—  
Keewatin, Minn. Injured in railway accident at Pagny sur Meuse and transferred to Base Hospital at Toul, Sept. 20, 1918.
- HAGEN, FRANK J., Private—  
Killed in action by machine gun bullet, Sept. 28, 1918, near Les Bouleaux Bois.
- HALL, VIRGIL, Sergeant—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to "F" Co., 364th Inf., Nov. 5, 1917. Rated 1st Sergt. Attended 3rd O. T. C. at Camp Lewis; commissioned 2nd Lieut. Inf. N. A.
- HANSON, EDWARD T., Private—  
Discharged at Camp Lewis for physical disability, Dec. 14, 1917.
- HANSON, HENRY E., Private—  
Wentworth, Wis. Transferred to hospital at St. Aignan, France.
- HANTSBARGER, FRANK A., Bugler—  
914 W. Pine St., Santa Ana, Cal.

HARDEN, ALBERT, Private—

Transferred at Camp Lewis to M. G. Co., 364th Inf., Mar. 22, 1918.  
Rated Corporal. Killed in action Oct. 3, 1918, near Tronsol Farm.

HARMON, ROY J., Private—

1406 Crescent St., Charleston, W. Va.

HAROLD, ARTHUR A., Private—

Discharged at Camp Lewis for physical disability, Mar. 18, 1918.

HARPER, WILBER B., Private—

Garden Grove, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to Supply Co., 364th Inf., Nov. 7, 1917.

HARRAH, IVAN E., Private—

Bishop, Cal. Wounded in left knee by H. E. shell, Oct. 3, 1918, near Eclisfontaine.

HARRIS, GEORGE F., Corporal—

R. F. D. 4, Box 151, Anaheim, Cal.

HATCH, JESSE D., Private—

Transferred at Camp Lewis to 41st Div., Sept. 30, 1917.

HAWKES, LEONARD W., Private—

Transferred at Camp Lewis to G. H. Q. A. E. F. Detachment, Camp Merritt, N. J., Feb. 2, 1918.

HAYS, LOSSIE L., Private—

Transferred at Camp Lewis to Casual Detachment, 91st Div., June 26, 1918.

HEARD, FRED L., "Curley", Corporal—

San Diego, Cal.

HEBBARD, RALPH W., Private—

Transferred at Camp Lewis to H. Q. Co., 364th Inf., Nov. 2, 1917.

HEINO, JOHN, Private—

Transferred at Camp Lewis to Casual Detachment, 91st Div., June 26, 1918.

HELLIGE, JOSEPH J., Private—

Ft. Madison, Iowa.

HENDERSON, LUTHER, Private—

Transferred at Camp Lewis to 405th Tel. Bn., Mar. 30, 1918.

HENDRIX, CLINTON C., Private First-class—

Killed in action Sept. 27, 1918, near Eclisfontaine.

HERITAGE, DONALD L., Private—

Yates Center, Kansas. Transferred at Camp Merritt, N. J., to Overseas Casuals, July 5, 1918.

HERRICK, JULIUS C., Private —

Gray Cliff, Mont. Transferred at Camp Merritt, N. J., to Overseas Casuals, July 10, 1918.

HESSELBARTH, JOSEPH F., "Butcher Bird", Private—

Transferred at Camp Lewis to 166th Depot Brigade, April 27, 1918.

HILAN, JAMES E., Private—

Transferred at Camp Lewis to Q. M. C. Truck Co. No. 456, Fort Meyer, Va., Jan. 21, 1918.

HILDRETH, VINCENT L., Private—

Drawer 275, Stockton, Cal.

HILL, ROY H., Private—

Transferred at Camp Lewis to H. Q. Co., 364th Inf.

HILLEBRECHT, HENRY W., Private—

Transferred at Camp Lewis to G. H. Q. A. E. F. Detachment, Camp Merritt, N. J., Feb. 2, 1918.

HILLIS, CLYDE D., Private—

Petrosky, Mich.

HIPSLEY, WILLIAM E., Private First-class.

1215 S. "K" St., Tacoma, Wash. Wounded in leg by M. G. bullet, Sept. 27, 1918, near Eclisfontaine.

- HODGE, OLLIE A., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to G. H. Q. A. E. F. Detachment, Camp Merritt, N. J., Feb. 2, 1918.
- HOLDER, DEE, Sergeant—  
2420 College Ave., Berkeley, Cal.
- HOLDER, DOAK, Private—  
Killed in action by H. E. shell, Oct. 1, 1918, near Bois de Baulny.
- HOLLENBECK, HARRY A., "Rel", Private First-class—  
605 Alameda Ave., Reno, Nev. Transferred to Provisional Convalescent Bn. at St. Aignan, France.
- HOLLINGUM, WALTER, Private—  
703 Mildreda St., Fresno, Cal.
- HOLMBERG, ALFRED, Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Aviation Section, Signal Corps, Vancouper Barracks, Dec. 12, 1917.
- HOLT, JOHN W., Private—  
R. F. D., No. 1, Eastman, Ga. Transferred to company at Camp Merritt, N. J., July 9, 1918. Slightly gassed Sept. 29, 1918
- HOWELL, HARRY, Private—  
Laramie, Wyo. Wounded by H. E. shell, losing left arm, Sept. 29, 1918, near Bois de Baulny.
- HOMRIGHOUSE, FRANK D., "The Regular", Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to M. G. Co., 364th Inf., Mar. 22, 1918. Rated Corporal. Cited in G. O. 43, H. Q. 91st Div., Nov. 17, 1918, for special bravery.
- HOSKINS, LEVI C., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 316th Field Signal Bn., Nov. 1, 1917.
- HOWES, LLOYD, Private—  
Warsaw, Ill.
- HOWIE, NESBIT, Private—  
344 First St., Conemaugh, Pa. Transferred to Overseas Casuals at Camp Merritt, N. J., July 10, 1918.
- HOYT, RICHARD, Sergeant—  
Attended 4th O. T. C. at Camp Lewis; transferred to 166th Depot Brigade May 28, 1918. Commissioned 2nd Lieut. Inf. N. A.
- HUBER, GEORGE W., Private—  
Elmore, Minn.
- HUGHES, JAMES H., Private—  
316 N. Bush St., Ukiah, Cal.
- HUISVELD, GARRY, Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to H. Q. Co., 364th Inf., Nov. 2, 1917.
- HUTCHISON, JACK M., "The Staller", Private—  
San Diego, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to 166th Depot Brigade, June 26, 1918.
- HYDE, CHARLES PAUL, Corporal—  
San Diego, Cal. Attended 4th O. T. C. at Camp Lewis; transferred to 166th Depot Brigade, May 28, 1918. Commissioned 2nd Lieut., Inf., N. A.
- IRELAND, JAMES M., Private—  
126 S. Front St., Mankato, Minn. Transferred at Camp Merritt, N. J., to Overseas Casuals, July 10, 1918.
- ISGRIGG, WILLIAM L., Corporal—  
Marissa, Ill.
- JACKSON, WILLIAM WARNER, "Prunes", Private—  
P. O. Box 93, Dinuba, Cal.
- JACKSON, WILLIAM W., Private—  
Malta, Mont.
- JACOBSON, JACOB A., Private—  
Mandlow, Mont. Transferred to hospital at St. Aignan, France.



- JENSEN, HARVEY C., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 41st Div., Sept. 20, 1917.
- JENSEN, OLLA G., Corporal—  
Riverside Dairy, Riverside, Cal.
- JEWELL, JOHNNIE W., Private First-class—  
Route 8, Frederick, Oklahoma.
- JOHNS, WILLIAM R., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Casual Detachment, 91st Div., June 6, 1918.
- JOHNSON, ANDREW, Private—  
213 S. 26th St., Billings, Mont.
- JOHNSON, AUGUST G., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Aviation Section, Signal Corps, Vancouver Barracks, Dec. 12, 1917.
- JOHNSON, EDWARD, Private—  
307 Central Ave., Sparta, Wis. Transferred.
- JOHNSON, ERNEST D., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Medical Detachment, Base Hospital, April 11, 1918.
- JOHNSON, PAUL C., Corporal—  
213 Columbia St., Seattle, Wash. Gassed Sept. 29, 1918, near Bois de Baulny.
- JOHNSTON, LAURENCE S., Private—  
Transferred at Longchamps, France, to "D" Co., 364th Inf., Aug., 1918. Died of disease in France.
- JONES, THOMAS H., "Leather Lungs", Sergeant—  
Campo, San Diego County, Cal.
- JORDAN, WM. S., "Fruit Tramp", Private First-class—  
Exeter, Cal.
- JORGENSEN, AUGUST C., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Merritt, N. J., to Overseas Casuals, July 10, 1918.
- JOURNEY, CLARENCE, Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lawis to Aviation Section, Signal Corps, Vancouver Barracks, Dec. 12, 1917.
- JOYNER, WILLIAM G., Private First-class—  
Box 144, Tonopah, Nev.
- KATHAN, WILLIAM, Private—  
Route 1, La Crescent, Minn. Transferred to company at Camp Merritt, N. J., July 9, 1918.
- KAUFMAN, LOUIS H., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 41st Div., Sept. 30, 1917.
- KAXERIS, GREGORY, Private—  
7920 Girard St., San Diego, Cal.
- KENT, RAYMOND H., Private—  
Discharged at Camp Lewis on account of physical disability, Dec. 27, 1917.
- KESTLER, JOHN E., Corporal—  
29 Dwight St., Jersey City, Md.
- KILLEEN, JOHN C., Sergeant—  
2453 I St., San Diego, Cal.
- KIMBALL, FLOYD F., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Medical Detach., 364th Inf., Dec. 26, 1917. Commissioned 1st Lieut., Dental Corps.
- KING, SAM N., Private—  
Discharged at Camp Lewis for physical disability, Dec. 27, 1917.
- KIRK, DEAN W., Corporal—  
348 Short St., Long Beach, Cal. Cited for bravery on Sept. 27, 1918, in G. O. 55, H. Q. 91st Div., Dec. 4, 1918.

- KITZMAN, WILLIAM E., Private—Transferred at Camp Lewis to 25th Eng., Camp Devins, Mass., Jan. 9, 1918.
- KNOLL, EDWARD E., Private—Fairmount, Minn. Wounded in left arm by M. G. bullet, Sept. 28, 1918, near Bois de Baulny.
- KOELLER, ELMER E., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to School for Bakers and Cooks, Q. M. C., April 13, 1918.
- KRAUSE, LEO E., "Crabby", Private—  
Salinas, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to M. G. Co., 364th Inf., Mar. 22, 1918. Rated Sergeant.
- KREUTZ, LEMUEL C., First Sergeant—  
Discharged at Camp Lewis for physical disability, Dec. 11, 1917.
- KROUSE, CHARLES O., "Phonegraph Pete", Private—  
Discharged at Camp Lewis for physical disability, Feb. 6, 1918.
- KUENZLI, PAUL H., "Puget Sound", Private First-class.  
Lakeland Ranch., Elsinore, Cal. Wounded in face by H. E. shell Oct. 1, 1918, near Bois de Baulny.
- KYLE, ROBERT H., "Rabbi", Private First-class—  
King George Hotel, San Diego, Cal.
- LALLY, THOMAS B., Private—  
Dinuba, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to Medical Detch., 364th Inf., Dec. 13, 1917.
- LA MONTE, THOMAS W., "The General", Sergeant—  
LaHabra, Cal. Cited for bravery on Sept. 29, 1918, in G. O. 55, H. Q. 91st Div., Dec. 4, 1918.
- LARGENT, WILLIAM N., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Casual Detch., 91st Div., June 26, 1918.
- LASSAR, J. M., Corporal—  
San Diego, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to H. Q. Co., 364th Inf., Dec. 15, 1917. Discharged for physical disability.
- LAUGHLIN, JOHN, Private—  
Discharged at Camp Lewis for physical disability, Dec. 14, 1917.
- LAVERY, THOMAS, "Windy", Corporal—  
337 "F" Sat., San Diego, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to Supply Co., 364th Inf. Rated Saddler.
- LEE, —, Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Bakery Co.
- LENNOX, PHILLIP T., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to School for Bakers and Cooks, Q. M. C., Nov. 10, 1917.
- LEWIS, THEODORE, Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis.
- LINDLEY, JOHN H., "Lemon Extract", Private—  
Dinuba, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to M. G. Co., 364th Inf., Dec. 15, 1917. Wounded Sept. 27, 1918, near Eclisfontaine. Cited for bravery in G. O. 43, H. Q. 91st Div., Nov. 17, 1918.
- LOGOTO, MICHAL, Private—  
Transferred at Camp Merritt, N. J., July 10, 1918, to Overseas Casuals.
- LORING, CHARLES F., Private First-class—  
Y. M. C. A., San Diego, Cal.
- LOVELESS, FRANK I., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Co. "A", 316th Ammunition Trans, May 16, 1918.
- LOWEN, CLIFTON E., "Swede", Corporal—  
LaHabra, Cal., Cited for bravery on Sept. 28, 1918, in G. O. 55, H. Q. 91st Div., Dec. 4, 1918.
- LUBATTI, BATTISTA J., "Bug", Private First-class—  
2845 Logan Ave., San Diego, Cal.
- LUCAS, LELAND U., Sergeant—  
Visalia, Cal. Cited for bravery on Sept. 29, 1918, in G. O. 55, H. Q. 91st Div., Dec. 4, 1918.

- LUCHICH, NICK, Private—  
Seattle, Wash.
- LUCHSINGER, OSCAR F., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Medical Detch., Vet. Corps, No. 14,  
1917.
- LUCKENBILL, ALBANUS, Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 166th Depot Brig., June 24, 1918.
- LUTTIN, PHILLIP M., Sergeant—  
1573 Appleton St., Long Beach, Cal. Transferred at St. Nazaire,  
France, to Supply Co., 364th Inf.
- LYON, FRED A., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Enlisted Ordnance Corps Mar. 12, 1918,  
and attached to 116th Ord. Depot Co.
- McADAM, JOHN P., Private—  
Lemoore, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to M. G. Co., 364th Inf.,  
Mar. 22, 1918. Rated Sergeant. Cited for bravery in G. O. 43, H. Q.  
91st Div., Nov. 17, 1918.
- McATEE, WILLIAM O., Private—  
Oahe, South Dakota.
- McCALL, JAMES, Corporal—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 44th Inf., Oct., 1917.
- McCRACKEN, COURTNEY, Private—  
Woodlake, Cal. Discharged at Camp Lewis for physical disability,  
Jan. 3, 1918.
- McGOWAN, J. J. H., Private First-class—  
Care Savage Tire Co., San Diego, Cal. Gassed Sept. 28, 1918, near  
Bois de Baulny.
- McGREGOR, ROBERT R., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Bakery Co., No. 325, Nov. 6, 1917.
- McINTYRE, JAMES, Private—  
Elsinore, Cal. Wounded in right shoulder by sniper, Sept. 27, 1918,  
near Eclisfontaine.
- McKEAN, FOSTER N., Private—  
Bear Lake, Mich.
- McLAUGHLIN, — —, Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Supply Co., 364th Inf.
- MACDONALD, JAMES L., "Smilie", Corporal—  
1090 N. Mentor Ave., Pasadena, Cal. Wounded in right hand by  
shell fragment, Sept. 27, 1918, in front of Eclisfontaine.
- MAJORS, RUSSELL O., Corporal—  
572 Eddy St., San Francisco, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to  
Battery "D", 346th Field Art., April 24, 1918.
- MALCHOW, HERMAN C., Private—  
Transferred to company at Camp Merritt, N. J., July 9, 1918.  
Wounded by H. E. shell, Sept. 27, 1918, near Eclisfontaine and died  
of wounds.
- MANFREDI, GIOVANNI, "Sammie's Pet", Private—  
Reno, Nevada.
- MARKS, CARL O., Private—  
Leaf River, Ill.
- MASTAW, JOHN, Private—  
409 Johnston St., Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. Transferred at Camp  
Merritt, N. J., July 10, 1918, to Overseas Casuals.
- MATTHEWS, LEO F., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 166th Depot Brig., June 19, 1918.
- MAY, THOMAS A., Private—  
901 S. Main St., Cleburne, Texas. Transferred at Longchamps, France,  
to hospital.
- MAYER, ALOYSIUS, Private—  
R. F. D. 1, Fort Branch, Indiana.



MEDITZ, RUDOLPH, Private—

Transferred at Camp Lewis to 166th Depot Brig., June 17, 1918.

MEEKS, GEORGE S., Corporal—

512 N. 1st St., Yakima, Wash. Entered 4th O. T. C. at Camp Lewis.  
Transferred to 166th Depot Brig., May 28, 1918. Transferred to  
44th Inf.

MESSINGER, FRED W., Private—

Transferred at Camp Lewis to H. Q. Troop 91st Div., Nov. 14, 1917.

MESSERALL, RAYMOND E., Private—

Transferred at Camp Lewis to 41st Div., Sept. 30, 1917.

MICOWITZ, MOISEY, Private—

Wounded by M. G. bullet Sept. 28, 1918, near les Boleaux Bois.

MILLER, WILLIAM D., Corporal—

Killed in action by H. E. shell, Sept. 29, 1918, near Bois de Baulny.

MOLINARI, ANTHONY J., Private—

Transferred at Camp Lewis to 41st Div., Sept. 30, 1917.

MONROE, WILLIAM P., Private—

Tulare, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to Supply Co., 364th Inf.,  
April 4, 1918.

MONTGOMERY, FRANK D., Private—

Twin Falls, Idaho. Wounded by M. G. bullet, Sept. 27, 1918, near  
Eclisfontaine.

MOORE, ROSS, Private—

Killed in action by H. E. shell, Sept. 27, 1918, near Eclisfontaine.

MORGAN, JOHN F., Private—

1739 Crawford Ave., Wellsville, Ohio.

MORRIS, CHARLES J., Corporal—

2226 "E" St., San Diego, Cal. Wounded and gassed, Sept. 28, 1918,  
near Les Boleaux Bois.

MORRIS, ROBERT F., First Sergeant—

232 E. Central Ave., Riverside, Cal. Sent to O. T. C. Sept. 10, 1918.  
Commissioned 2nd Lieut. Inf. N. A.

MORROW, JOE E., Private—

Visalia, Cal.

MOSDAHL, LARS, Private—

Transferred at Camp Lewis to 116th Depot Brig.

MOTT, WALTER T., Private—

17 Washington St., Odgensburg, N. Y. Transferred to S. O. S.  
Hospital, B. S. Havre, France, July 21, 1918.

MUELHEISEN, JACOB C., Private—

632 W. York St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MYERS, CLAIKE J., "Parrott", Private First-class—

Corona, Cal.

NAFSGAR, — —, Private—

Discharged at Camp Lewis for physical disability.

NAPOLI, ANGELO, "Sixa Squad", Corporal—

Armstead, Mont. Wounded in lungs by rifle bullet, Sept. 27, 1918,  
west of Eclisfontaine.

NEEL, RUFUS H., Private—

Transferred at Camp Lewis to Casual Detch., 91st Div., June 26, 1918.  
Sent overseas and died of disease.

NEILLY, ALVIN L., Corporal—

Martins Ferry, Ohio.

NELSON, HERBERT A., Private—

Killed in action by rifle bullet, Sept. 27, 1918, before Eclisfontaine.

NEUNABER, HENRY F., Private—

R. R. 1., Morrisonville, Ill.

NEWKIRK, HARRY, Private—

Huntington Beach, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to Cooks and  
Bakers School, April 13, 1918; thence to Bakery Co.; thence to 166th  
Depot Brig.; thence to Camp Kearny as Sergeant Instructor.

- NORTON, WALTER W., Private—  
2211 N. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to  
56th Engineers, Washington Barracks, Washington, D. C.
- NUYAN, JOHN, Private—  
Transferred at Camp Merritt, N. J., July 10, 1918, to Overseas Cas-  
uals.
- O'BRIEN, THOMAS J., Private—  
Buckley, Wash.
- O'CONNELL, EDWARD P. D., Private—  
1115 Plymouth Ave., San Francisco, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis  
to 166th Depot Brig., June 25, 1918.
- OLIVER, RAYMOND C., Private—  
Eureka Springs, Ark.
- OLIVER THOMAS, "You Know Me Boys", Private—  
3863 Third St., San Diego, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to Med-  
ical Detch., Trains Tq., and Military Police, 91st Div., May 30, 1918.  
Rated Sergt.
- ORCURTO, BAPTIST, "Pat", "Crabby", Mess Sergeant—  
1250 4th St., San Diego, Cal..
- ORR, STEWART, Private—  
St. Anthony, Idaho.
- ORTIZ, MANUEL M. A., Private First-class—  
Wounded by H. E. shell, Oct. 3, 1918, in Eclisfontaine and died of  
wounds.
- ORTON, JOHN C., Private—  
Browning, Mont. Gassed Oct. 3, 1918, near Exmorieux Farm.
- OTTERSTADT, OSCAR, Private—  
Discharged at Camp Lewis for physical disability, June 19, 1918.
- OVERMAN, FLOYD, Private—  
Amy, Ark. Wounded by M. G. bullet in right wrist, Sept. 27, 1918,  
near Eclisfontaine.
- OW, JAMELUNG, Private—  
1024 Santa Barbara St., Santa Barbara, Cal.
- PAFUNDI, VITO, Private—  
595 N. 6th St., Newark, N. J. Transferred to company at Camp Mer-  
ritt, N. J., July 9, 1918.
- PALERMO, PAUL, Private—  
155 Maryland St., Sebring, Ohio. Transferred at Camp Merritt, N.  
J., July 10, 1918, to Overseas Casuals.
- PAPAS, NICK, Private—  
San Diego, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to 166th Depot Brig.,  
June 17, 1918.
- PARKE, ALEX, Private First-class—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Battery E, 346th Field Art., May 25,  
1918.
- PARR, THOMAS A., "Wildcat", Corporal—  
Seattle, Wash.
- PARSONS, LOVELL H., Private—  
R. R. "A", Bridgeport, Ind.
- PARTRIDGE, GEORGE A., Private—  
Bishop, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to Supply Co., 364th Inf.,  
April 13, 1918. Rated Wagoner.
- PATLAVCH, JOHN, "Patty", Private First-class—  
268 Edinburg St., San Francisco, Cal.
- PATTERSON, VICTOR D., Private—Route 3, Osceola, Iowa. Transferred  
at Camp Merritt, N. J., July 10, 1918, to Overseas Casuals.
- PEDERSEN, JENS C., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 166th Depot Brig., June 26, 1918.

- PEDERSON, REUBEN, Private—  
198 W. 5th South St., Logan, Utah. Transferred to service with Peace Commission at Paris, A. E. F.
- PEDLEY, ERIC, Sergeant—  
Hotel del Monte, Del Monte, Cal. Attended 3rd O. T. C. Commissioned 2nd Lieut. Inf. N. A., and transferred to Depot Brig., Camp Lee, Va. Retr transferred to Camp Lewis and assigned to 44th Inf.
- PELTCHER, GEORGE L., Private First-class—  
2030 Julian Ave., San Diego, Cal. Transferred to courier service of American Peace Commission at Paris.
- PEN, JACOBUS J., Private—  
Castlewood Apts., Oakland, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to Supply Co., 364th Inf., April 4, 1918.
- PENNY, LEO A., Private—  
Bishop, Cal. Transferred to Base Hospital at Toul, France, from Pagny sur Meuse.
- PERDUE, ALVA, Private—  
Daycreek, Oregon.
- PERKETT, LEE T., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to School for Bakers and Cooks, Mar. 29, 1918.
- PESTAL, JOHN, Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Q. M. C., April 9, 1918, and assigned to Conservation Branch.
- PESTOR, LAWRENCE, Private—  
741 Central St., Los Angeles, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to M. G. Co., 364th Inf., Mar. 22, 1918.
- PETERSON, DONEL W., Private—  
Sipio, Millard Co., Utah.
- PEZICK, VALDIMIR U, Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 41st Div., Sept. 30, 1917.
- PHELPS, H. G., Private—  
8th and B Sts., San Diego, Cal. Discharged at Camp Lewis for physical disability.
- PHILLIPS, ELI G., Private—  
Monument, Ore. Cited for bravery on Sept. 27, 1918, in G. O. 55, H. Q. 91st Div., Dec. 4, 1918.
- PLASTER, EDWIN J., Private—  
Box 632, Reardan, Wash. Wounded in left hand by M. G. bullet, Sept. 29, 1918, near Bois de Baulny.
- PLESCHÉ, LOUIS, Private—  
Discharged at Camp Lewis Mar. 18, 1918.
- POETTER, LAWRENCE "Over the Hill", Private—  
Care Mrs. Bertha Poetter, Blue Earth, Minn.
- PORTER, GROVER T., Private First-class—  
Killed in action by H. E. shell near Eclisfontaine, Sept. 27, 1918.
- POTTS, WESLEY A., Private—  
White Plains, N. C. Transferred to company at Camp Merritt, N. J., July 9, 1918.
- POWELL, DONALD A., Corporal—  
Reed Point, Mont.
- POWELL, HAROLD G., Private—  
Wayside, St. Johnsbury, Vt. Transferred at Camp Lewis to Supply Co., 364th Inf., Mar. 12, 1918.
- PRAFKE, FRANK A., Private—  
Route 2, Fairmount, Minn. Transferred at Camp Merritt, N. J., July 10, 1918, to Overseas Casuals.
- PRECOVICH, THRODOR M., Private—  
Troop "M", 11th Cavalry, Calexico, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to 166th Depot Brig., June 17, 1918. Transferred to 11th Cavalry. Rated Cook.



- PRENTICE, FRANK "Salty", Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 166th Depot Brig., June 26, 1918; thence to 51st Inf.
- PRICE, CHARLES C., Private—  
3750 Pioneer Place, San Diego, Cal. Discharged at Camp Lewis for physical disability, Dec. 14, 1917.
- PROCISSI, GUISEPPI, Private—  
Reno, Nevada.
- PROCTOR, ALPHONSE, Private—  
Angel Place, Washington, D. C.
- PROVENZANO, GUISEPPI, Private—  
Jamestown, N. Y. Transferred at Camp Lewis to Supply Co., 364th Inf., Jan. 3, 1918. Rated Wagoner.
- PSAROS, ANTHONY D., Private—  
426 Broadway, San Diego, Cal. Gassed Sept. 29, 1918, near Bois de Baulny.
- PSIHOGIOS, GEORGE A., Private—  
545 W. 2nd St., South Salt Lake City, Utah.
- PURCELL, GEORGE D., Private—  
42 Melrose Ave., Decatur, Ga.
- PUTNAM, JAMES B., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 316th Field Signal Bn., No. 1, 1917.
- RAMESY, JAMES W., Private—  
Route 2, Metamora, Ind.
- RANKER, FRANK J., Private—  
Anaheim, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to Hq. Co., 364th Inf., Nov. 2, 1917.
- RAYNOR, CHARLES B., Private—  
San Diego, Cal. Discharged at Camp Lewis for physical disability, Dec. 27, 1917.
- REDMOND, RAYMOND E., Mechanic—  
Box 772, Lindsay, Cal.
- REED, CALVIN B., Private—  
Roseville, Ohio.
- REITER, OSCAR C., Corporal—  
State Farm, Orient, Ohio.
- REMICHE, JOE R., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 41st Div., Sept. 30, 1917.
- REYNAUD, ERNEST, Private—  
344 "B" St., Oxnard, Cal.
- RICHARDSON, BEN H., "Le Petit General," Private—  
R. F. D. 1, Ewing, Ind. Transferred to company at Camp Merritt, N. J., July 9, 1918.
- RICHARDSON, HOMER H., Private First-class—  
R. F. D. 1, Lindsay, Cal. Cited for bravery on Sept. 28, 1918, in G. O. 55, H. Q. 91st Div., Dec. 4, 1918.
- RICKARD, RAYMOND H., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 316th Mobile Ordnance Repair Shop, Dec. 3, 1917.
- RICKELS, JOHN, Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 166th Depot Brig., April 24, 1918.
- RIGGINS, CLAUDE J., Private—  
Mountain View, Oklahoma.
- RIGGLE, ROBERT, Private—  
R. F. D. 2, Sellersburg, Ind.
- ROBERTS, CHARLES V., Mechanic—  
Box 204, Chula Vista, Cal.
- ROBERTS, RAY, Corporal—  
R. R. 3, Pomona, Kansas.

- ROBINSON, HOWARD, Private—  
Coronado, Cal.
- ROEGLIN, HERMAN E., Private—  
Darfur, Minn.
- ROESH, CHARLES, Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 166th Depot Brig., June 19, 1918.
- ROGERS, CHAN L., Private—  
Discharged for physical disability Jan. 8, 1918.
- ROMERO, JULIAN, Private—  
1623 Atlantic St., San Diego, Cal.
- ROSENBERG, WILLIAM C., Private—  
Transferred enroute to Post Hospital, Vancouver Barracks, Wash.,  
June 26, 1918.
- ROSS, WILLIAM A., "Hungry George", Cook—  
Box 176, Imperial, Cal.
- RUBENSON, A. M., Private—  
419 N. Fremont Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
- RUBIDOUX, MACK J., Corporal—  
Killed in action by machine gunner, Sept. 27, 1918, near Eclisfontaine.
- RUDANOVICH, BORISA, Private First-class—  
Staunton, Ill.
- RUSSELL, CLARENCE H., Private—  
65 May Ave., Columbus, Ohio.
- RUSSETT, ALFRED, Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Guard and Fire Co., Port of Embarka-  
tion, Hoboken, N. J., Mar. 28, 1918.
- RUTLEDGE, ORVILLE C., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Ordnance Dept., Nov. 9, 1917.
- SALMON, LEONARD E., "Jew", Sergeant—  
Seattle, Wash. Wounded in right jaw by H. E. shell, Sept. 29, 1918,  
near Bois de Baulny.
- SANDNESS, FERDINAND, Private—  
385 Madison Ave., Astoria, Oregon.
- SANWICK, HERMAN E., Private—  
719 Columbia St., San Diego, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to  
Supply Co., 364th Inf., Mar. 12, 1918.
- SARMENTO, JOSEPH L., Private—  
Discharged at Camp Lewis on exemption for family support, April  
17, 1918.
- SASS, JOSEPH, Private—  
353 Logan St., Hammond, Ind.
- SCAGGS, CARL, Private First-class—  
630 E. Highland St., Martinsville, Ind.
- SCHAMPEL, WALTER G., Private—  
134 S. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal. Discharged for physical disability.
- SCHIMMEL, HARVEY A., Private First-class—  
R. R. 1, Box 70, Michigantown, Ind. Transferred to company at Camp  
Merritt, N. J., July 9, 1918.
- SCHMIZ, ALBERT B., Private First-class—  
708 Franklin St., Alton, Ill.
- SCHNEIDER, CHARLES, Private—  
2323 E. 77th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
- SCHNITTYER, LLOYD C., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 166th Depot Brig., June 19, 1918.
- SCHNUR, ALBERT S., Private—  
Stryker, Ohio., R. D.1.
- SCHOLLAERT, EDMOND, Private—  
Transferred to company at Camp Merritt, N. J., July 9, 1918.  
Wounded by H. E. shell near Exmorieux Farm, Oct. 3, 1918, and  
died of wounds.

- SCHROTT, FRANK J., Private First-class—  
R. F. D. 2, Box 41, Anaheim, Cal. Cited for bravery on Sept. 27, 1918, in G. O. 55, H. Q. 91st Div., Dec. 4, 1918.
- SCHUL, GEORGE A., Private First-class—  
Box 380, Riverside, Cal.
- SCHUTZ, ALVIN H., Sergeant—  
Weyauwega, Wis.
- SCHWEMER, LOUIS K., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Bakery Co. No. 325, Nov. 19, 1917.
- SCHWERTFEGER, ERNEST W., Sergeant—  
525 W. Beech St., San Diego, Cal.
- SCIBELLI, ANGELO, Private—  
386 Manhattan Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Transferred to company at Camp Merritt, N. J., July 9, 1918.
- SCOTT, JAMES W., Private—  
Wakefield, Neb.
- SCOTT, ORVILLE H., Private First-class—  
Gilbert, Ohio. Transferred to company at Camp Merritt, N. J., July 9, 1918. Gassed Nov. 1, 1918.
- SEIDEMANN, WILLIAM A., Private—Transferred at Camp Lewis to Guard and Fire Co., Port of Embarkation, Hoboken, N. J., Mar. 28, 1918.
- SEPSEY, MITT J., "Big Chief", Private First-class—  
Big Pine, Inyo Co., Cal. Cited for bravery on Sept. 28, 1918, in G. O. 55, H. Q. 91st Div., Dec. 4, 1918.
- SETCHELL, JOHN C., Private—  
111 Third St., Los Angeles, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to 166th Depot Brig., June 26, 1918.
- SETZER, ROBERT W., Private—  
Marigold, Cal.
- SEX, JOHN, Private—  
Downey, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to Supply Co., 364th Inf., April 2, 1918.
- SHANKEY, JACOB, Private—  
R. F. D. 2, Jordan, Minn. Wounded by bullet Sept. 30, 1918, near Bois de Baulny.
- SHARP, OTIS, Private—  
Madill, Oklahoma.
- SHAW, THOMAS H., "Sunshine", Private—  
945 Columbia St., San Diego, Cal.
- SHEA, MICHAEL L., Private—  
Green Bay, Wis.
- SHEBEL, THOMAS F., Private—  
122 Decatur, St., Michigan City, Ind.
- SHEPARD, HALL, Corporal—  
835 Howard St., San Francisco, Cal., care Construction Dept. Transferred at Camp Merritt, N. J., to Overseas Casuals; thence to 363rd Casual Co. for overseas; thence to "K" Co., 164th Inf.
- SHEPPARD, ROBERT, Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 316th Ammunition Trans. Rated Sergt. 1st Cl.
- SHOLLENBERGER, WILLIAM G., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Aviation Section, Signal Corps, Vancouver Barracks, Dec. 12, 1917.
- SILVEY, GEORGE A., Corporal—  
166 S. 7th St., Santa Paula, Cal. Wounded by H. E. shell Sept. 29, 1918, near Bois de Baulny.
- SIMMONS, MORTIMER T., Private—  
Discharged at Camp Lewis for physical disability, June 19, 1918.



- SKATTORES, GEORGE, Cook—  
San Diego, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to H. Q. Detch., 182nd Inf. Brig., June 20, 1918.
- SLAVIN, EDDIE J., Private—  
928 W. 11th St., Erie, Penn. Transferred to 1st Replacement Depot, St. Aignan, France, Mar. 21, 1919.
- SMALE, WILLIAM A., Sergeant—  
Mexicala, B. C., Mexico. Entered 3rd O. T. C. at Camp Lewis; commissioned 2nd Lieut. Inf. N. A.; transferred to Depot Brig., Camp Lee, Va.; thence to 44th Inf., Camp Lewis, assigned as Aide de Camp to Gen. Watson and Maj. Gen. John F. Morrison.
- SMITH, ELMER E., Private—  
Groveport, Ohio.
- SMITH, JAMES J., Private—  
825 Garfield St., Santa Ana, Cal.
- SMITH, REUBEN A., Private First-class—  
Riverside, South Dakota.
- SMITH, RILEY, Private First-class—  
Cookson, Oklahoma.
- SNYDER, — —, Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 316th Ammunition Trains.
- SNYDER, HARLEY, Private—  
Gas City, Ind.
- SOLOMON, SAM I., Private—  
1604 E. 86th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
- SORENSEN, SAMUEL, Private—  
La Habra, Cal.
- SPEARS, GEORGE H., Bugler—  
San Diego, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to Overseas Casual Camp, Camp Merritt, N. J., Mar. 27, 1918.
- SPEKER, LEO E., Private—  
R. 2, Petaluma, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to 166th Depot Brig.; thence to Overseas Casuals and assigned to "C" Co., 55th Inf.
- SPENCE, CHARLES, Private—  
1216 Fifth Ave., San Francisco, Cal.
- SPENDLOVE, GEORGE, Private—  
Hurricane, Utah.
- SPITLER, GEORGE W., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 41st Div., Sept. 30, 1917.
- SPURGEON, HERMAN P., Private—  
118 "C" St., Porterville, Cal. Cited for bravery on Sept. 28, 1918, in G. O. 55, H. Q. 91st Div., Dec. 4, 1918.
- STALDER, CARL L., Corporal—  
680 14th St., Riverside, Cal.
- STEFFGEN, LLOYD A., Corporal—  
1040 26th St., San Diego, Cal. Sent to O. T. C., A. E. F.
- STEINKAMP, JACOB, Corporal—  
Seaview Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.
- STELKER, IRWIN, Private—  
143, Duncan St., San Francisco, Cal. Gassed Oct. 3, 1918, near Ex-morieux Farm.
- STEWART, GEORGE A., Corporal—  
Condon, Oregon.
- STEWART, MARTIN V., Private—  
Anaheim, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to Medical Detch., 364th Inf., Dec. 13, 1917.
- STIDHAM, CLAUDE M., Private—  
Discharged at Camp Lewis for physical disability, Feb. 12, 1918.
- STOVER, DONALD W., Private—  
Discharged at Camp Lewis for physical disability, Mar. 18, 1918.

- STRADER, ALVIN J., Cook—  
Enumclaw, Wash.
- STREAMER, ELIJA C., Private First-class—  
Stewartsville, Ind.
- STREETER, CHARLES L., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 166th Depot Brig., June 26, 1918.
- STRITCH, MICHAEL I., Private First-class—  
926 S. Limestone St., Springfield, Ohio.
- STRUBB, FRED S., Private—  
Malta, Mont.
- STUDEBAKER, HARVEY S., "Mule", Private First-class—  
Huntington Beach, Cal.
- STUMP, JOHN S., Private First-class—  
Killed in action by H. E. shell, Sept. 27, 1918, near Eclisfontaine.
- SULLIVAN, JESSE A., Sergeant—  
3769 29th St., San Diego, Cal. Sent to O. T. C., A. E. F. Commissioned 2nd Lt. Inf., April 27, 1919.
- SUNDSTROM, ERICK L., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 166th Depot Brig., June 22, 1918.
- SWANN, REGINALD F. H., Private—  
3226 Manitou Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
- SWANSON, ERICK S., "Our Swede," Private First-class—  
Transferred to Camp Hospital 52, Mar. 9, 1918.
- SWANSON, LOUIS, Private—  
523 Linden Ave., San Francisco, Cal.
- SWITZER, SAMUEL W., Private—  
Dinuba, Cal. Wounded by H. E. shell, Sept. 30, 1918, near Bois de Baulny.
- SYWULKA, EDWARD, "The Sky Pilot", Private First-class—  
Visalia, Cal. Cited for bravery on Sept. 26, 1918, in G. O. 55, H. Q. 91st Div., Dec. 4, 1918.
- TAACHI, CARLO, Private—  
South San Francisco, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to H. Q. Co., 364th Inf., June 20, 1918.
- TATE, WILLIAM T., Private—  
Beersheba Springs, Tenn. Transferred at Longchamps, France to Hospital.
- TAYLOR, JACK L., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to G. H. Q. Detch., A. E. F., Camp Merritt, N. J., Jan. 13, 1918.
- THOMAS, BEN, Private—  
475 S. Main St., Akron, Ohio.
- THOMAS, LAURENCE L., Cook—  
Route 3, Box 161, Dinuba, Cal.
- THOMPSON, WILLIAM C., Private First-class—  
100 First St., Wichita Falls, Texas. Injured in railway accident at Pagny sur Meuse and transferred to hospital at Toul.
- TILLE, AMOS S., Private First-class—  
5 Austin Ave., Mt. Vernon, Ohio. Gassed Sept. 29, 1918. Transferred to company at Camp Merritt, N. J., July 9, 1918.
- TOLLERTON, NOBLE N., "Doc", Private—  
Dinuba, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to G. H. Q. Detch., A. E. F., Camp Merritt, N. J., and assigned to Central Records Office A. E. F. Rated Sergeant.
- TOLLEY, EDWARD A., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 166th Depot Brigade, June 19, 1918.
- TOOLEY, CHARLES, Private—  
Oakland City, Ind.

- TORREY, IVOR F., Sergeant—  
State Agricultural School, Davis, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to Q. M. Officers' School at Jacksonville, Fla., April 26, 1918. Promoted to 2nd Lieut., Q. M. C.
- TOWEY, MICHAEL J., Private—  
Anaconda, Mont. Wounded over left eye by sniper, Sept. 27, 1918, near Eclisfontaine.
- TRADAL, LUDWIG T., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 166th Depot Brig., June 22, 1918.
- TRUDEAU, PETER, Private—  
5846 San Pedro St., Los Angeles, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to Supply Co., 364th Inf., April 2, 1918; thence to Plumbing Dept., Q. M. C. Rated Sergeant.
- TRUE, JOHN, Private First-class—  
Box 500, Steilacoom, Wash.
- TRUEBLOOD, WALTER R., Private—  
7242 Bennan Ave., Akron, Ohio.
- TULLY, JOHN B., Private—  
122 E. 49th St., Los Angeles, Cal.
- TWOMBLEY, GERALD R., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Supply Co., 364th Inf., April 4, 1918; thence to Base Hospital; thence to H. Q., 166th Depot Brig.
- VAN DEN BERG, EDWARD R., Private—  
Injured in railway accident at Pangy sur Meuse and transferred to Base Hospital.
- VAN DENBURGH, Private—  
Discharged at Camp Lewis for physical disability, Dec. 18, 1917.
- VAN DER LOO, J. J., Private—  
4360 Howe St., Oakland, Cal. Acting Corp. Wounded in leg by H. E. shell fragment, Sept. 30, 1918, near Tronsol Farm.
- VANDRUFF, WILLIAM J., Private—  
226 S. Hockett St., Porterville, Cal.
- VAN OSDOLL, BERT C., Sergeant—  
Exeter, Tulare Co., Cal. Wounded Sept. 29, and Oct. 1, 1918, near Bois de Baulny.
- VARGAS, ANTONE R. P., Private—  
631 E. 8th St., East Oakland, Cal. Sent to hospital from Longchamps, France.
- VERNON, CHARLES C., Private—  
434 W. Moreland Place, Los Angeles, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to Aviation Ground School, Berkeley, Cal.; thence to Aviation Service, Kelly Field, Texas. Commissioned 1st Lieut. A. S.
- VIVRETT, JOHN F., Cook—  
Coalinga, Cal.
- VOGT, HAROLD L., Private—  
103 Goodwin Ave., E. Toledo, Ohio.
- WAGER, PHIL, Private—  
San Diego, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to Bakery Co. No. 325, Nov. 2, 1917.
- WAITE, HOWARD E., Sergeant—  
Riverside, Cal. Attended 3rd O. T. C. at Camp Lewis; transferred to Camp Lee, Va., May 23, 1918. Commissioned 2nd Lieut. N. A.
- WALKER, JAMES E., Corporal—  
La Habra, Cal. Gassed near Eclisfontaine, Oct. 3, 1918.
- WALKER, JOHN P., Private—  
Visalia, Cal. Discharged at Camp Lewis for physical disability, May 4, 1918.
- WALLER, HOWARD E., "Susanville", Private—  
Killed in action by bullet in abdomen, Sept. 27, 1918, near Eclisfontaine.



- WARD, OTTO M., Private—  
Newport, Ohio. Transferred at Camp Merritt, N. J., to Overseas Casuals, July 10, 1918.
- WAFIELD, WALTER, Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 166th Depot Brig., June 26, 1918.
- WATKINS, DAVID, Private—  
Arma, Kansas.
- WATSON, HAROLD W., Sergeant—  
Farmersville, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to Aviation Section, Signal Corps, Vancouver Barracks, Dec. 12, 1917.
- WATSON, WILMETH, "Tubba", Private First-class—  
1211 W. 52nd St., Los Angeles, Cal. Wounded by H. E. shell fragment, Sept. 28, 1918, near Eclisfontaine.
- WEAVER, DAVID F., "Dot-dash", Private First-class—  
2936 Imperial Ave., San Diego, Cal.
- WEBER, PERCY F., Private—  
Elko, Nevada.
- WEBER, WILLIAM, Private—  
68 Brehl Ave., Columbus, Ohio.
- WEIDENBACH, ROY, Private—  
Killed in action by H. E. shell, Sept. 27, 1918, near Eclisfontaine.
- WEISS, PAUL, Private—  
516 N. Sherman Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
- WEISSHAND, GEORGE, Private—  
Adena Hotel, San Francisco, Cal. Wounded Sept. 27, 1918, near Eclisfontaine.
- WELLS, EDWIN A., Corporal—  
514 Palm St., San Diego, Cal. Wounded in right hand Sept. 28, 1918, near Eclisfontaine. Cited for bravery on Sept. 26, 1918, in G. O. 55, H. Q. 91st Div., Dec. 4, 1918.
- WESTON, ROY T., Sergeant—  
Humboldt, Arizona. Wounded in back by H. E. shell, Sept. 29, 1918, near Bois de Baulny.
- WHEELER, HAL N., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 166th Depot Brig., June 19, 1918.
- WHEELER, RAY L., Private First-class—  
1427 Park Ave., Riverside, Cal. Gassed Oct. 3, 1918, near Tronsol Farm.
- WHITAKER, HERBERT, Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 41st Div., Sept. 30, 1917.
- WHITCHURCH, CHARLES A., Sergeant—  
Assigned to Company as Sergeant and Officer Candidate, April 26, 1918. Transferred to Camp Lee, Va., May 23, 1918. Commissioned 2nd Lieut. Inf. N. A.
- WHITE, JAMES, Private—  
Riverside, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to 316th Ammunition Trains. Rated Corporal.
- WICKS, ALBERT M., Private—  
859 8th St., San Diego, Cal. Discharged at Camp Lewis for physical disability, Feb. 4, 1918.
- WILKINS, ROLLA C., Private—  
Transferred to Veterinary Dept., Auxiliary Remount Depot, Camp Lewis, Nov. 15, 1917.
- WILLIAMS, WAYNE O., Private—  
4214 Lockwood Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to Machine Gun Co., 364th Inf., Mar. 22, 1918.
- WILLIAMS, PAUL G., Private First-class—  
619½ W. 30th St., Los Angeles, Cal.
- WILLSON, ARTHUR F., Private First-class—  
Reubens, Idaho. Wounded in left foot.

- WILLSON, EDWARD M., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Aviation Section, Signal Corps, Vancouver Barracks, Dec. 12, 1917.
- WILSON, ALBERT H., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Battery B, 347th Field Artillery, April 9, 1918.
- WILSON, EDWARD, Private—  
Rough and Ready, Cal. Gassed Sept. 29, 1918, near Bois de Baulny.
- WILSON, FRED A., Private First-class—  
Kirkland, Wash.
- WILSON, HARRY C., Private—  
318 S. Broadway, Barnsville, Ohio.
- WILSON, JOHN M., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to 41st Div., Sept. 30, 1917.
- WILSON, VESSIE, Private—  
Bainbridge, Ross Co., Ohio.
- WISBEY, ORLAN, "Happy", Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Supply Co., 364th Inf., April 4, 1918. Wounded by shell fragment near Very and died of pneumonia in France.
- WITTENBRACKER, LEO B., Private—  
Transferred at Camp Lewis to Aviation Section, Signal Corps, Vancouver Barracks, Dec. 12, 1917.
- WOODBURY, HARRY B., "Promotor", Private—  
2102 Union St., San Diego, Cal. Transferred at Camp Lewis to Supply Co., 364th Inf.; thence to "D" Co., 364th Inf. Rated Sergeant.
- WORKS, RODERIC L., "High Pockets", First Sergeant—  
728 S. Coronado St., Los Angeles, Cal. Cited for bravery on Sept. 27, 1918, in G. O. 55, H. Q. 91st Div., Dec. 4, 1918.
- WRIGHT, RALPH R., Private—  
Discharged at Camp Lewis for physical disability, Feb. 4, 1918.
- WYNNE, ARTHUR L., "No Clothes", Supply Sergeant—  
Dinuba, Cal.
- YAWN, JAMES Z., Private First-class—  
Climax, Ga.
- YODER, CLARENCE, Private—  
Discharged at Camp Lewis for physical disability.
- YOUNG, EDGAR M., Private—  
Discharged at Camp Lewis for physical disability, Jan. 17, 1918.
- YOUNG, FRANK G., "Buddie", Sergeant—  
2115 McKinley St., Berkeley, Cal. Wounded in face by bullet, Sept. 27, 1918, near Eclisfontaine.
- YOUNG, SIDNEY A., Private—  
190 N. Gage St., Los Angeles, Cal. Transferred at Camp Merritt, N. J., to Overseas Casuals, July 10, 1918. Assigned to 82nd Div. Rated Corporal.
- YOUNG, WALTER G., Private—  
8112 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. Transferred to hospital from Longchamps, France.
- ZAPH, CARL C., Private—  
733 Mt. Vernon Ave., Columbus, Ohio.
- ZIEMER, FRED, Private—  
New Richmond, Wis. Wounded by H. E. shell, Oct. 3, 1918, near Tronsol Farm.























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